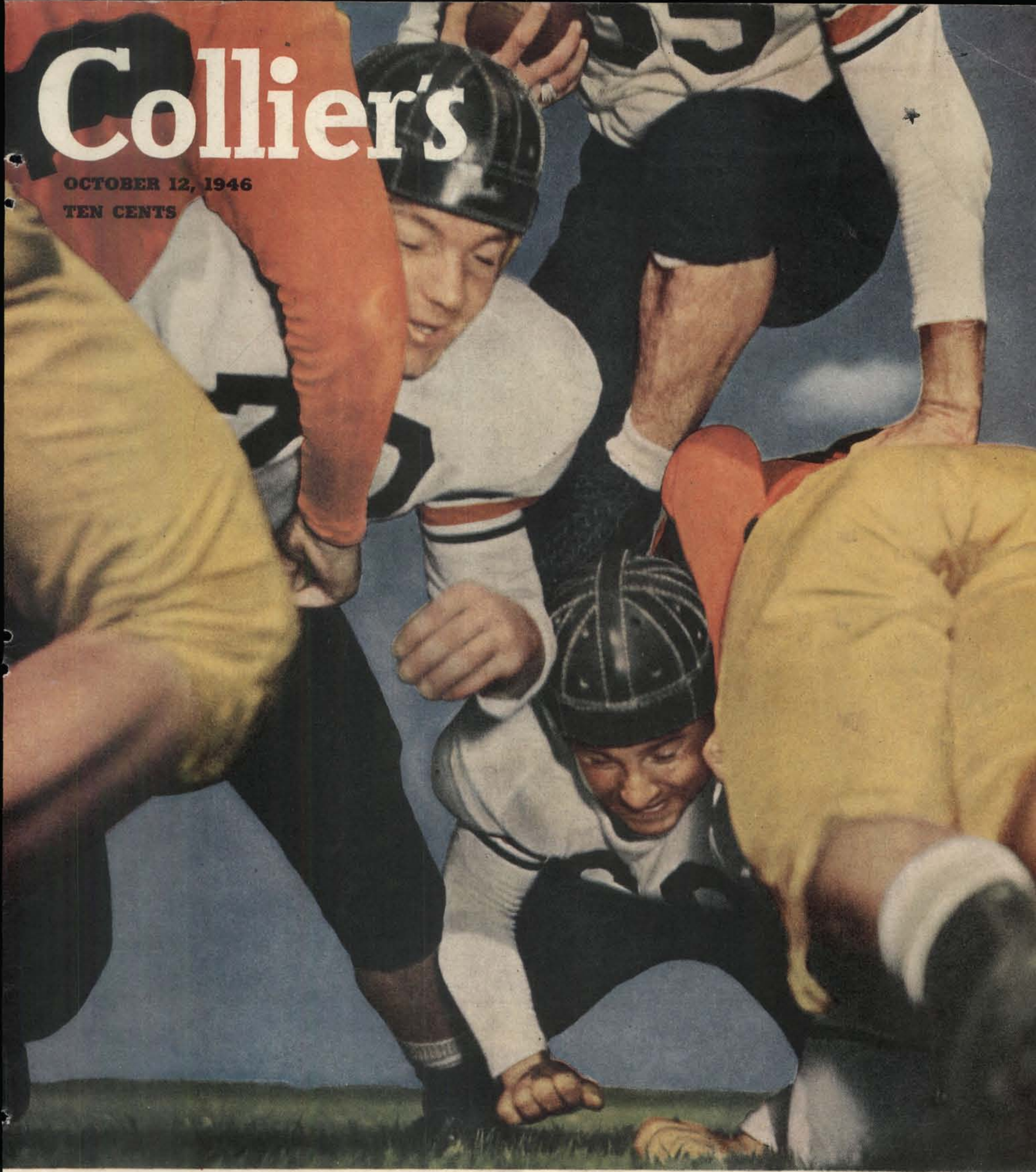
Collier's

OCTOBER 12, 1946
TEN CENTS



THE VETERANS SAY——OR ELSE! by AGNES E. MEYER

CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS A new mystery n

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Because it's rich with Sunny Flavor
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RESERVE

REAP THE REWARD OF SUNNY MORNING FLAVOR

Waiting for *you* . . . the *extra,* the *special* enjoyment in every sip of Schenley Reserve. That Sunny Morning flavor . . . unmatched, we believe, in any other whiskey . . . has made Schenley Reserve America's *most popular* whiskey!

PRE-WAR QUALITY

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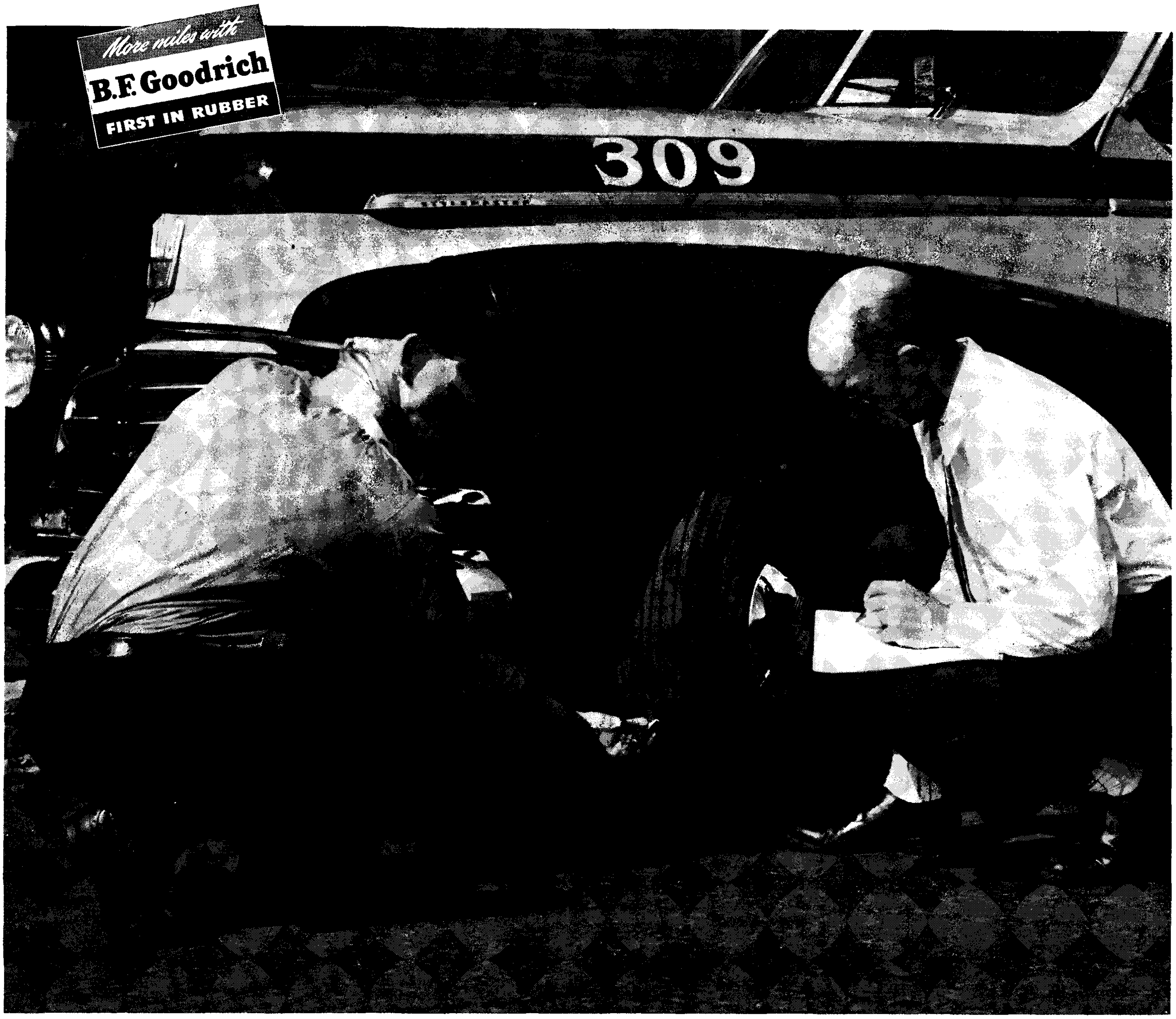

TAXICAB FLEET TESTS PROVE NEW TIRE OUTWEARS PREWAR TIRES

"RAIN OR SHINE, winter or summer, our cabs must serve the public twenty-four hours a day," says Mr. T. A. Ballantine, President, Yellow Cab Co., Louisville, Ky. "The new B. F. Goodrich tires meet *all* our tire requirements for such operation! In actual mileage, tests on our own fleet have proved conclusively that the new B. F. Goodrich tires *outwear prewar tires.*"

From taxi fleets and commercial car owners—from police departments and passenger car drivers—reports like this are coming in every week. They all tell how much better the new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown tires stand up than the tires of prewar days.

These tires were *built* to take the punishment of thousands of miles of driving—designed with a wider, flatter tread that hugs the road and spreads wear over a greater area. This better-type tread is backed up by a 35% stronger cord body made with *more* cords and *stronger* cords. The result is extra miles of trouble-free driving.

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Paramount proudly presents
Richard Henry Dana's
Immortal Classic
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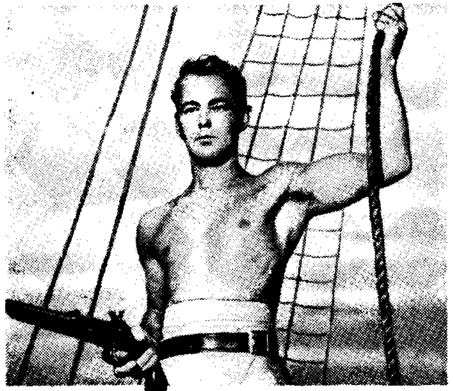

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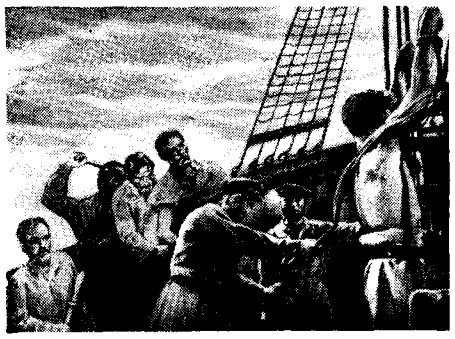

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COLLIER'S
October 12, 1946

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THIS WEEK

FICTION

PAGE

CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS By GERALD KERSH 11
The Serial Story. The first of three parts.

PRESENT TENSE, FIRST PERSON By FRANCES MINTURN HOWARD 15
Competition proved to be a handicap and a blessing.

THE OUTLAW OF MOPANG FOREST By EDMUND WARE 20
Old Jeff got into more trouble when he tried to be good than when he was bad.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER By A. MARSHALL HARBINSON 26
The Short Short Story.

NONE, THEY SAY, HAVE I By ELISABETH GLEASON HUMEZ 42
The professor's daughter decided it was time for her to get back into circulation.

STRANGER THAN TRUTH By VERA CASPARY 89
The Serial Story. Conclusion.

ARTICLES

PROTECT THAT PENSION By A. S. MIKE MONRONEY as told to JAMES C. DERIEUX 13
Your investment in the biggest insurance business in the world needs safeguarding.

LIFE IN A GLAMOR FACTORY By JIM MARSHALL 14
What every young movie starlet must know.

THE VETERANS SAY—OR ELSE! By AGNES E. MEYER 16
Our two million unemployed veterans want action from their fellow citizens.

THE EAGER AGGIES By KYLE CRICHTON 18
The Oklahoma boys are grabbing for all the sports honors.

CORNERED KILLER By BILL DAVIDSON 21
A new lease on life for thousands of heart sufferers.

UNRRA: FIRST GRAVESTONE OF PEACE By W. B. COURTNEY 22
Collier's correspondent reports on the vital question of UNRRA's life span.

FALSTAFF OF THE FIFTIES By QUENTIN REYNOLDS 70
Meet the famous restaurateur, Toots Shor, who insults only those he likes.

•

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 4
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6
THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 8
WING TALK By FREDERICK R. NEELY 120
COVER By *DAVID PESKIN*

DEATH MAKES A HOLIDAY • AN EDITORIAL BY BILLY ROSE • 122

THE WEEK'S MAIL

DEAR EDITOR: Re "Oldest Subscriber" (August 31st), I read Collier's on and off for several years and subscribed in 1904. Since then I have been a continuous subscriber. F. E. HARTWELL
Asheville, N. C.

DEAR EDITOR: First became acquainted with Collier's 'way back in 1898 and have read it continuously ever since. DR. HAROLD I. PERRIN
Omaha, Neb.

DEAR EDITOR: I wonder if we may not be your oldest subscribers. My husband reading Collier's in this picture was 30 years old then. If you could see the date you would find it July or August, 1900. He and I are 75 and 73 now and still enjoying it.
MRS. FRED G. LEE
Breedsville, Mich.

DEAR EDITOR: I left high-school teaching for just the reasons Miss Irwin describes (Why Teachers Quit School, August 24th). I am gratified that a publication of your caliber recognizes, and publicizes, the situation.
ARDELLE COLEMAN
New York City.

DEAR EDITOR: As a native-born Georgian I want you to know that your editorial, Reconstruction—1946 (August 31st), was very much appreciated. We of the progressive element in Georgia bow our heads in shame at the backward step our state has taken as a result of the recent primary election.
GEORGE C. MUNN, JR.
Babson Park, Mass.

(Continued on page 69)

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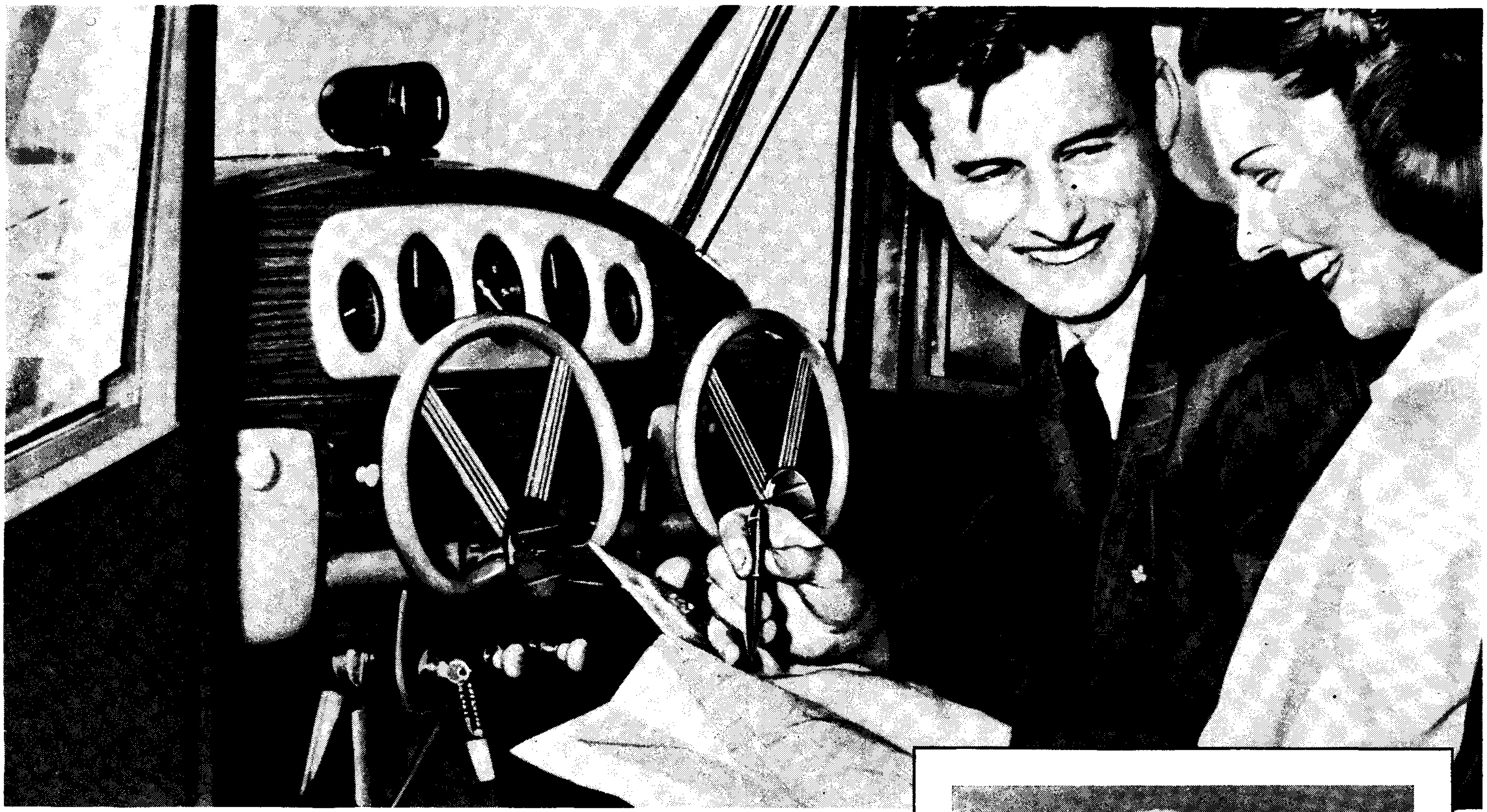
Miles mean nothing —THEY FLY *AERONCA!*



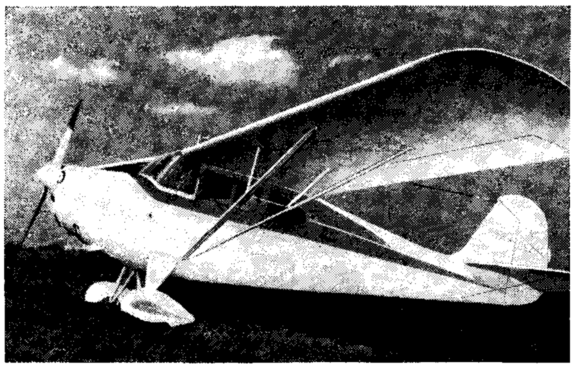
SURE they're happy people . . . plotting a course of pleasure in their new Aeronca Chief! No detours, dusty roads or long, tedious miles of travel for them.

They'll *be* where they want to be in no time at all . . . visiting friends, having fun. For miles mean nothing—in Aeronca!

And, listen! . . . the enjoyment of flying Aeronca can be *yours* too! For Aeronca has made today's flying so safe, so simple that—*if you drive a car you can fly Aeronca!*

What luxury flying it is! In the Aeronca Chief you enter through wide automobile-type doors, settle down in deeply upholstered seats. A simple pull with your hand and Aeronca's starter (no other plane priced so low has it!) turns your engine over. And you can land "almost anywhere"!

Call your Aeronca dealer *now* and arrange for a demonstration flight. And remember—when you *buy* Aeronca, he'll teach you to *fly* Aeronca *FREE!* Aeronca Aircraft Corporation, Middletown, Ohio.



ECONOMICAL TO BUY! ECONOMICAL TO FLY! The new De Luxe Aeronca Chief—America's lowest-priced two-seat (side-by-side) plane uses less gas and oil than a medium-priced car! Cruises at 90 mph. with a range of 420 miles. Has handy starter and many other extra-value features you'd never expect in a plane priced so low! One of the world's easiest planes to fly!

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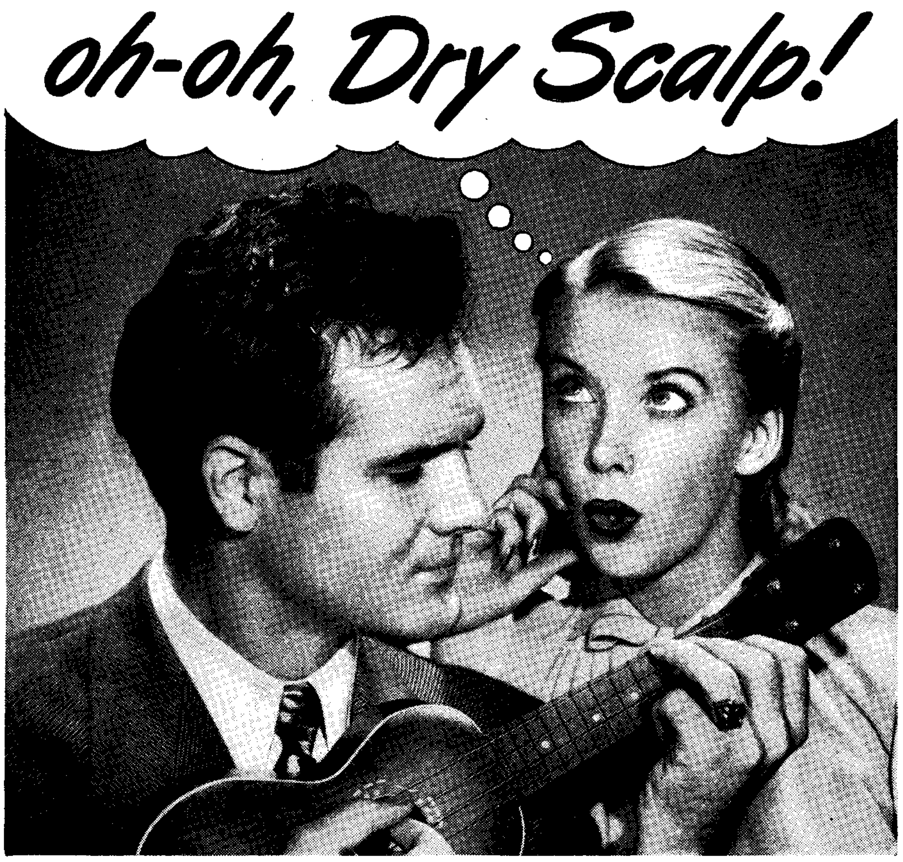
oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"**. . . HIS MUSIC** isn't bad, but his hair is awful! It's so stringy and lifeless . . . and it never looks combed! He's got loose dandruff, too. He really has Dry Scalp in the worst way! But I know what he needs. I'm going to tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

SEE WHAT a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day have done for his hair! Try it yourself. Then watch the improvement. Your scalp loses that itchy feeling. Loose dandruff is checked . . . Your hair is easy to comb, natural-looking. It stays well-groomed all day long . . . 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before shampooing. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
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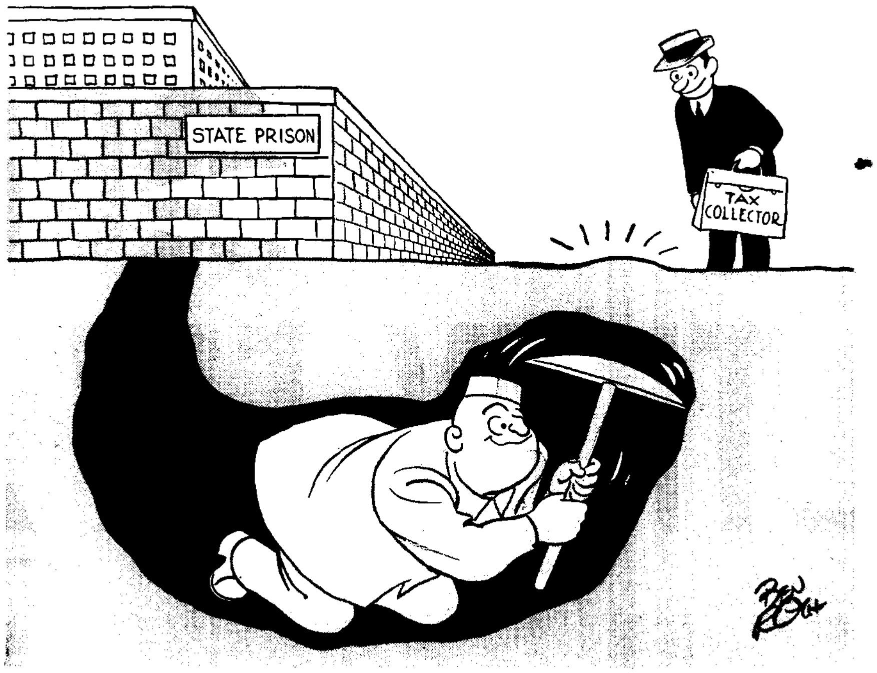
Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

In New York City, privately owned foot tunnels running under streets are subject not only to a property tax but also an annual franchise tax. These latter taxes are based on how the passageways are employed, and range from $500 for a tunnel between two buildings for use of employees to $6,000 for a tunnel between a department store and a subway station for convenience of customers.

The suicide rate for Negroes in the United States has averaged, for several decades, less than a third the rate for white people.

Six-man football, although invented only 12 years ago, is played today by more than 20,000 grammar and high-school teams in this country. It is less expensive and much safer than 11-man football and, therefore, is acceptable to schools that bar the regular game.

The color perception of the human eye is influenced by the color of its pigment. When a brown-eyed man attempts to match a piece of fabric for his blue-eyed wife, his choice may look like a perfect match to him, but appear quite different to her.

Of the some 20,000,000 cats in the United States today, 12,000,000 are not household cats but live in such places as stores, factories, barns and alleyways.

An address made by Kemal Ataturk, President of Turkey, before the National Assembly in 1927, was the longest speech of modern times, requiring 42 hours.

The oddest reproductive system in the animal world is the reversed function of the sea horse, the three-inch fish that swims in a vertical position. In mating, the female deposits her eggs through her ovipositor in the brood pouch of the male where they are fertilized and developed. When the young are ready to leave the pouch, the expulsion of each one so exhausts the male that he has to rest between the births, the whole process sometimes requiring several days.

After 12 years of experiments, the first planetarium was completed and installed in 1925 in Jena, Germany. By the beginning of the war, 25 other cities had purchased one of these instruments which reproduces in light images the position and motion of celestial bodies. Of the total of 26 installations, 12 were in Germany, two each in Italy and Japan, one each in Austria, Denmark, France, Russia and Sweden, and five in the United States—in Philadelphia, Los Angeles, New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh.

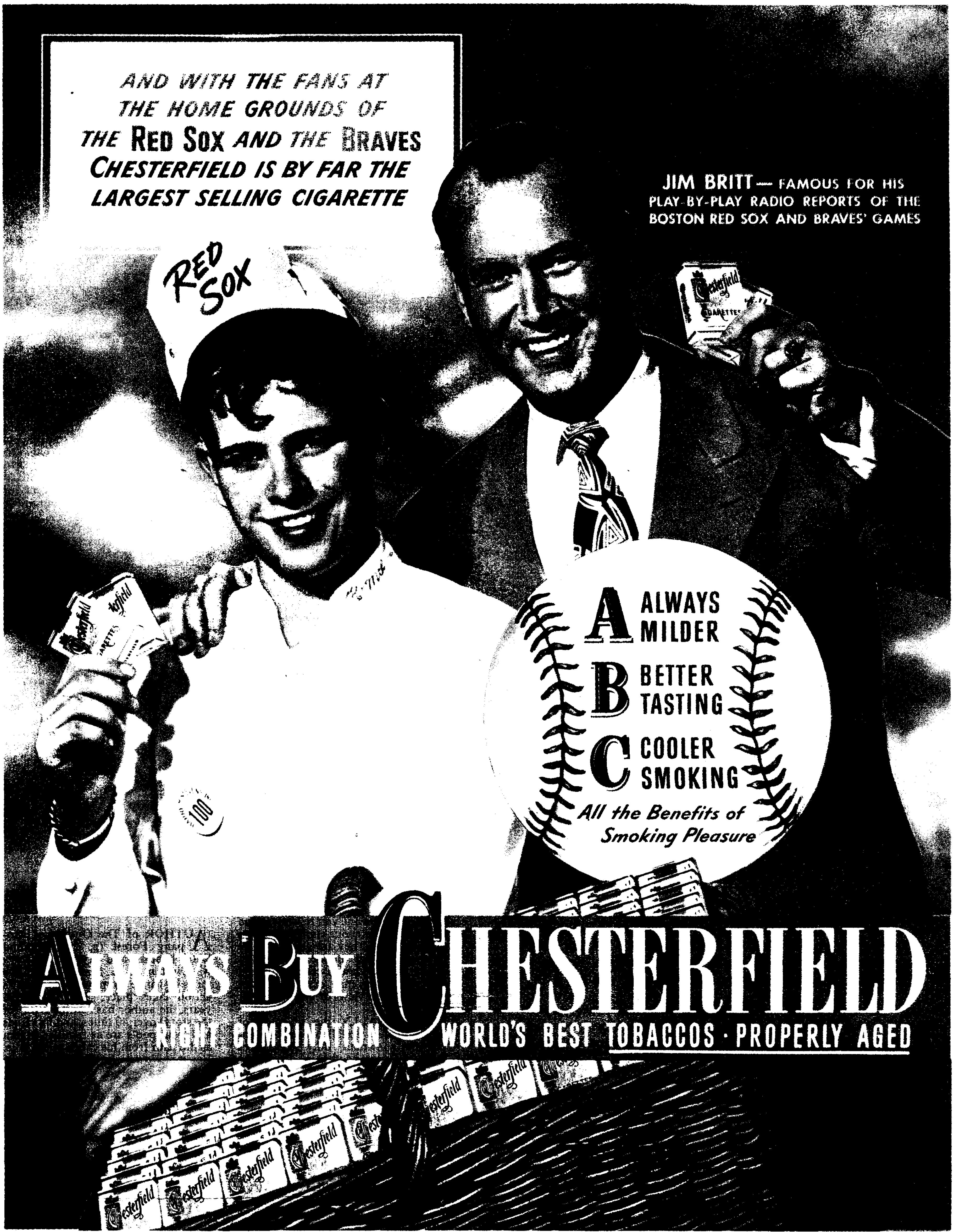
The largest sum of money ever received by an American jockey for winning a single race was the $25,000 paid George Woolf for riding Azucar, winner of the Santa Anita Handicap in 1935. Woolf agreed that he would receive nothing if he lost.

Any colonial family that settled in America between 1620 and 1640 is estimated to have had at least 200,000 descendants.

A high-speed motion picture has at last demonstrated the movement and function of the tiny club-shaped organ that protrudes from each side of flies, mosquitoes and other two-winged insects. Called halteres, the pair vibrate synchronously 200 times a second and enable the insect to maintain its equilibrium in the air, the loss of one or both organs preventing it from flying again.

The Time Bureau of the New York Telephone Company has a device that signals when no calls are being received over the bureau's 800 lines so that the operator will know that no one is listening and she may interrupt her time announcements. Yet the device has never given this signal as at least one call has been received every minute of every day and night since the service went into operation at 12:01 A.M. on August 1, 1931.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission



AND WITH THE FANS AT THE HOME GROUNDS OF THE RED SOX AND THE BRAVES CHESTERFIELD IS BY FAR THE LARGEST SELLING CIGARETTE

JIM BRITT — FAMOUS FOR HIS PLAY-BY-PLAY RADIO REPORTS OF THE BOSTON RED SOX AND BRAVES' GAMES

A ALWAYS MILDER

B BETTER TASTING

C COOLER SMOKING

All the Benefits of Smoking Pleasure

ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD

RIGHT COMBINATION WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS · PROPERLY AGED

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Cologne
James

Stop trouble BEFORE IT HAPPENS!

When a little girl, a dog and a bottle of expensive cologne are left by themselves near a bathtub, you can *expect* trouble. You can expect *car* trouble, too, when you overlook regular servicing and checking. So . . .

See the United Motors Man

For, from bumper to bumper, he knows where to look for—and how to prevent—car trouble. He brings to every service job the all-star combination of competent mechanics, approved methods and *original-equipment* parts for repairs and replacements. For safe, sure and economical fall and winter driving, see your United Motors man now . . . and depend on him always for the best of everything automotive. You'll find the familiar orange and blue United Motors Service sign wherever you go.

Look for this Sign UNITED SERVICE MOTORS It's right nearby

United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
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DELCO Auto Radios
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
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DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

Billy Rose takes time out to think

S. E. ANDRE

GENTLE READER: As you pick up this magazine, the weather, let's assume (because how could we know for sure three weeks ahead of time?), is a cooling, golden, early October. Let's assume, further, that you have enjoyed a nice vacation. If you didn't, it's your own fault, or your union's fault or your employer's fault or somebody's fault. Not ours, surely. Or is it?

Let's assume also, no matter how your own vacation turned out, that you are a live-and-let-live kind of person, and not one to begrudge a little relaxation to somebody else.

What we are getting at is: We (that means me) are getting sick and tired of chasing down these Collier's contributors, artists, correspondents, novelists—creative folk all—and finding them happily ensconced in farm, patio, rock-ridged rill or yacht, as the case may be. Because after you catch them—no offense intended—what have you got? You have most probably, a nice person who was born, went to school, went to work, got married, had children, went to work still more so, and there they are, still working, just like everybody else, only perhaps not quite so hard.

So here we are a few thousand miles from New York which is headquarters for most of these people (Hollywood is the name of this place where we are)—and relaxed, and unable to reach these people in person.

We don't want to shortchange you at all, but we want you to understand that for this issue our contributors are on their own. They are going to have to speak up for themselves, without benefit of interview or censorship, and any views they may express are not necessarily the views of this magazine.

PRACTICALLY the inventor of world fairs and Broadway's number one showman, Billy Rose takes time off now and then to think, according to his New York friends. Several months ago he started thinking about the advertisements he ran in New York newspapers lauding his Diamond Horseshoe. He decided that instead of running an ad he would write some five hundred words of chatter with no reference to his bistro except the name at the end of the column. This violated every tenet of the advertising copy writer. Rose wrote about his friends, about show business, about the state of Texas (he is for it), about women's hats.

Several editors wrote Mr. Rose asking if they could reprint his columns. Soon he was sending it to some eighty out-of-town newspapers. Finally he decided to syndicate it. Today, Mr. Rose, who began by buying space in newspapers, is paid $1,000 a week for writing what he calls his "pipsqueak chatter."

He spends his spare time either on the tennis court, where he is consistently beaten by his wife (who was once Eleanor Holm), or in art galleries.

He would seem to be the last person on earth to write an essay on death. But he has a habit of doing the unexpected. For proof, turn to page 122.

THE British murder expert, Gerald Kersh (whose serial, Clock Without Hands, begins on p. 11), is, according to his literary agents, "dour, bitter-eyed, mustached and villainous-looking," and able to "tear a telephone directory in half." His career, has been as follows: Born at Teddington-on-Thames, Middlesex . . . wrote unsuccessfully . . . joined the Coldstream Guards . . . continued writing, in longhand, after the lights had been put out (by the Guards' sergeant) . . . until both he and his manuscript were blown up in London during the blitz; the manuscript was never found, but Kersh himself was comfortably reassembled . . . author of Sergeant Nelson of the Guards, and Night and the City, a current best seller.

AUTHOR of The Outlaw of Mopang Forest (p. 20), Edmund Ware deposes and says: "This story was written in a Maine cabin five miles by canoe from where the story's action takes place. In the last 25 years, the author has run the river (of the story) over 40 times, and its rapids and trout pools are as familiar to him as the path from his cabin to the lake. For many years he has been a nonresident licensed Maine guide." Ware is also an experienced writer and magazine editor in sports fields, an authority on ballistics, fly fishing, canoeing.

This week's cover: Photograph by David Peskin shows All-American triple-threat Bob Fenimore carrying the ball in his nimble and ruthless fashion, ably assisted by his Oklahoma A & M teammates. You can read more about it in Kyle Crichton's article on page 18. . . .
A. P.

It even "sleeps" you!

DO NOT
DISTURB

You're not "seeing things." That's a real bed the eager youngster is tumbling from to inspect the morning's first catch . . . a big, *double* bed that fits right into the back seat of a Nash!

Isn't it wonderful to have your own private "sleeping car" where both you and your son, or any other member of the family, can enjoy a comfortable night's rest?

No worry about hotel reservations or places to sleep. Stop where and when you want. Rough it in luxury on your fishing, hunting and vacation trips.

The Convertible Bed is only one of scores of "features of tomorrow" that Nash offers in cars today.

This Nash you see—this big, new Nash "600"—takes you an amazing 25 to 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline at moderate highway speeds—500 to 600 miles on a tankful.

And what a surprise those miles will be! They just ripple away—with individual coil springs on all four wheels doing magic to bumps—and with steering that's easier, lighter and surer, making driving so simple.

Dust and drafts are banished. Even in cold weather there's no need for bulky clothes or gloves . . . you get clean, fresh warm air—thermostatically controlled to your need by the famous Nash Weather-Eye Conditioned Air System.

And if you wonder how any car can be so quiet, so fast on the getaway, so staunch and sure-footed on curves, the answer is: *Nash "600" is built a different way*. Like the latest airliners and streamliners, its frame and body are *one* superstrong unit of welded steel... squeak-proof, rattle-proof... hundreds of pounds lighter.

If you are awaiting delivery of a new Nash, or would like to place an order, be assured that your Nash dealer is doing and will do all that can be done to make delivery to you as soon as possible. You'll be glad you waited.

NASH MOTORS
Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH Nash

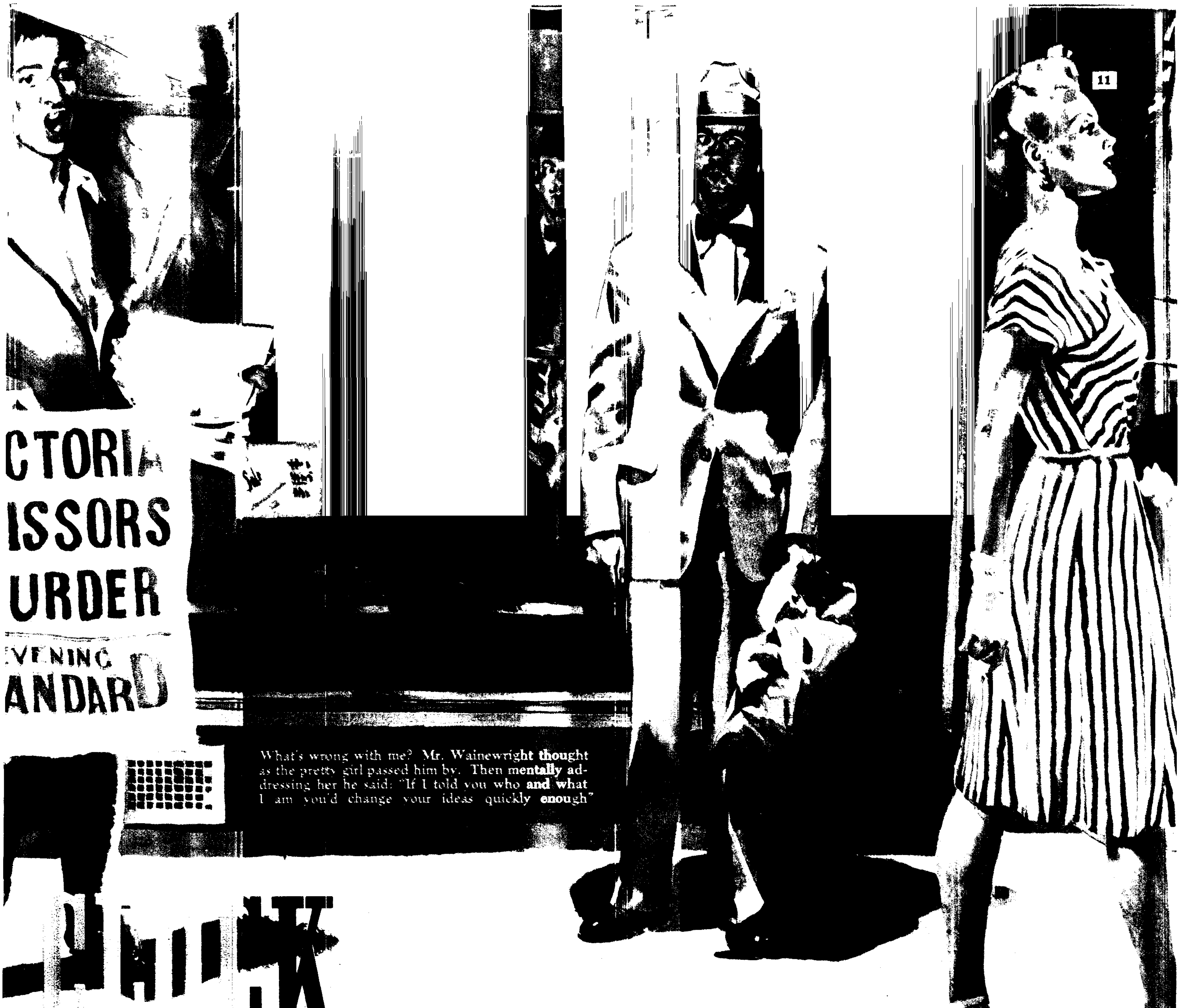
WE'RE HANDLING 142,000,000 LOCAL CALLS A DAY

That's 25,000,000 more than a year ago — and an all-time high.

It didn't seem possible that available equipment, with such additions as we could make, could be stretched to handle an increase like that. But it's been done despite shortages of materials and other handicaps. Best of all, service keeps on being good on most calls.

There are delays once in a while but we're doing our best to make them fewer and fewer. Service will be better than ever as soon as new equipment can be made and installed.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



What's wrong with me? Mr. Wainewright thought as the pretty girl passed him by. Then mentally addressing her he said: "If I told you who and what I am you'd change your ideas quickly enough"

WITHOUT HANDS

BY GERALD KERSH

John Jacket was cynical: It amused him to call the Victoria Scissors Murder an open-and-shut case. But he dug for a story—and he probed too deep. He stirred up dark forces that he could not stop

I

SEVERAL years ago, when London newspapers had space to spare for all kinds of sensational trivialities, John Jacket of the Sunday Special went to talk with a certain Mr. Wainewright about the stabbing of a man named Tooth, whose wife had been arrested and charged with murder. It was a commonplace, dreary case. The only extraordinary thing about it was that Martha Tooth had not killed her husband ten years earlier. It was a dull affair: She was not even young, or pretty. But Jacket had a knack of finding strange and colorful aspects of drab, even squalid affairs. Now he went out on the trail of Wainewright, the man who had found Tooth's body, and who owned the house in which Tooth had lived.

Even the Scotland Yard man who took down Wainewright's statement had not been able to describe the appearance of the little householder. He was "just ordinary," the detective said, "sort of like a city clerk." He was like everybody; he was a nobody. At half past seven every evening Wainewright went out to buy a paper and drink a glass of beer in the saloon bar of the Firedrake—always the Evening Extra, never more than one glass of beer.

So one evening at half past seven John Jacket went into the saloon bar of the Firedrake, and found Mr. Wainewright sitting under an oval mirror that advertised Bach's Light Lager. Jacket had to look twice before he saw the man.

A man has a shape; a crowd has no shape and no color. The massed faces of a hundred thousand men make one blank pallor; their clothes add up to a shadow; they have no words. This man was something less than nondescript—he was blurred, without identity, like a smudged fingerprint. Like a dummy in a shop window with his suit of some dim shade between brown and gray. His shirt had gray-blue stripes, his tie was patterned with dots like confetti trodden into the dust, and his oddment of limp brownish mustache resembled a cigarette butt, disintegrating shred by shred in a tea saucer. He was holding a bowler hat on his knees and looking at the clock.

Jacket went to the table under the

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

oval mirror, smiled politely, and said, "Mr. Wainewright, I believe?"

The little man stood up. "Yes. Ah, yes. My name *is* Wainewright."

"My name is Jacket, of the Sunday Special. How do you do?"

They shook hands. Mr. Wainewright said, "You're the gentleman who writes every week!"

"*Free For All*—yes, that's my page. But what'll you drink, Mr. Wainewright?"

"I hardly ever—"

"Come, come," said Jacket. He went to the bar. Mr. Wainewright blinked and stared at Jacket with a watery mixture of wonder and trepidation in his weak eyes.

"With all due respect, Mr. Jacket, I don't know what I can tell you that you don't already know."

"Oh, to hell with the murder!" said Jacket easily. "It isn't about that I want to talk to you, Mr. Wainewright."

"Oh, *not* about the murder?"

"A twopenny-halfpenny murder, whichever way you take it. No, I want to talk about *you,* Mr. Wainewright."

"Me? But Scotland Yard—"

"Look. You will excuse me, won't you? You may know the sort of things I write about, and in that case you'll understand how this Tooth murder affair fails to interest me very much. What does it amount to, after all? A woman stabs a man." Jacket flapped a hand in a derogatory gesture. "So? So a woman stabs a man. A hackneyed business; an ill-treated wife grabs a pair of scissors and—*pst!* And a good job, too. If she hadn't stabbed Tooth, somebody else would have, sooner or later. But you, Mr. Wainewright, you interest me, because you're the . . . bystander, the onlooker, the witness. I like to get at the—the *impact* of things—the way people are affected by things. So let's talk about yourself."

Alarmed and gratified, Mr. Wainewright murmured, "I haven't anything to tell about myself. There isn't anything of interest, I mean. Tooth—"

"Let's forget Tooth. It's an open-and-shut case."

"Er, Mr. Jacket. Will they hang her, do you think?"

"Martha Tooth? No, not in a thousand years."

"But surely, she's a murderess, sir!"

"Tell me, Wainewright: Do you think they *ought* to hang Martha Tooth?"

"Well, sir, she did murder her hubby, after all—"

"But how d'you *feel* about it? What would you say, if you were a juryman?"

"The wages of sin is . . . ah . . . the penalty for murder is the—ahem—the rope, Mr. Jacket!"

"Is it? They don't hang people for crimes of passion these days."

At the word "passion," Mr. Wainewright looked away. He drank a little whiskey-and-soda, and said, "Perhaps not, sir. She might get away with . . . with penal servitude for life, Mr. Jacket, do you think?"

"She might even be acquitted."

"Well, sir . . . that's for the judge and jury to decide. But to take a human life—"

"Do you dislike the woman, Mr. Wainewright?" Jacket blinked at the little man from under half-raised eyebrows.

"Oh, good Lord, no, sir! Not at all, Mr. Jacket; I don't even know her. I only saw her for an instant."

"Good-looking?"

"Good-looking, Mr. Jacket? No, no, she wasn't. She was bedraggled. She looked—if you'll excuse me—as if she . . . as if she'd *had children,* sir. And then she was flurried, and crying."

"This Tooth of yours was a bit of a pig, according to all accounts."

"Not a nice man by any means, sir. I was going to give him notice."

"Irregular hours, I suppose—noisy?"

"Yes, and he . . . he drank, too. And worse, sir?"

"Women?"

Mr. Wainewright nodded, embarrassed. "Yes. Women all the time."

JACKET brought fresh drinks. "Oh, no!" cried Mr. Wainewright. "Not for me. I couldn't, thanks all the same."

"Drink it up," said Jacket, "all up, like a good boy."

The little man raised his glass.

"Your good health, Mr. Jacket. Yes, he was not a nice class of man by any means. All the girls seemed to run after him, though. I never could make out why they did. He *was* what you might call charming, sir—lively, always joking. But, well; he was a man of about my own age—forty-six, at least—and I never could understand what they could see in Tooth."

He swallowed his whiskey like medicine, holding his breath in order not to taste it.

Jacket said, "Judging by his photo, I should say he was no oil painting. A great big slob, I should have said—"

"He was a big, powerful man," said Mr. Wainewright. "Commercial traveler, I believe. Make a lot of money?"

"Never saved a penny, Mr. Jacket," said Mr. Wainewright, in a shocked voice. "But he could sell things, sir. He wouldn't take no for an answer. Throw him out of the door, and back he comes at the window."

"That's the way to please the ladies," said Jacket. "Appear ruthless; refuse to take no for an answer; make it quite clear that you know what you want and are going to get it. He did all that, eh?"

"Yes, sir, he did—oh, you really shouldn't've done this. I can't—"

More drinks had been set down.

"Cheers," said Jacket. Wainewright sipped another drink. "Are you a married man, Mr. Wainewright?"

"Married? Me? No, not me, Mr. Jacket." Mr. Wainewright giggled; the whiskey was bringing a pinkness to his cheeks.

"I shouldn't be surprised if you were a bit of a devil on the sly, yourself, Mr. Wainewright," said Jacket, with a knowing wink.

"I . . . I don't have time to bother with such things."

"Your boardinghouse keeps you pretty busy—"

"My apartment house? Yes, it does, off and on."

"Been in the business long?"

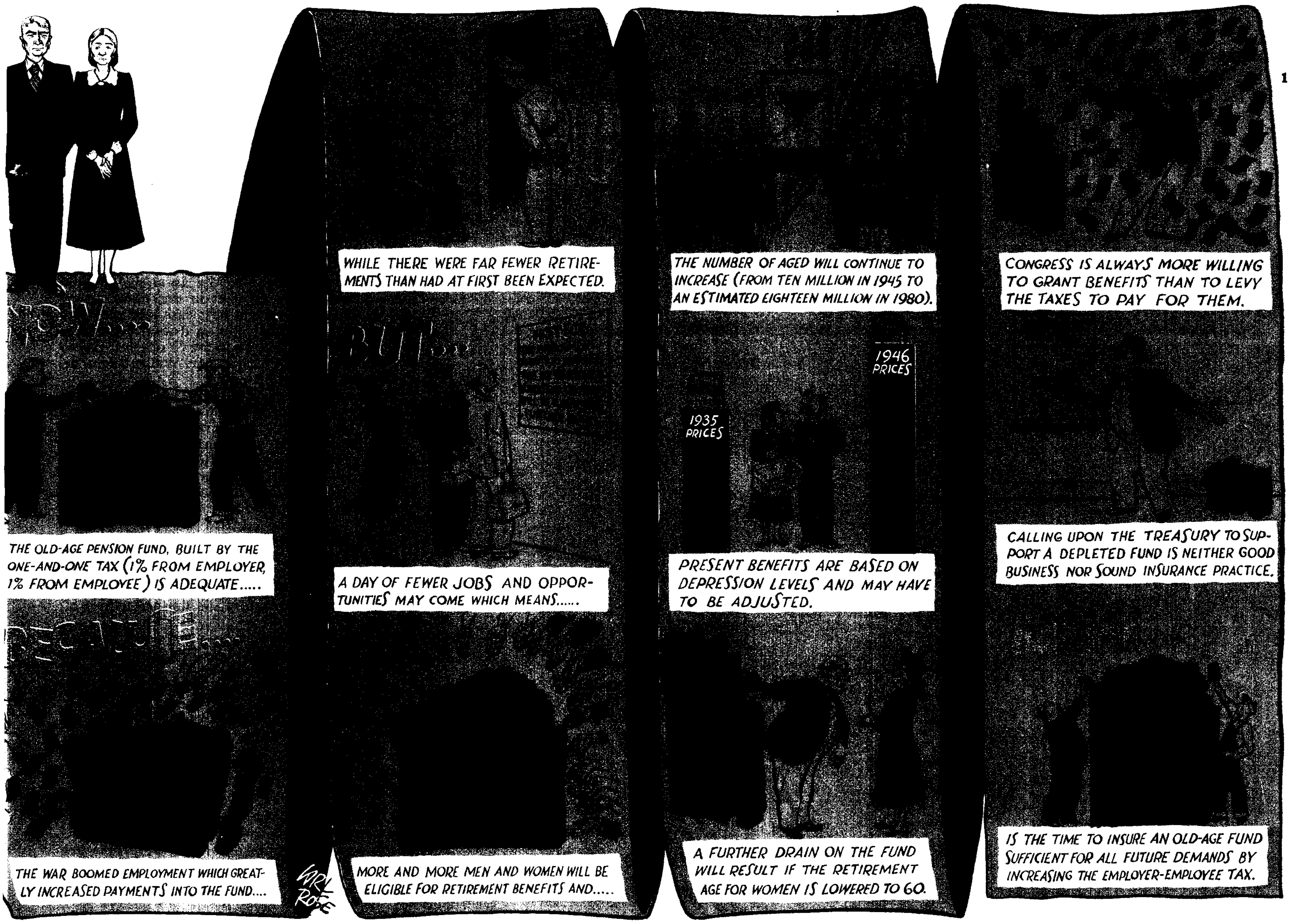
"Only about eight months, sir, since my auntie died. She left me the house, you see, and I thought it w about time I had a bit of a change. I kept it on. I was in gents' footwear before that, for more than twenty years."

"Making shoes?"

"Pardon *me.* I was a salesman

(*Continued on page* 33)

"Skin like cream," Tooth whispered to Wainewright when the girl returned with the beer. He leaned over and grabbed her arm. "This evening?" he said


NOW....
THE OLD-AGE PENSION FUND, BUILT BY THE ONE-AND-ONE TAX (1% FROM EMPLOYER, 1% FROM EMPLOYEE) IS ADEQUATE.....
BECAUSE....
THE WAR BOOMED EMPLOYMENT WHICH GREATLY INCREASED PAYMENTS INTO THE FUND....
WHILE THERE WERE FAR FEWER RETIREMENTS THAN HAD AT FIRST BEEN EXPECTED.
BUT...
A DAY OF FEWER JOBS AND OPPORTUNITIES MAY COME WHICH MEANS......
MORE AND MORE MEN AND WOMEN WILL BE ELIGIBLE FOR RETIREMENT BENEFITS AND.....
THE NUMBER OF AGED WILL CONTINUE TO INCREASE (FROM TEN MILLION IN 1945 TO AN ESTIMATED EIGHTEEN MILLION IN 1980).
1946 PRICES
1935 PRICES
PRESENT BENEFITS ARE BASED ON DEPRESSION LEVELS AND MAY HAVE TO BE ADJUSTED.
A FURTHER DRAIN ON THE FUND WILL RESULT IF THE RETIREMENT AGE FOR WOMEN IS LOWERED TO 60.
CONGRESS IS ALWAYS MORE WILLING TO GRANT BENEFITS THAN TO LEVY THE TAXES TO PAY FOR THEM.
CALLING UPON THE TREASURY TO SUPPORT A DEPLETED FUND IS NEITHER GOOD BUSINESS NOR SOUND INSURANCE PRACTICE.
IS THE TIME TO INSURE AN OLD-AGE FUND SUFFICIENT FOR ALL FUTURE DEMANDS BY INCREASING THE EMPLOYER-EMPLOYEE TAX.
CARL ROSE

PROTECT THAT PENSION

BY CONGRESSMAN A. S. MIKE MONRONEY

as told to James C. Derieux

The retirement pay you'll get under Social Security is perfectly safe now, but unless some changes are made it may not be a few years hence. Here's why

FOR half an hour Grover Johnson had been busy with a pencil and scratch pad as he and his wife Mary sat on their front porch one October Sunday afternoon down in my home state of Oklahoma.

"What you doing?" asked Mary.

"Figgering."

"Figgering what?"

"Figgering how you and me are gonner live when we get a little older."

"If you can figger your way out of a dead-broke old age you are a lot smarter than I ever thought you were."

"Well," said Grover, "we got Social Security."

"Reckon it'll ever come to anything?"

"Sure. It's insurance and I been paying on it ever since 1937. The way I got it put down here me and you together will get maybe forty or fifty dollars a month after we're past 65."

"Seems like that ain't much."

"No, it ain't riches, but it'll be a sight better than nothing. And maybe it'll be more. I hear talk about raising it because ever'thing has gone up so."

"Reckon why old people seem to have so much harder time than they used to?" asked Mary. "I recollect my grandfolks, and they got along all right, broke as they were. And my own father and mother, too. Are old folks gettin' trifling, or what?"

"Well, I don't know enough to explain it good," said Grover, running his hand through his tousled gray hair, "but the way I see it, something has happened to the way people live. Old folks themselves ain't any better or any worse than they used to be, most likely, but these days they got to have dollars to live on. They can't make it just by helping around the place. They could when folks didn't buy much, but now you just plain can't get along without money. Remember how it was back in the depression? I guess it'll be worse than that from now on for people who haven't got any money at all."

Grover's explanation hit at the heart of the reasons for Social Security. Our country has moved from a simple life arrangement under which old folks could earn their keep around the homes in which they lived, to the complex and more vulnerable money economy of today. And he was right, too, probably, about Social Security benefits going up.

Many still lively persons remember the days of a simple economy of work for home use. If aged parents had to move in with married children, the situation was not so bad. In fact, the coming of the old folks often was a distinct economic help. They earned their bed and board; Mother by sewing, preserving, baking, helping to clean the house and dress the children, and the old man by tending fires, milking the cow, currying the horse, working the garden and in other ways.

But now we are largely industrialized, to a considerable degree apartmentalized in the cities, and a spare room is an extra cost that many cannot afford. "The good old days," even if they were more generous and happier than these days—which I doubt—are gone forever, and to debate whether or not that era was superior to our time is nothing more than an interesting way to waste time.

(Continued on page 53)

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

LIFE IN A GLAMOR FACTORY

BY JIM MARSHALL

Movie starlets like Kristine Miller find that the publicity boys set a rapid pace

THIS was the second time she'd nearly fainted—a perfectly healthy specimen of twenty-one. The first time had been in her dressing room in the little theater in San Francisco, where she was playing Nora in Mr. Ibsen's A Doll's House. The callboy brought in this note, signed "Hal Wallis," saying might he please talk with her.

She started to whoop, but it drifted off into a long sigh and she slid down in the chair—but gracefully, m-i-i-ighty gracefully. Mr. Wallis might be right on the heels of his note.

The second time was a few weeks later when she walked up to the gate at Paramount in Hollywood and said to the guard, "I'm Kristine Miller."

The guard smiled and said, "Oh, sure, Miss Miller. Come in; we're expecting you."

This is not standard procedure at movie studios. Usually the guard turns to the starlet and barks, "Never heard of you!" It's been that way since Crosby and Hope arrived back in 1893.

So Kristine Miller nearly fainted again.

Since then, she's gone far and fast. Now she's starring in Desert Town, the film version of Ramona Stewart's Bitter Harvest, which ran as a serial in Collier's. But before she finished a foot of film . . .

First thing that happens to a girl when she becomes a starlet in the gay, mad, glamorous whirl of Hollywood is that she goes to work. Chances are she has to get up about six in the morning in order to catch a bus or two to the lot. From then on it's just a series of ballet lessons, diction lessons, singing practice, acting lessons, massages, dress fittings, picture tests, interviews. . . . By the time sbe hops a bus for home about six o'clock she's willing to call it a day and a half.

Soon after a new player arrives at a studio, she feels the hot breath of the publicity department on her neck. If you have wondered how all the pictures and information about movie people get into print, let's go and sit in on what the boys and girls call a Sweat Box Session, where they take the starlet apart and put her together again.

This one's on the Paramount lot. Kristine sits behind a desk. There are people there from sections of the publicity department: Walter Seltzer, representing Hal Wallis; Jimmy Sarno, for Paramount; Miss Lindsay Durand and Miss Stella Roach; Ken Whitmore; Whitey Schafer, who'll make the publicity pictures. A couple of stenographers take down every word.

Mr. Whitmore says this is just an ice-breaking inquisition. "Where were you born?"

"In Buenos Aires, Argentina. My dad was a vice-president of the Standard Oil Company. When I was about three months old we moved up to a little town in Bolivia; there were about 13,000 Bolivians and we were the only foreign family. Then there was some business change and we all moved to Denmark where my dad, who is Danish, had a lot of relatives. We lived in Copenhagen and Dad went into the candy business."

"How long did you live in Denmark?"

"From when I was six until I was thirteen. It's a wonderful country for a child—everybody eats five times a day. . . ."

"Are you an American citizen?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is Kristine Miller your real name?"

"My name is really Jacqueline Olivia Esksen. . . . But everybody used to stumble over 'Esksen.' I took Kristine because it was my cousin's name. Mother dreamed the 'Miller' one night."

"Maybe we ought to get a tag for you; maybe you're a threat to Bergman."

"That would be a nice compliment, but. . . . Up in San Francisco I was once called the Viking Girl."

"Edith Head, who's our ace designer, says you have the best figure that's hit Hollywood since Grable. Is that so?"

"That's another nice compliment, but . . ."

One publicity man at this point suggested that, as a gag, maybe Kristine could refuse to do bathing-suit art and appeal to the Johnston office.

"Then we could drag her onto the photograph stand and name her The *(Continued on page 86)*

PHOTO BY WHITEY SCHAFER

PRESENT TENSE, FIRST PERSON

BY FRANCES MINTURN HOWARD

The story of Penny who wickedly juggled romance but who was not quite so immune to heartbreak as she imagined

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

THE day it happened, I was sitting on the porch steps having a Coke with Ginny Lander and watching my older sister Charlotte fix her face in the hall mirror. First she ran a comb through her hair, then she powdered her nose and put on some lipstick, and last of all she pulled on a dark blue hat and picked up her bag. Charlotte is a good-looking-enough girl, for one who is all of twenty-two years old, but I think Ginny and I felt a little sorry for her, watching her pull on that hat and tuck her curly hair under it carefully. As if anyone cared whether she wore it back-side-to or inside out. It was kind of pathetic, watching Charlotte powder her nose so carefully.

She stepped out on the porch, scribbling a couple of last things on a shopping list, and smiled at Ginny and me and said, "I'm going downtown to do the marketing, Penny. If I'm not back by twelve, set the table for Mother, will you?"

"I can't," I said. "I won't be here. Ginny's asked me to go to the beach. The whole gang's going. Tony's picking us up at eleven in his car."

"Oh, well," Charlotte said, "I'll probably be back by then anyway. Have fun."

Ginny watched her down the street. "Poor Charlotte," she said. "She's sort of missed out on things, hasn't she?"

I had to agree. There's no use trying to kid Ginny.

"It's awful, being the wrong age at the wrong time," I said. "If she could have married Herb Morrison, she'd have been all right; anyway, she'd have been a widow, and widows are sort of glamorous."

"Why didn't she marry him, that last furlough he had here?" Ginny asked.

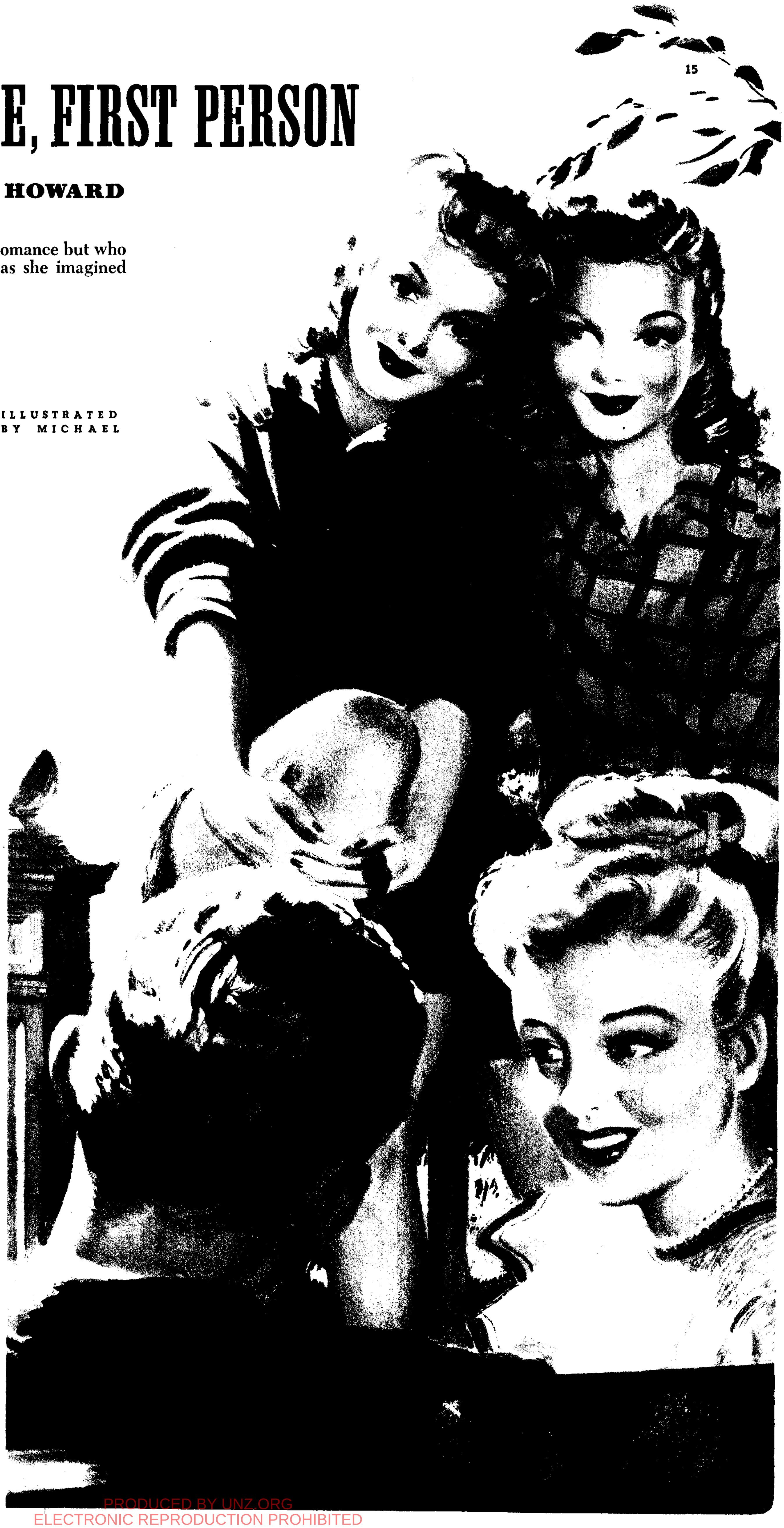
I waited a minute. After all, Charlotte's my sister. But then Ginny's my best friend. "If you ask me," I said, "I don't think he asked her. He kissed her at the front door; I'm pretty sure, because there was a long pause. But then he went off, and his family got the telegram."

Ginny said, "Well, when she heard he was killed, she could have got another beau."

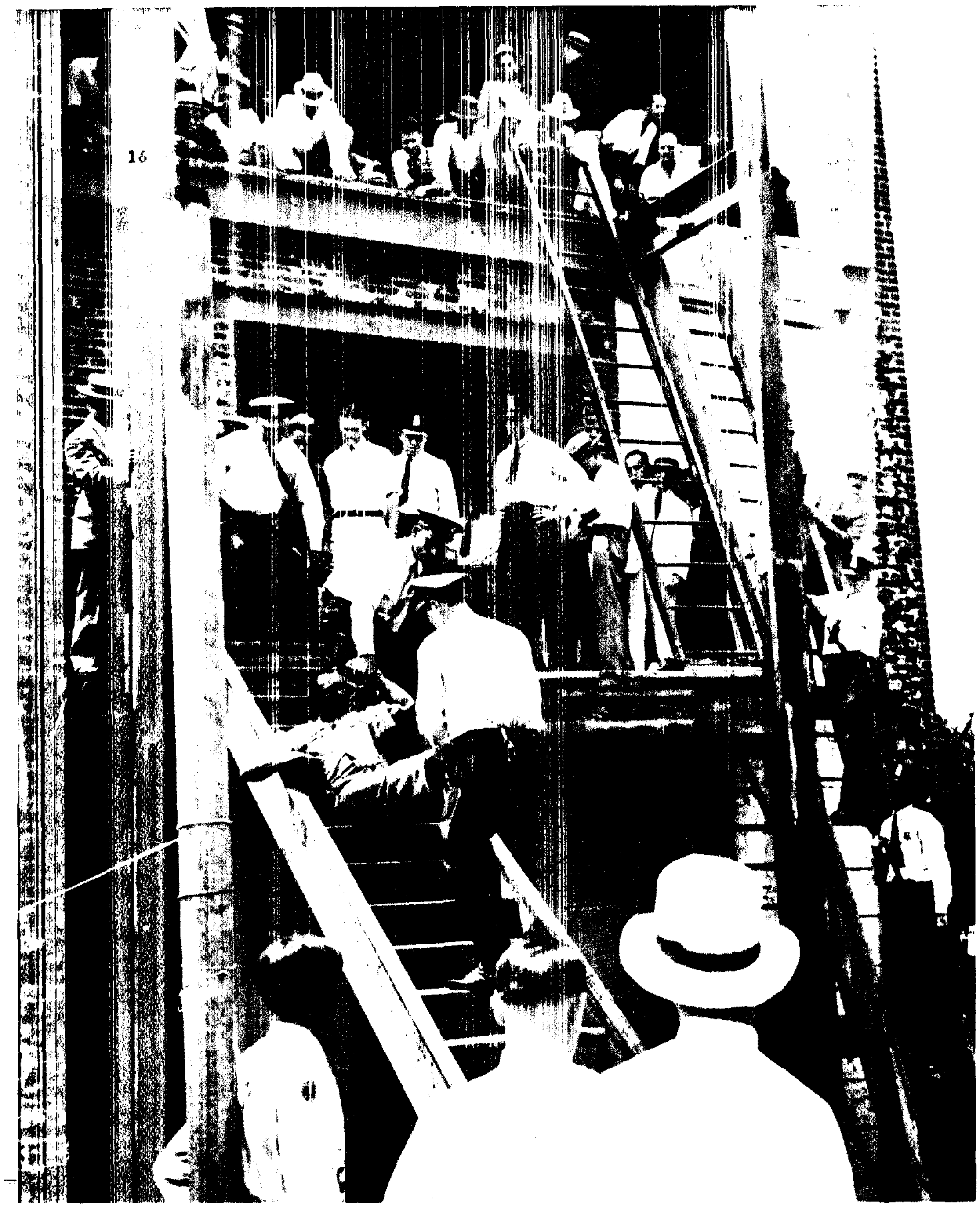
"Well, who?" I said. "There weren't any men at college. She felt awfully bad when Herb's mother telephoned her. She wouldn't even go out to the movies for a long time. And now who is there for her around town who's the right age, and at all exciting?"

Ginny stretched, sticking her toes way out in her red sandals. "I'm glad I'm seventeen. And I'm glad I'm seventeen *now*, if you know what I mean."

Just then Tony drove around the corner in his old coupé with the door off, honking loudly. He was wearing an old sweat shirt and his hair had fallen over his right eye as usual. But he looked *(Continued on page 44)*



I sat on the porch rail beside Ginny, who was goggling shamelessly at Mr. Carter. "How does Millbrook seem to you?" I asked. "Okay," he said. Charlotte smiled at him



KEYSTONE VIEW

Veterans of the first world war set a precedent for concerted action with the 1932 bonus march. Here, Washington police forcibly remove them from a building

THE VETERANS SAY—*OR ELSE!*

BY AGNES E. MEYER

A distinguished journalist, in three months of travel, finds bitter disillusionment among millions of veterans. In this discontent, she says, lie the seeds of violence. Here's what our veterans are thinking—and saying

Makeshift living quarters are a prime source of veteran discontent. Below, the wives of student veterans crowd the community laundry at a Middle Western university

C. W. HUSTON—PIX

A narrow cellar room is home for these veterans and their families while they continue their education under the G.I. Bill

C. W. HUSTON—PIX

IN OUR so-called victory there is a note of despair. It comes from millions of young Americans who have returned from a brutal war. They are eager to take up life again in the homeland they did so much to save, only to find their hopes delayed and their new ideals of brotherly love thwarted by political corruption, selfishness and greed. Whether our veterans are employed or unemployed, whether they're white or black, whether they live in cities or on farms, the sum and substance of their aspirations and difficulties is the same. Their dominant mood, wherever they are, is one of dangerous cynicism and frustration.

During three months of travel, from Texas to New England, I listened with a heavy heart to what veterans have to say. I have heard them talk of jobs and housing and education, of hate and intolerance, of indifference and dishonesty. Beneath the jokes and hilarious laughter that punctuate all G.I. conversation lies a sense of appalling loneliness and bitterness.

"It is of the utmost importance that the nation should understand the nature of and the reasons for this all-prevailing mood," I was told by one of the prominent men who organized the American Veterans Committee. "The veterans are in a period of drift. Their situation contains the possibility of sudden and disastrous outbursts. Their desire for leadership is proof that a breach exists between veterans and civilians for which the homefolk are to blame."

After V-J Day the whole nation shouted: "Bring the boys home," but made no advance preparations for their return. This emotional outburst undermined our armies of occupation and crowded millions of men into an economy in which labor and capital were in a deadlock that still retards the reconversion program. Yet most people have already forgotten their first declaration that "Nothing is too good for the boys."

Such people comfort themselves with the thought that the G.I. Bill of Rights works automatically to take care of all veteran needs. Let Washington and the Veterans Administration do it, they think, complacently.

But for the veteran, it's now or never, if he is to regain the place in society he would have had if he had not gone to war. And he knows it. At present almost 2,000,000 veterans are drawing the $20 readjustment allowance, while thousands upon thousands more are applying for education and training largely because suitable employment cannot be found.

A Potential Danger

Each week, these 2,000,000 veterans receive $36,000,000. Some of these men will work out their own problems. A small number are chiselers who do not want to work. Others are not seeking employment because of emotional fatigue or dissatisfaction with the conditions that confront them. But the vast majority of these 2,000,000 unemployed veterans are floating in a vacuum of neglect, idleness and distress which is as harmful and dangerous to them as it is to the country.

We can be grateful that these men are getting their $20 weekly allowance. Except for this humane provision, we would now be experiencing bread lines, apple-selling or outright violence.

By December, however, the majority of these allowances will run out. At the same time, occupational unemployment will begin in many trades. That will be a very critical moment for the country.

In the meantime the moral, mental and economic injuries suffered by vast numbers of our soldiers are more devastating than the physical injuries of battle. The nervous breakdowns are mounting. Unless we act now, we shall multiply our later problems and run the risk of serious disorder. "You can help the veteran and prosper with him," General Omar Bradley has said, "or abandon him and pay the price of his neglect."

If you examine the "gripes" of these boys, one by one, you can understand the present dangerous state of mind in all its rational and irrational aspects.

It is impossible for comfortably established Americans to sympathize adequately with the appalling housing conditions to which the vast majority of returned veterans are sub[illegible]d.

To visit almost any veter[illegible] family, whether employed or unemployed, is to start upon an endless chain of woe. As you sit in overcrowded rooms, both wife and husband refer you to other relatives who are enduring similar or worse conditions.

"I hope all those seeking a place to live aren't going through my woes," said Raynard G., of Chicago. "I had almost five years' service including the whole European campaign and was awarded two personal citations, five battle stars, and the combat infantryman badge.

"After that I returned to my wife and two-year-old son. Sounds swell, don't it? But we have no place to live. The Mrs. lives at her mother's and her ma and I don't get along nohow. Last night we really had a go-around. She says we got to get out. Well, where do I go? I suffered a nervous state overseas, but it's nothing to what I'm going through now. I thought the Bulge was bad, but this is another Bulge. I hope all vets don't experience my battles. No V-E Day, no V-J Day for this soldier."

Robert I., also of Chicago, Illinois, tells me: "I served three years carrying high-octane gasoline on tankers in the South Pacific. Since I came home my wife and four-year-old daughter have 'visited' from one in-law to the other. There doesn't seem to be room for us anywhere and we are running out of relatives. At present we are visiting my wife's family.

Another Home is Broken

"This arrangement is dying a slow but sure death. As a last resort we have decided to board our daughter out, and my wife and I will take a sleeping room as soon as we can find one."

The real-estate dealers take a beating from these veterans because a minority of dealers have been responsible for repeated cases of bribery and injustice.

"I've been living a life separated from my wife and daughter," said Michael J. P., of Lansing, Illinois. "I've been in the service five years, not a blemish on my record, thirty months overseas. I have lived with my family seven weeks in all. Do you call it right? I've been all over. These real-estate men are not the same Americans I used to know. The war is over and I get involved in this civilian greed. Let depression come [illegible] inflation. I can face it with my family, but I can't do it this way."

And so on, endlessly. Sixty-four per cent of married veterans, 80 per

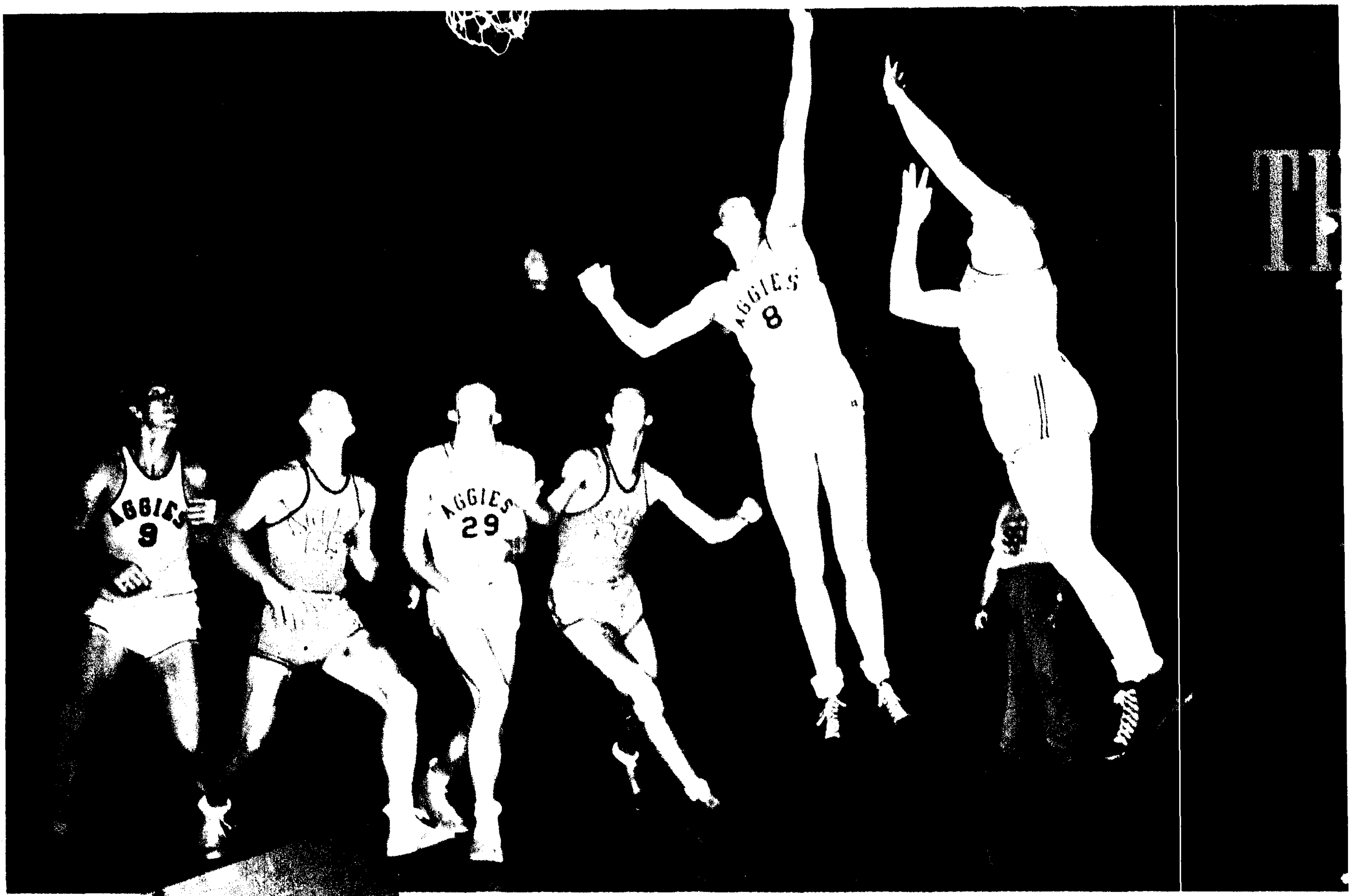
(Continued on page 115)

At Athens, Tennessee, veteran dissatisfaction flared into open rioting as ex-soldiers battled deputy sheriffs to insure an honest election. Cars in photo below were overturned in fighting

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

[illegible] hero of the ex-G.I. is General Omar N. [illegible]ey, director of the Veterans Administration

IKE VERN—PIX


AGGIES
8
AGGIES
9
AGGIES
29

Aggies wrestlers have been champs for years. At left is George Dorsch using a "goat jump" on George Walker

The Aggies basketball team has a clear-cut national title, having won the championship the last two years. Here Bob Rogers (75) scores in an Aggie floor play

Ralph Tate passes the baton to Bob Fenimore. Tate is 1946 track captain. Fenimore is the grid star. Both are members of the crack sprint relay team

OKLAHOMA
566
AGGIES
OKLAHOMA
565
AGGIES
OKLAHOMA
OKLAHOMA
514
AGGIES

Left, the Aggies athletic staff. Kneeling are Jim Lookabaugh (football), Head Coach Henry Iba (basketball) and Ralph Higgins (track). Standing are Otis Wile (sports publicity) and Art Griffith (wrestling)

Right: Throwing the pass is Bob Fenimore (55). Fenimore, an All-America player and the most publicized athlete on the campus, starts the season with the Aggies, but may be taken by the Army before the season ends

EAGER AGGIES

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Claude Thompson of the 1946 Champions shoots as Coach Richard Jones looks on

Not content with snatching the top triumphs in major sports, the Oklahoma Aggies are reaching out for the minor-sports honors too. They might as well make a clean sweep of it

THE merchants along Main Street in Stillwater, Oklahoma, launched a mad venture several years ago that may conceivably result in their destruction. Driven quite rattlebrained by local pride, they collected a purse to reward Mr. Jim Lookabaugh for winning what they liked to call the national football championship with his Oklahoma Aggies team. Later they dug up again to show their appreciation of the efforts of Mr. Henry Iba, who had most certainly captured the national collegiate basketball championship with *his* Aggies team.

Last year they shelled out again on behalf of Jim and Henry and grimly wrenched out a few more kopecks for Mr. V. Art Griffith, who had brought the national collegiate wrestling championship to the Aggies. They are now torn between admiration and terror. A point has been reached where they might easily be financially upended by such success but they would also hate to see it end. There are competent critics who maintain that Oklahoma A & M is definitely top dog in athletics among American colleges. If they keep up the pace of the past two years there won't be a solvent merchant in town.

They state quite plainly out Stillwater way that the Aggies have made a sweep of major triumphs, "the like of which has never been accomplished by any other university in the history of intercollegiate athletics."

Naturally, the number of other proud institutions which receive these tidings with happy, smile-wreathed faces is limited, but it is hard to go against the election returns. The Aggies have it all down in figures.

Consider: The Aggies football team in 1944 won eight, lost one (The NAS Zoomers, undefeated service team) and murdered Texas Christian, 34-0, in the Cotton Bowl. Last year they were undefeated in eight games and ran over St. Mary's, 33-13, in the Sugar Bowl.

Consider: The Aggies basketball team in 1944-45 won twenty-seven out of thirty-one games and won the N.C.A.A. championship in New York City. Last year they lost only two games and again won the national championship. In doing that they defeated Kansas, Big Six champion; Baylor, the Southwest champion; California, the West Coast champion, and North Carolina (in the finals), the champion of the East. They also beat Wyoming, Rocky Mountain champion, two straight. In short, a clear-cut title.

Consider: The Aggies wrestling teams have been the scourge in this sport for twenty-five years. They won the N.C.A.A. championships last year, their fourteenth national title since 1928. The school has enjoyed twenty-one undefeated seasons in those twenty-five years and in all has won twenty national championships, N.C.A.A. and A.A.U. Between 1921 and 1932, they won seventy dual meets in a row.

As an indication that the poison had gone to their heads, Ralph Higgins rigged up a track team that won five dual meets, had no losses and included a meet at West Point in which the Aggies trimmed the Cadets 8½ to 6½. Only first places counted in this latter contest, but the Aggies are certain they could have won anyhow if the guarantee had allowed them to bring up a full team.

New Fields to Conquer

So you see we are faced here with rather a frightening thing. Oklahoma is a large flat piece of ground covered with oil wells, wheat fields and a crop of long rangy individuals who have acquired notions. They not only intend to repeat what they've done but to strike out in new fields. Tennis and golf have been revived after the war years and swimming started in the fall. Baseball has been good right along (won thirteen, lost two last spring). The only consolation is that the Aggies will never have a crew. The Cimarron is a historic stream which unfortunately lacks only one thing: water.

The engineer of this machine is quite generally agreed to be Henry P. (Hank) Iba, athletic director and basketball coach. He arrived in Stillwater thirteen years ago at a time when quite nondescript football teams would walk straight up to an Aggie team, kick it sharply in the shins and get nothing but a humble bow in return.

Prior to that, there had been periods under the famous Johnny Maulbetsch of Michigan and the later famous Lynn Waldorf when the Aggies had produced good teams, but between 1934 and 1939 the situation was woeful. It became so bad that the Aggies decided they might as well keep their shame in the family and hired Jim Lookabaugh, an Aggies graduate who had been coaching Oklahoma high schools with success. It took Lookabaugh six years to get going, but he is really rolling now and it will soon be decided whether he is a great coach or merely a man who had Bob Fenimore on his team.

Iba (pronounced Eye-ba) is a graduate of Westminster (Mo.) College and had become minutely famous as coach of basketball at Maryville Teachers in Missouri before finding his way to Stillwater. We put it in this fashion because Stillwater is best located with the assistance of an Indian scout who knows the route by the markings on trees. It can be reached by a railroad that wanders amiably all over the Indian Territory, but nobody has dared this adventure for many years.

After riding seventy miles west of Tulsa (always called Telsie by the older inhabitants) it is a pleasant shock to find Oklahoma A & M an elaborate and handsome establishment standing belligerently on the prairie as if daring the drought and desolation. The trees have good sense in that region, keeping small and humble lest they incite the wrath of the winds, which never, never stop.

With Lookabaugh at the Aggies, Iba installed Tobe Greene, Jack Baker and Al Paddock. He also inquired diligently into the question of Oklahoma high-school athletes, who were turning up at Southern California, Stanford and California in such numbers as to represent another Okie invasion. It took no genius to realize that the Oklahoma boys needed help and that resulted in the establishment of what are called nominal scholarships for athletes, which bring them $50 a month worked out in chores around the college. This seems to have turned the tide.

In the last two years Bob Fenimore, the triple-threat man, has captured most of the Aggies publicity. He was an All-America player almost from the beginning but was really made in the 1944 Texas-Aggies game, when the Aggies trailed 8-0 in the fourth period and it seemed all over. On fourth down and eight yards to go, Fenimore went back to punt. When he noted that the Texas end had slashed in, he decided to run instead and picked up twenty yards. He then passed to Cecil Hankins for one touchdown and soon after passed to him for another.

The game ended 13-8 and Fenimore made the headlines from which he has not been absent since. His performance against Texas Christian in the Cotton Bowl clinched the first impression, and last year in the Sugar Bowl it was generally agreed that he had overshadowed the great Wedemeyer of St. Mary's.

Whether he will play a full season this year depends upon the Army. He had been 4-F during the war but the peacetime draft seems to work in another manner. He was deferred until October 9th, but if you don't see Fenimore's name in late-season line-ups, you may understand that he is trudging plaintively under an Alabama or Georgia sun, cherishing his memories. What gives the Aggies hope that they could survive his departure is the fact that in 1942 they had what they still insist was one of their best teams—and most of those men are now back on the squad. They won six and lost three that year but when they finished by massacring Detroit, Gus Dorais (Detroit coach) opined as how it was the greatest college team he had ever seen. They cherish the hope in Stillwater that Gus is a man of his word.

The game they like to talk about at Stillwater is the 46-40 imbroglio in 1944 in which the Aggies finally beat Tulsa. On A & M's first play from scrimmage, Fenimore broke loose for a 73-yard touchdown run. Touchdowns came so fast after that that nobody could remember how they happened. The game was tied at 6-6, 13-13 and 40-40. The last touchdown and the winning one came when Fenimore on a pass-and-run shot hit Hankins with a 50-yard toss and that was it.

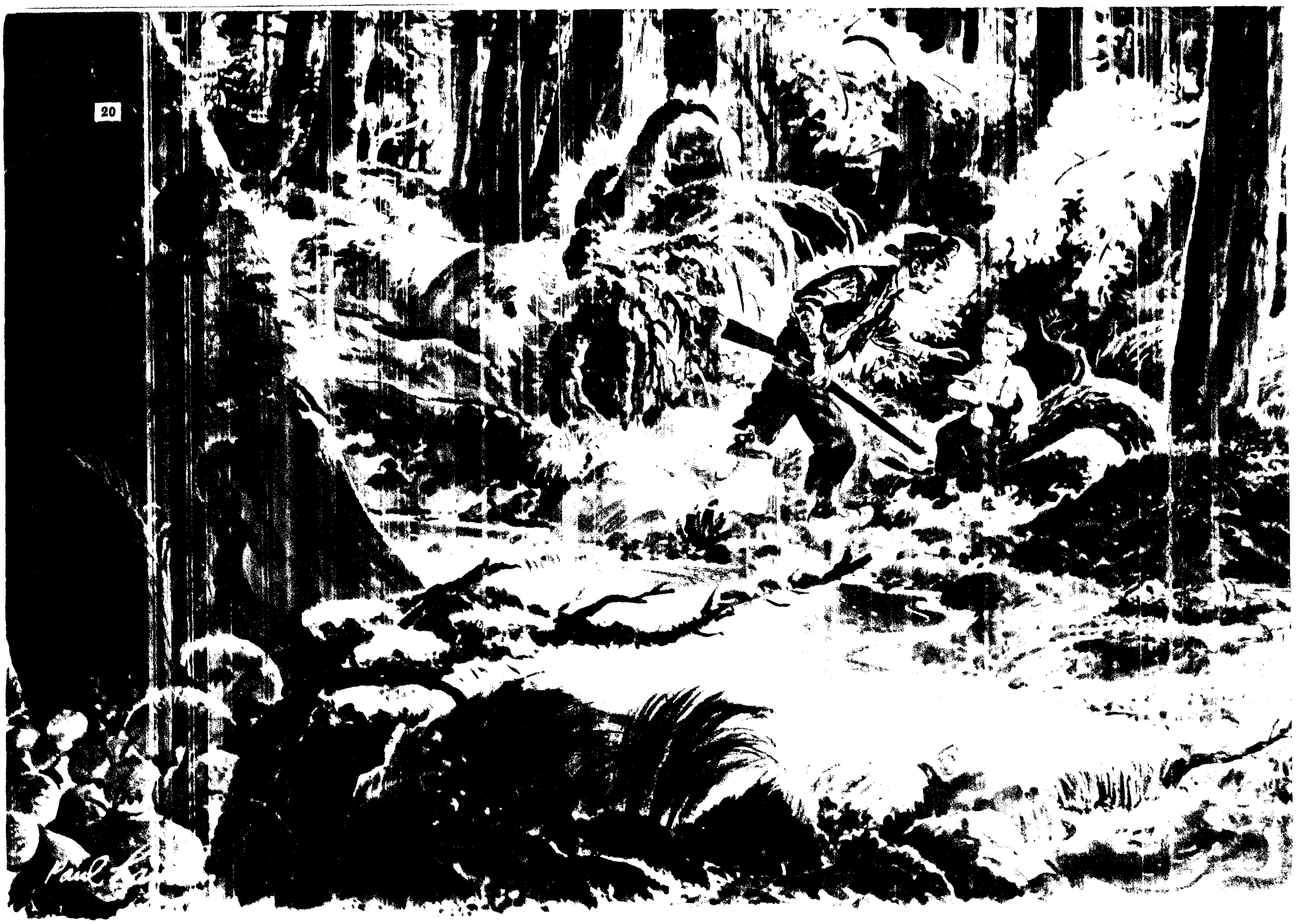
It was in this game that Jake Colhauer, Aggies guard, became a legend. On one play he stood up and addressed his opponent: "They're calling so many signals back there I don't know what I'm to do. So I'll just line up here opposite you, Burgess, and knock hell out of you."

Face Tough Schedule

Knowing that everybody would be laying for them this year, Lookabaugh had spring practice for his old squad, for which two hundred men turned out, and then had a later session for freshmen and returned veterans, with eighty-six making an appearance. They play Denver, Arkansas, Texas, Southern Methodist, Georgia, Texas Christian, Kansas, Tulsa, Texas Tech, Drake and Oklahoma. It would be hard to prove they are ducking anybody. Starting with the Texas game on October 5th, they spend five consecutive week ends away from home with such other setups as S.M.U., Georgia, Texas Christian and

(Continued on page 50)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN—PIX



"Now jest you take it easy, little feller," Uncle Jeff said. His great hand eased out and touched the child

THE OUTLAW OF MOPANG FOREST

BY EDMUND WARE

It was troublesome sometimes, not to say risky, for Old Jeff to keep his reputation good for being bad

UP NORTH around Mopang in the little smoky cabins, they tell by lamplight the story of the origin of Thomas Jefferson Coongate's hatred for game wardens, one and all. The one-eyed poacher himself swears that the story is true, which, of course, is a certificate of nothing. You are likely to hear the tale recounted during deer season, and there are apologies to young Tom Corn, the current game warden, whose dealings with Uncle Jeff, though diffident, are respectable.

Concerning that other warden, whose name shall be Gideon Andrews, and whose dismal memory strikes fire from Jeff Coongate's one eye, there are no apologies. Warden Gid Andrews was a mistake which the state has long since rectified—except for his influence on the one-eyed poacher. Still, many people believe that the imperious old woodsman was born clutching a jack light, and left school as soon as he had learned to read the labels on whisky bottles. Gid Andrews just didn't help matters any to speak of.

The story begins in Sim Pease's store in the hamlet of Privilege on an afternoon in October an undetermined number of years ago. There you saw the cloud-fat Sim standing before his shelves, which were weighed with all manner of provisions and implements, from anvils to nipples, and from abutment spikes to black tea.

On this afternoon, among the crackerbox gathering, there was a very heavy suspense. The new game warden had just arrived in town—and so had Thomas Jefferson Coongate, who had declared his intention of meeting the impostor face to face. The warden's name was Gideon Andrews, and his reputation was long and sharp. Jeff Coongate himself had a reputation, and had publicly stated his willingness to defend and enhance it.

So now, as a tall, stony-faced man entered the store, the one-eyed poacher stood erect, his eye gleaming a baleful blue. As always, the old outlaw felt a grave responsibility to his audience, and he went to work like a seasoned trouper. The new warden, however, was a dour and sinister individual with a mouth like a mink trap and the eye of a turtle. His presence sent a chill of pessimism throughout the little store. But Uncle Jeff, despite his vague misgivings, fired the opening shot.

"You're this feller Gideon Andrews, ain't you? The new game warden?"

The warden acknowledged the challenge with a sour expression.

"Got quite a bad name, ain't you?" offered the one-eyed poacher.

"That's right."

"I hear tell how you'd arrest your own brother."

"I'm an only child."

"Then you'd arrest your own mother," pursued Uncle Jeff.

"She's dead."

"What'd she die of?"

"Disappointment," the warden said, stonily.

The one-eyed poacher had the feeling that he had come off number two man in the initial skirmish. Roscoe Carrion, the trapper, tittered from his perch on the dry-goods counter. Uncle Jeff, infuriated, attacked once more.

"Are you married?"

"Yes," said the warden.

It seemed incredible to Jeff Coongate that a woman might conceivably love Gideon Andrews. He stated his disbelief. The warden was unperturbed, his eyes as warm and appealing as the kind of marble they use for gravestones.

(Continued on page 59)

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HAMLIN

CORNERED KILLER

In a brilliant concerted attack, medicine has learned how to stem the fatal torture of angina. It's a new lease on life for thousands of suffering hearts

BY BILL DAVIDSON

DRAWING BY FRANK NETTER, M.D.

A FEW years ago, Mr. Frank Conroy died a horrible death every evening in the third act of Lillian Hellman's prize-winning play, The Little Foxes. Mr. Conroy played the part of a man seriously ill of a heart ailment, who was goaded into a violent heart attack by his money-hungry wife. Then, while he threshed about on the floor in the throes of the attack, the wife, Tallulah Bankhead, calmly sat there refusing to put within reach the little vial of medicine that might have saved him. The disease was the dreaded angina pectoris, and the medicine was nitroglycerin. And millions who saw the play and the later movie version came away with a pretty good idea of what angina victims have to suffer.

As recently as a few months ago, most medical men considered angina incurable. Striking—as it usually does—in middle and old age, it was considered a symptom of a general wearing out of parts of the body; and there was nothing to do but make the patient as comfortable as possible with complete rest and with medication to ease the painful attacks. Dr. Harlow Brooks, New York University's distinguished professor of clinical medicine, wrote in 1928, "To many physicians and to most of the laity, the diagnosis of angina pectoris is tantamount to hearing one's death sentence."

Then a series of new developments took place. First, a group of investigators both here and in Europe made the revolutionary claim that angina is not simply a mechanical breakdown of worn-out parts; it is also a problem of chemistry, which can be treated like all chemical problems. A brilliant young Austrian scientist nearly killed himself with injections of test chemicals before he discovered that X rays seem to make the desired chemical changes.

Then a dozen other medical pioneers found that the chemistry of angina pectoris can be altered by methods ranging from delicate heart surgery to the injection of sex hormones. And finally, a new sulfa drug was produced—thiouracil. Thiouracil's proponents believe it has done so much for angina sufferers that it will take its place beside sulfanilamide, penicillin, streptomycin and the other new and spectacular lifesavers.

As a result of all this, a 63-year-old former elevator repairman who had been flat on his back for three years, suffering 8 to 10 angina attacks a day, walked out of the Jersey City (N. J.) Medical Center and back to his job after swallowing six thiouracil tablets every day for two weeks. A Boston boilermaker, who for nine months had an angina attack every time he walked a few steps, was able to make eighty trips up and down a test flight of stairs after just six injections of testosterone propionate (the male hormone). And a considerable number

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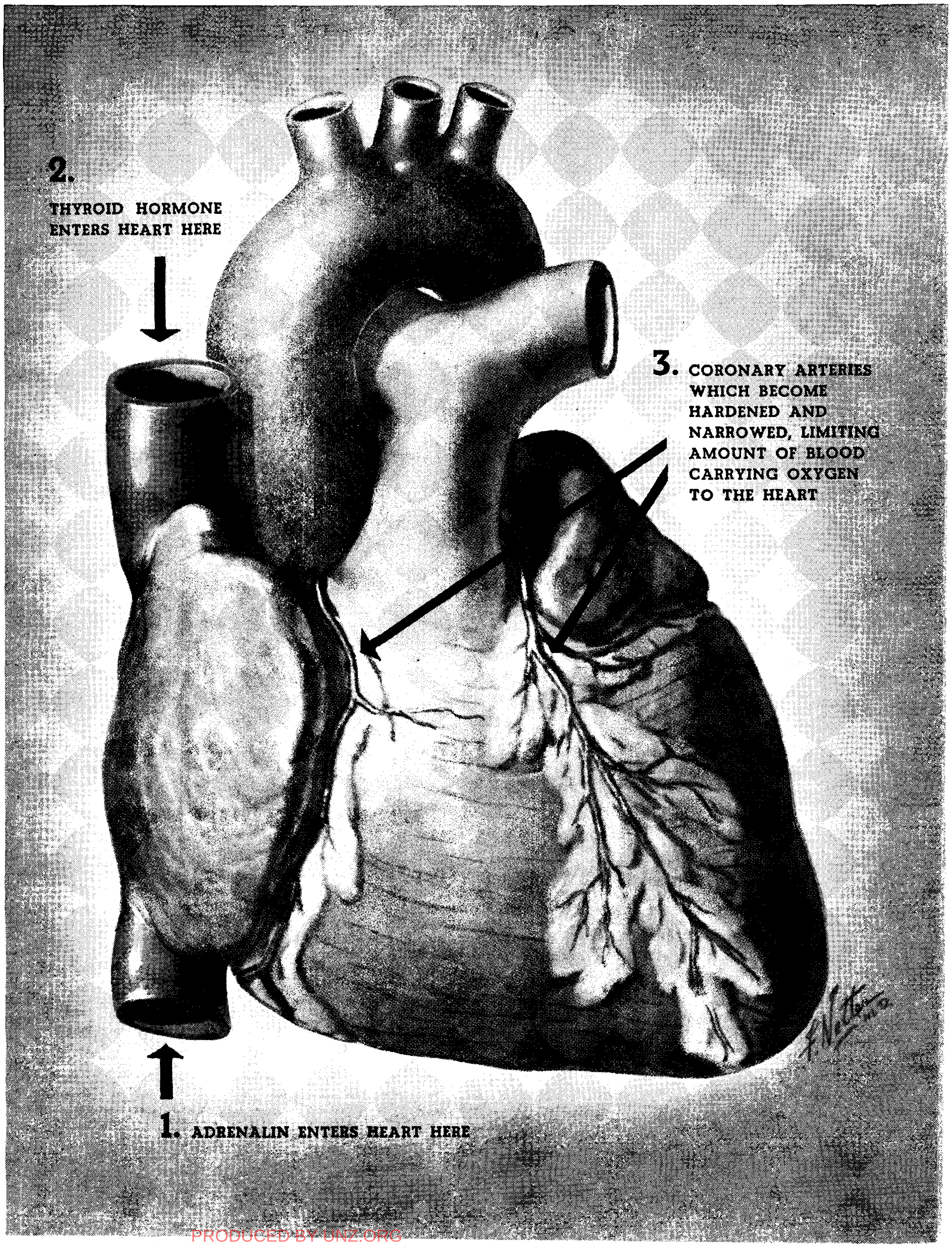
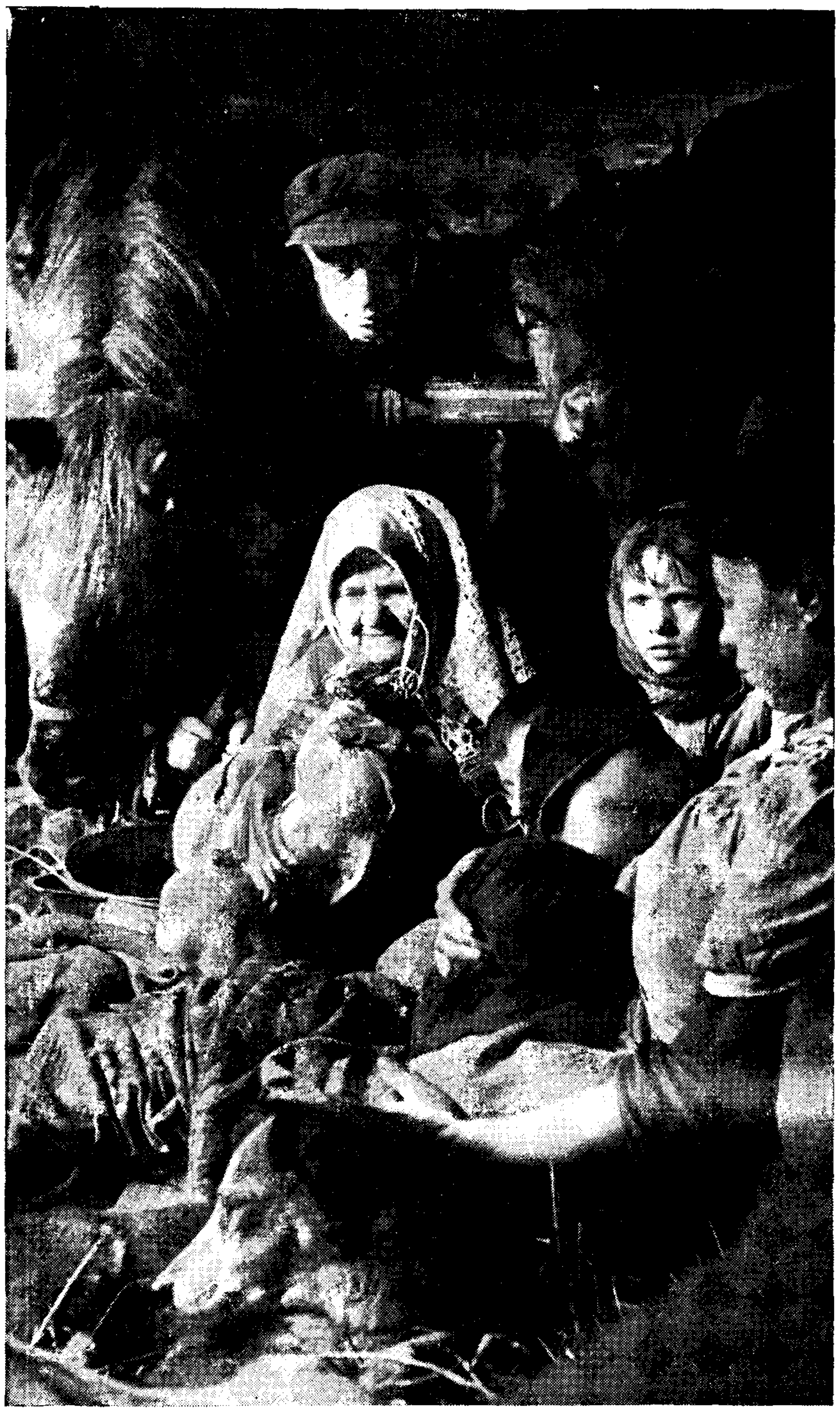
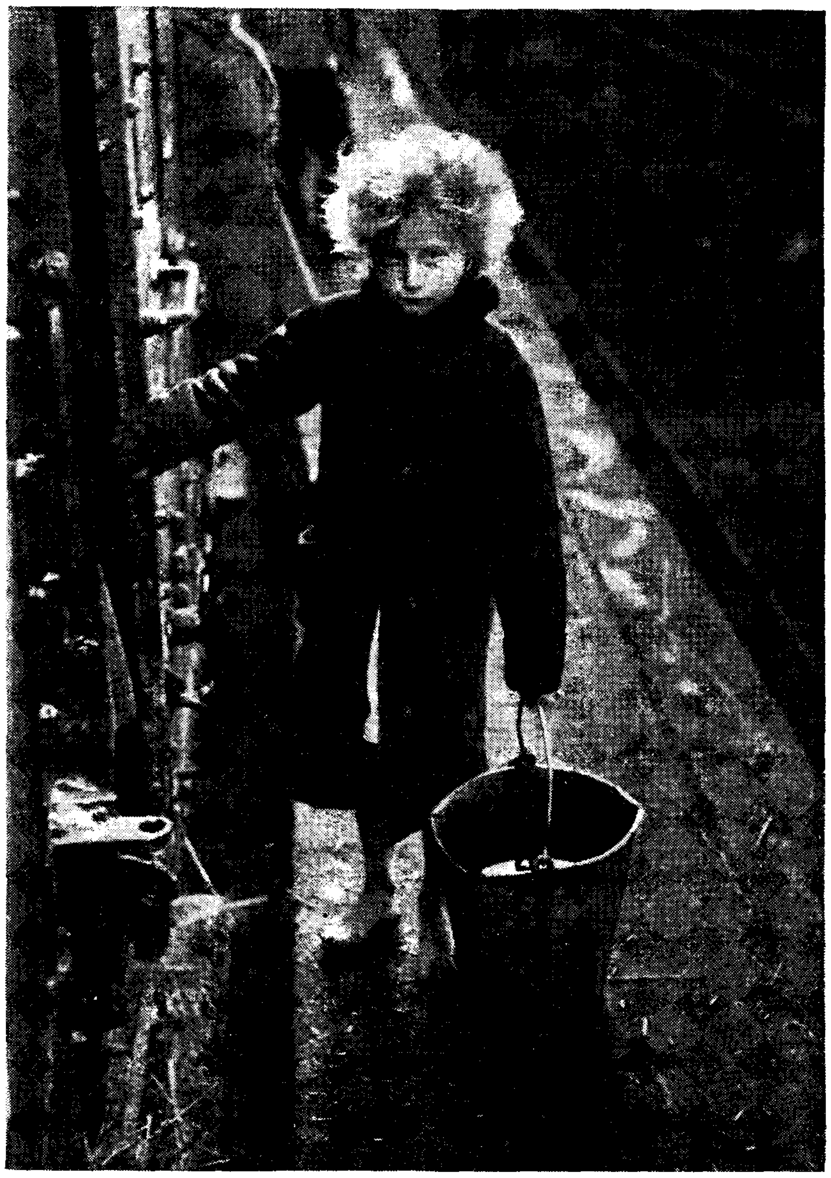

2.
THYROID HORMONE ENTERS HEART HERE
3. CORONARY ARTERIES WHICH BECOME HARDENED AND NARROWED, LIMITING AMOUNT OF BLOOD CARRYING OXYGEN TO THE HEART
1. ADRENALIN ENTERS HEART HERE

In an angina attack, excitement or emotion causes the adrenal glands to pour excess adrenalin into the blood. This adrenalin, combined with thyroid gland secretions, stimulates the heart to greater effort. The laboring heart muscle then requires an increased supply of oxygen, which it must get from the blood stream via the coronary arteries. If these arteries cannot carry the extra load, the heart "chokes" for lack of oxygen



In a scene reminiscent of the Nativity, this family contains all its possessions in a cattle car: a horse, a cow, two hens, a dog, some grain, potatoes

These pictures by Leonard McCombe, illustrate the advancement of empire in its lowest terms: human beings. They show Polish peasants en route from old homes in New Russia to new homes in Old Germany. They also show how misery can close the gap between human and animal existence



It was 6:30 A.M. when this picture was taken. This eight-year-old girl was bringing some water for the horse who lived beside her in the train

UNRRA: FIRST GRAVESTONE OF PEACE

BY W. B. COURTNEY

With the passing of UNRRA the cause of international co-operation is stricken, perhaps fatally, by the twin evils of secret diplomacy and power politics. Collier's ace European correspondent here tells how and why it happened that way

AT LEVADEIA, after we came down off the shank of Mount Parnassus at Delphi, we turned onto the road that serves the mainland of the Greek peninsula from north to south. Northward it would take you up, eventually, through Yugoslavia or Bulgaria into Europe. Southward, after you have climbed over the last range of hills, you behold the glistening sea; turn right and you come to Athens, the southernmost of Europe's capitals.

I remember Levadeia as a sweet, clean little town at the head of a green valley, with outdoor cafés and rose-entwined white houses and vivid gardens and storks roosting on the buildings around the plaza. But Levadeia was not pretty now, in the dust and heat where the apathetic people sat amid their uncleared wreckage.

The change was wrought when hate struck Levadeia in the night of September 10, 1943. On the rumor that a German soldier had been murdered in the town, the Nazis hanged ten workmen in the plaza, then began a methodical devastation of property and massacre of those inhabitants who had not fled. More than 12,000 people were left completely destitute.

Levadeia was but one of many. Statistics are come by slowly in a land as backward as Greece, so the official count at this writing of more than 2,000,000 people left homeless, 121,000 rural houses and 2,000 organized communities erased by Axis torch and bomb squads may be increased later.

Reflect upon what this really means. Prewar Greece had a population less than that of New York City in a land area larger than all New York State's; fewer miles of railways than Chicago; fewer miles of roads passable for wheeled vehicles than Delaware. On such a primitive social pattern, destruction as thorough as that wreaked by the Nazis—not alone

This old man had one pair of boots. All the refugees lived for weeks in the cars. Their only food was potatoes which they ate beside the tracks when they could steal some wood

On the journey children became ill and restless. In the cars they lived with cattle and goats. The stench was incredible

This old gentleman thought he was not going to live very long. It was cold and he had a bad cough. The youngsters helped him

PHOTOGRAPHS CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

of towns but including ninety per cent of its vital coastal fleet, eighty per cent of its railroads, all its highway bridges and three quarters of its road transport—simply reduced the general population to penury, made it utterly impossible for the country to get back to its feet by its own effort. Life came to a dead stop.

Levadeia, this remembered town, had thus taken on significance beyond its former rank since last I saw it. For Levadeia represents as pointedly as any place the beginning and end of Europe's fullest disaster; and now a new beginning. It has become one of the important centers where economic plasma contributed by twoscore nations, each according to its health, is being pumped into Greece.

Only an idea of truly noble stature could ever have started life up again in moribund Greece—or Italy or the other shattered lands. It was Franklin D. Roosevelt's idea that was fashioned into the organization now consisting of nearly fifty member governments called the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration—but more familiarly known by the peoples of the receiving countries as UNRRA. It is a paradox—cynical or encouraging as you choose to view it—that the most destructive and uncivilized war in history gave birth to the only civilized plan in history for the universal repair of war's ravages.

Roosevelt's idea for UNRRA is directly traceable to an earlier experiment. For UNRRA is nothing more nor less than an international WPA. It is true that WPA had scandals and shovel leaners. It is equally true that WPA was a plan to combat the damage to human dignity caused by lack of work and life on an outright dole. It was intended to aid basically sound folk in difficulties through no fault of their own to maintain self-respect and hold onto their confidence by helping themselves.

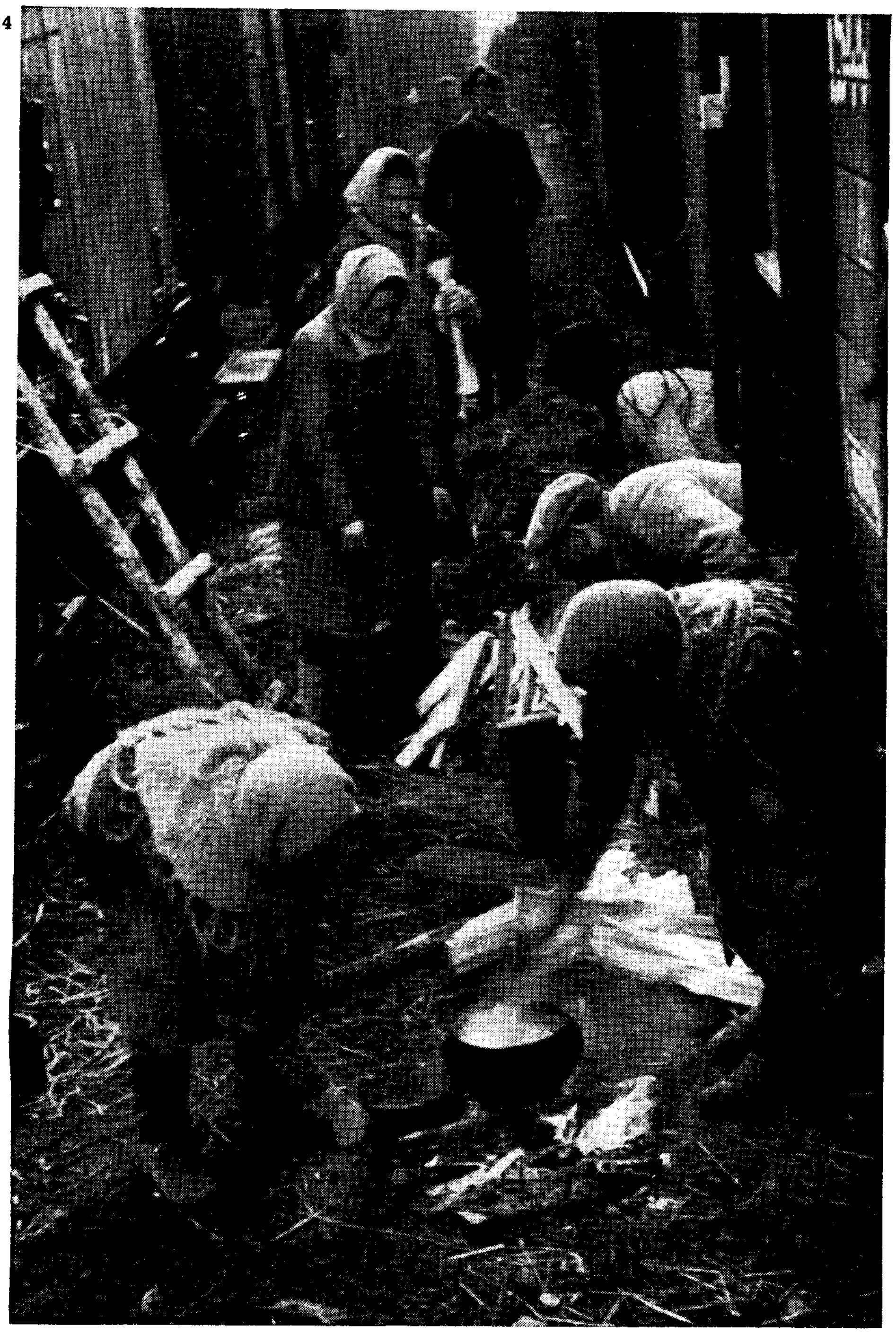
That also is the fundamental plan and meaning of UNRRA—although, strangely, this does not seem to be generally understood or appreciated in the donating nations. Assistant Secretary of State William Clayton has been quoted in London as saying, "We cannot take these nations by the hand forever. So far as UNRRA is concerned the gravy train is going around for the last time."

If a responsible official makes a remark not only so ungracious but so bereft of knowledge or imagination of what UNRRA has meant, now means and could mean for decades to come to the givers as well as to the receivers, it is small wonder if the vision is obscure to laymen.

The Benefits Offset Abuses

UNRRA like WPA has its shovel leaners and minor scandals. There is evidence that despite the unprejudiced vigilance and honesty of the majority of its field personnel there have been sly attempts to make use of it as a weapon by some contributing nations with a mind for power politics. Also that there have been localized instances of its supplies being used for pressure and privilege within some of the receiving nations. But the essential wisdom and integrity of the UNRRA idea has never been validly questioned. A Europe without UNRRA would have been a Europe unable to get up from its sickbed. A dead Europe would have left no useful legacy to democracy. Only Communism, the stepchild of pauperism and chaos, would have benefited and then only politically.

This much about UNRRA you no doubt know. That it was established by agreement among 44 nations—later joined by several others—at Atlantic City, New Jersey, in November, 1943. That its administrative costs are financed by all member nations, but that only those uninvaded by the enemy contribute toward the operating costs—that is, the actual relief and rehabilitation—by each advancing a sum equal to one per cent of its national income. And that of this one per cent from each, 10 per cent is given in foreign exchange and 90 per cent in credit in local currency for supplies and services.



When they got into Poland officials tried to hitch their cars to passenger trains to cut down chance of looting by bandits. But this meant they were left on sidings for days

This woman's dream of the future contains a new cottage and a piece of land to keep her two goats

An old man about to die uses crutches to drag his useless legs. Old woman beside him is his daughter

But from that point on most of us were content in our eased consciences to dismiss UNRRA as a splendid charity that would no doubt fumble a little, as such things always do, yet somehow get enough food to the starving.

An International Campaign

Actually in its conception and subsequent execution UNRRA is infinitely more than an international soup kitchen or "gravy train." It is first of all a vast world-wide business organization and clearinghouse with 10,000 fieldworkers drawing from 47 nations and working in missions of varying sizes in 39 countries. It is the biggest international political and commercial advertising campaign ever launched. Herein lies perhaps the least publicized, most subtle, but largest and most permanent gift of UNRRA to the future. For it is the finest demonstration in mankind's annals of the feasibility of international co-operation.

UNRRA is really an international civil service. For the first time in history ordinary men of half a hundred different tongues, of enormously differing living standards, habits, regulations, working methods, often of clashing political creeds, of many religions and colors, sometimes even of divergent moral approaches, have sat down at one another's elbows, and labored successfully and harmoniously in everyday administrative tasks.

Secondly UNRRA benefits the donors as well as the recipients. The juiciest "gravy" remains at home while the dry help that reaches the hungry and ragged will in time yield more gravy for the givers. The key to this lies in the 90 per cent of each nation's contribution which is bestowed in goods or kind. This has spurred local industries, restored to international markets and spread advertising for products for which each country is noted and which might well have languished save for shipping arranged through UNRRA. Brazil, for instance, has been able to send her cottonseed oil and textiles to places that but for UNRRA could not have been familiar with them again for many years to come; Australia and New Zealand their wool.

The same is true with the largest contributors to UNRRA, which are in order: The United States, Great Britain and Canada. American tractors, English and Canadian motor vehicles and scores of other creations of all three are building up reputations for repeat orders in the better years ahead—at no direct cost to their manufacturers, only to the taxpayers. The United States has granted almost $3,000,000,000 to UNRRA or three quarters of its total fund.

We Stand to Gain

As a result the United States has become synonymous with UNRRA in grateful hearts throughout Europe. Over $2,000,000,000 of America's sum have been spent within the United States—and it is American trade-marks that are bearing witness, justifiably of course, to America's share. One day the now distressed lands will again be able to fend and select and buy for themselves. That's the notion of UNRRA anyway, and then the "gravy train" will complete its round trip.

Thirdly UNRRA is not strictly a charity body. UNRRA's work involves numerous technical and political spheres besides food distribution, and consequently UNRRA requires authority, facilities, powers and co-operative governmental backing that no voluntary organization could possess. UNRRA is in the curious position of giving away everything yet giving away nothing. The receiving governments which have contracts with UNRRA missions are permitted to sell UNRRA food, clothing and materials. They do not give them free to any except proved indigents. This is probably the least understood point about UNRRA. But it is a necessary factor of the plan of self-help. The money derived from sales is then

(Continued on page 74)

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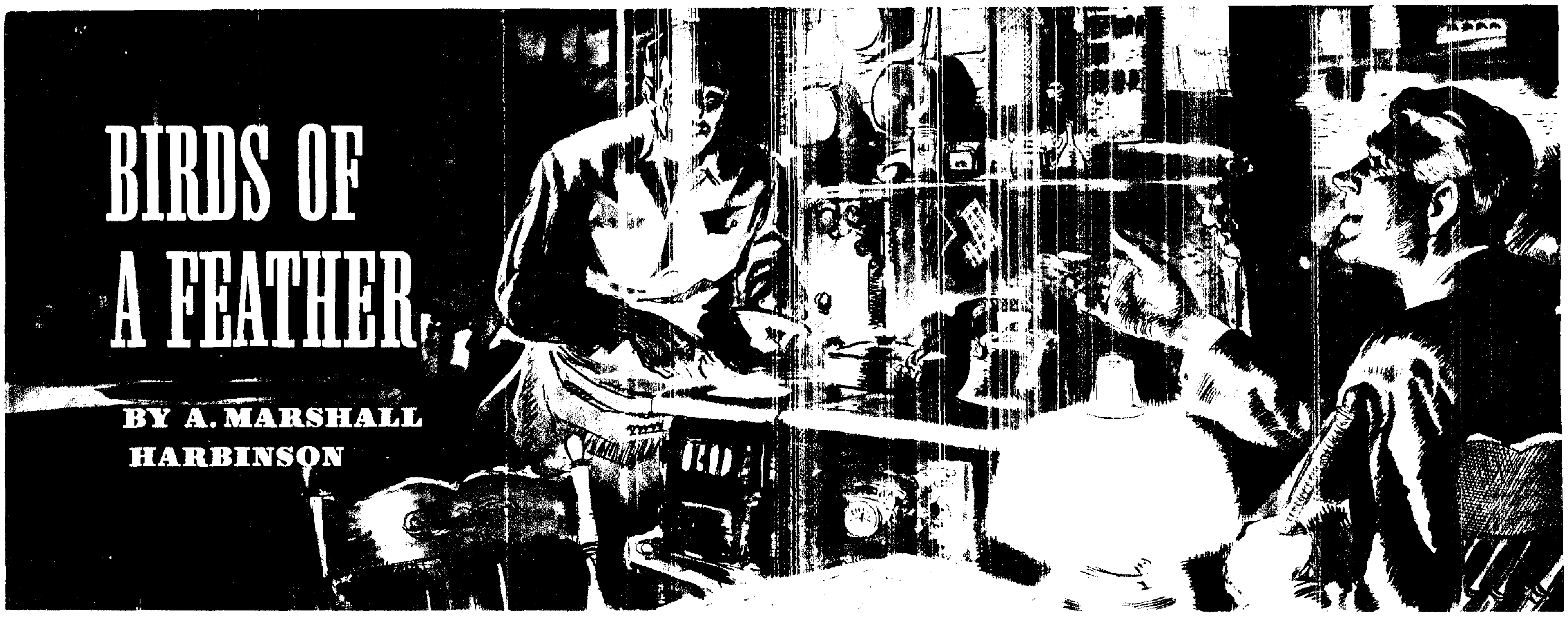


BIRDS OF A FEATHER

BY A. MARSHALL HARBINSON

FATHER McHUGH was never a man to shirk his duty but there were times, like now, when he would rather visit with a Protestant and a Freemason than face it. With a wrench so sharp that it made him grunt he jerked his jalopy out of the muddy ruts that meandered past the farms lying along the foothills of California's old Mother Lode and turned in at Dr. Cruckshank's gate. Dr. Cruckshank appeared at his door, a long fork in his hand, a pipe in his mouth, and a dish towel tucked about his middle. He had wavy hair and a great nose that stuck up like an outcropping of granite from his rugged face. He was six feet if he was an inch, and his voice resounded from his chest as from a barrel.

He spoke first to the dog at his heel. "Back, Shep! Back before I skin the hide off ye."

The dog responded to this threat as if it were a very amusing joke indeed. He sat down on his haunches, thumped his tail on the ground and barked joyously.

"Shep would as soon bite a priest as look as him," the doctor explained. "It's the Protestant in him."

"A North-of-Ireland dog, no doubt, and as I've long suspected, he takes after his master. A Happy New Year to you, sir."

"The same to you, Father. Come in and warm yourself. Will ye have a bite with me? I've a dozen of the neatest lamb kidneys you ever saw."

Father McHugh sighed and eased himself into a chair. "I had a tooth for kidneys once," he said. "But lately I've lost my appetite. I can't eat for the birds in me. I had turkey at Finnegan's on a Monday, chicken at Blakney's on a Tuesday. And if you'll take my word for it the leg I had on my plate was still kicking in its gravy. It's the same every holiday season. No matter where I sit down for a bite to eat, I've a chicken or a turkey put in front of me. Right now the Widow Marcucci is standing by her gate, no doubt to intercept me." Father McHugh stuffed his big hands into his pockets and fished out a crusty pipe. "That's why you find me here," he finished.

"Ye've nobody to blame but yourself," Doctor Cruckshank said. "There is nothing in your vows that says ye have got to eat with everyone who asks ye."

The priest shook his head. "I couldn't find it in me to make light of their kindness."

The doctor got up to poke a piece of wood into the stove. "Ye were quick enough to refuse to eat a dish of kidneys with me," he said.

"I didn't refuse to eat with you. I only gave you the truth of a matter which has been making my life a torment since a week before Christmas. Go on with the fixing of your accursed kidneys whilst I stay here until the widow has given up her vigil."

As the heat of the doctor's range thawed the cold from Father McHugh's bones, the memory of the fowl he had lately eaten grew dim in his mind. He sniffed and cocked an eye at the covered pan steaming gently on the stove. The doctor spread a cloth on a table, put dishes in the open oven, brewed a pot of coffee and, spearing a slice of bread on his long fork, sat down before the grate. He hummed as he watched with critical appreciation the bread browning on the end of his fork.

The priest sniffed again. "You might make an extra piece of that toast whilst you're at it," he said. "I think I could do with a bit of toast."

"I'm making this to cradle the kidneys but if ye'd like a piece with a spread of butter . . ."

"Well . . ." the priest hesitated. "If you've got a kidney or two to spare . . . There's an aroma about them that's stimulating. I don't think I have experienced the like before. How'd you fix them?"

"It's a simple matter," the doctor said, "of sautéing the kidneys in sauterne, a bit of onion and a bay leaf."

"I think I could eat some of that," Father McHugh said.

The doctor had begun to turn the contents of the pan with a spoon and to dish them delicately onto the toast. Father McHugh pulled his chair up to the table and asked God's blessing before he savored the dish before him. When it was gone he leaned back in his chair, unbuttoned his coat and said, "It's too bad that a man so gifted by God should be so unaware and unappreciative of it."

"Appreciation is not a matter of dogma," Doctor Cruckshank contended. "And particularly your dogma, which is not well thought of where I come from."

"It is not well thought of where you are going either," Father McHugh warned him. And so they argued. In turn and together they shouted at each other, warming to the combat as they went along, and having a very fine time indeed.

At last Father McHugh rose to go. "Doctor," he said, "it is near nightfall. You're a lost soul but a very fine cook. With your permission I shall come again."

"By all means," the doctor told him. "I like an honest man, Father, even if he is a priest."

"God bless you," Father McHugh said.

"He's already blessed me by leading your steps to my door. Good night to you, Father, and a Happy New Year."

BY NOON the next day the entire parish of Brighton knew that Father McHugh was a sick man. Had not the Widow Marcucci seen him turning in at the doctor's place with her own eyes and didn't Father McHugh's housekeeper say that he had gone to bed without his supper and next morning he had the sniffles, and he hadn't eaten enough to keep a bird alive since Christmas? Mrs. Mulligan had stood in her kitchen all afternoon praying while the doctor administered to the poor Father, at death's door, perhaps, if a body could judge the seriousness of the matter by the time he spent with his patient. When the doctor finally appeared he looked as serious as you please.

"The Father is a very sick man," he said, "although he himself would be the last to admit it."

Mrs. Mulligan turned quickly to the stove. "I'll slice him some cold turkey I had ready for him last night and he didn't eat," she said.

Turkey, the doctor told her emphatically, was the worst thing, barring chicken, that the Father could eat.

"Do you think the poor Father will die?" she asked anxiously.

"Undoubtedly," he told her gravely.

But by the grace of God who had seen fit to answer the joint prayers of the parish, Father McHugh didn't die (it was nothing short of a miracle) but appeared among his people the next morning looking better than when he had taken to his bed.

As the week went by, Father McHugh realized more and more the magnitude of Dr. Cruckshank's industry. The variety of his fabrications amounted to genius. The Schultzes had it from the doctor that Father McHugh's peculiar stomach disorder thrived on sour pot roast and red cabbage. Maria, the wife of José, the woodchopper, fed him a beef tamale because the doctor had said it was good for him. In short, every member of the community was prepared to serve his pastor the dish peculiar to the household in which the priest found himself.

> **"Ye've nobody to blame but yourself," the doctor said to the priest. "There is nothing in your vows that says ye have to eat with everyone who asks ye"**

It availed nothing that Father McHugh told his congregation, individually and collectively, that there was nothing wrong with his stomach. Had they not seen him going into a decline on a diet of their fattest chickens and turkeys? Had they not seen evidence of his increased vigor and good health on the diet the doctor had prescribed? When Father McHugh eventually realized he could not convince them of the fallacy of their opinion, he set out to speak to the doctor.

Father McHugh entered the doctor's house and sat down. He eased back on his spine, stretched his long legs toward the stove, and opened his mouth to speak what was on his mind; but before he could do so the doctor asked him if his parishioners were still stuffing him with turkey and chicken.

"They're not," the priest said, "and I'd be the happiest man alive were it not that my happiness is built upon a diagnosis which you know is not only morally wrong but scientifically unsound."

The doctor leaned his head back and blew a cloud of smoke at a fly on the ceiling. "I know nothing of the kind," he said. "I see nothing unmoral in lifting a burden from the stomach of a good man and nothing unscientific in prescribing treatments the results of which are apparent even to the most stupid of your followers. . . . Can I get you a little drop of something?"

"You can if it is only a drop." Father McHugh knocked the ashes from his pipe into the palm of his hand and mixed it with fresh tobacco from his pouch. "You refuse to do as I ask?" he said.

"Absolutely." The doctor nodded his rugged head as he carefully filled a tiny glass to the brim.

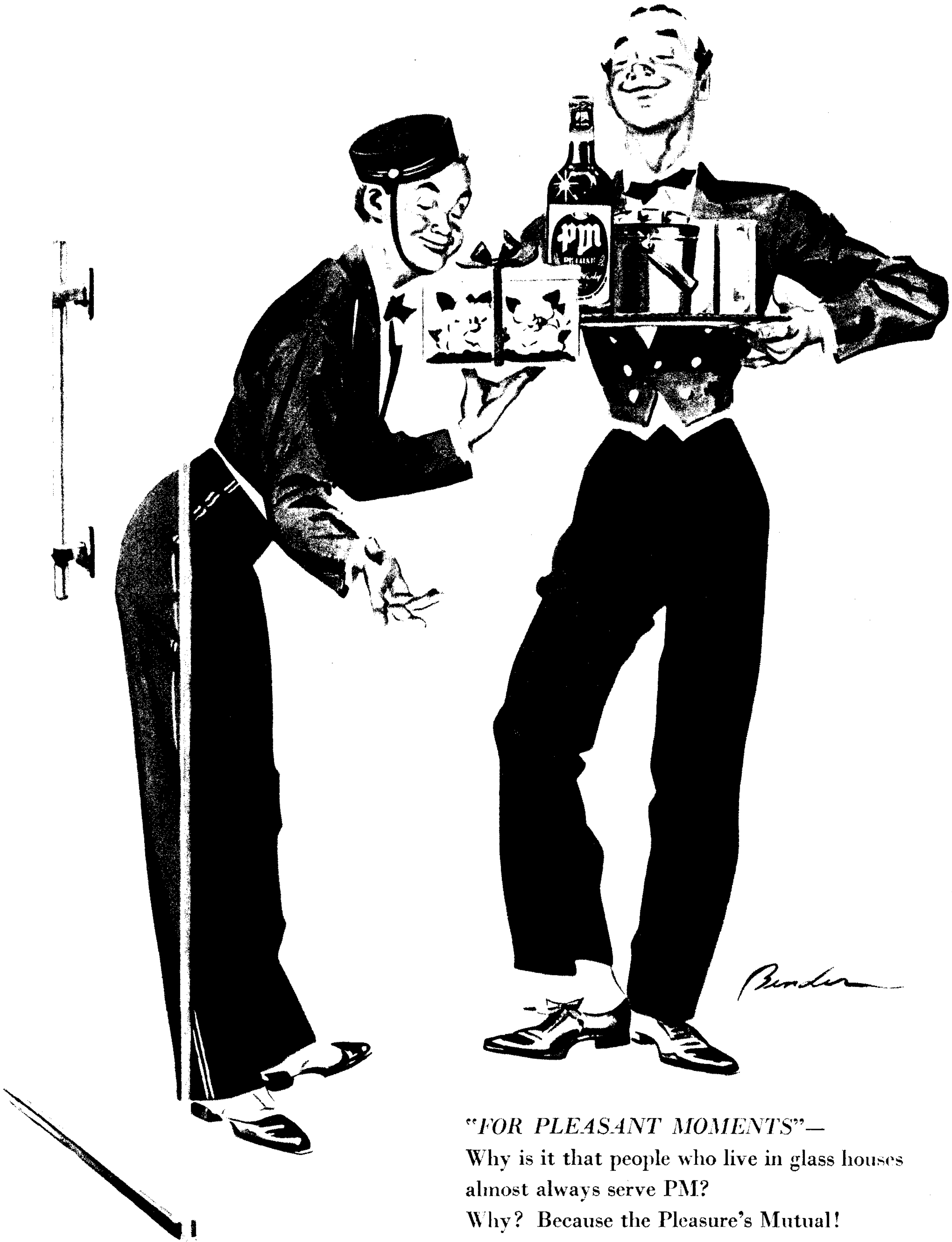
The priest reached over and laid his hand on the doctor's knee. "As a priest I admonish you to change your evil ways, but as a man . . . God have mercy on my soul, I thank you."

"To you, sir," the doctor said, raising his glass.

"To both of us. Birds of a feather. Happy days," Father McHugh added.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE



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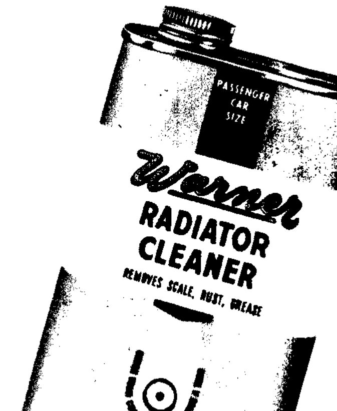
Warner Cleaner *cleans it thoroughly*—stops overheating and "hot-spots." Warner Protector *keeps it clean*, prevents rust and scale accumulations. Warner Liquid Solder *repairs leaks*—non-metallic, deposits tiny fibers to stop leaks anywhere in cooling system.



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Warner
A FAMOUS NAME IN AUTOMOBILE HISTORY

WARNER-PATTERSON COMPANY

CORNERED KILLER

Continued from page 21

of chronic angina sufferers, treated by the X-ray method at the Mary Fletcher hospital in Burlington, Vermont, felt so well two years later that they had to be sent mimeographed letters to remind them to report on their condition.

This does not mean that all angina cases are now curable. There have been too many failures with testosterone to accept that process fully, and the record of results with many of the other methods has been spotty. In fact, the whole subject of angina is such a mystery that a section of the medical world does not yet accept the fundamental theory upon which all these new treatments are based. Like all the older theories of angina, it hasn't yet been confirmed by complete evidence, and far too few cases have been treated to start shrieking that this is a "new hope." But in the methodical way of experimental medicine, the results are gradually being verified by reliable, qualified investigators, and an examination of the clinical findings thus far with thiouracil and the X-ray treatment (both reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association and other reputable publications) reveals an almost constant percentage of successful treatment in about 75 per cent of the cases. This means that, barring complications, there is hope, at least, for 3 out of 4 angina sufferers.

Heart disease (all types) is the number one killer of human beings. It is difficult to say how many of the fatal heart diseases involve angina, but the percentage is admittedly high.

Angina used to be considered an ailment limited mostly to men over 40, engaged in businesses or professions involving a great deal of physical and emotional stress. This is no longer considered true. Most of the victims *are* middle-aged men, but angina can strike at anyone, at any age. It develops in women as well as in men—in the ratio of about 1 to 3. It hits a few young people in their teens and twenties.

Masking the Killer

Through better methods of diagnosis, we know now that its victims range from longshoremen to sculptors, and that laborers are as susceptible as hosiery manufacturers. Angina itself never kills. It can bring on a lesion or rupture of the heart, or of one of the other important organs, and that often is registered as the actual cause of death. So it is difficult to determine just how many people fatally struck down by other heart ailments suffered from angina first.

Angina pectoris are Latin words for "tightening of the chest," and that is exactly what the victim feels, a tremendous choking and pain in the chest.

Angina attacks may be brought on by any form of exercise or emotion. They are caused by walking against the wind or up flights of stairs, by exposure to cold air, by hot baths, by lifting objects, or just by bending over to tie a shoelace. Anger, grief, even pleasurable emotional experiences can start an attack. Many angina victims are completely bed-ridden, and the slightest movement is enough to cause as many as 30 or more attacks a day. When one of these attacks terminates in a lesion or rupture of the heart, the patient dies.

Until very recently, the only significant advance in treating angina was the introduction of drugs like nitroglycerin, the pain-soothing effect of which is only of very short duration, at best.

In 1927, a young Vienna physician became curious about a new theory of angina originally postulated by Dr. Philip Shambough and Dr. E. C. Cutler in the United States, and subsequently confirmed by several other authorities including an outstanding German woman physiologist, Klothilde Gollwitzer-Meier. To test out this theory, the young Viennese physician, Dr. William Raab, injected himself with an overlarge dose of adrenalin, the chemical which the adrenal glands pour into the body upon exercise or emotional stress.

Raab was only 32 years old and therefore certainly did not have the old and hardened heart arteries generally associated with angina. Yet he developed what amounted to an angina attack. It was the most terrifying experience he had ever been through.

This experiment convinced young Dr. Raab that the new Shambough-Cutler theory was sound. The old theory of angina is that old and hardened heart arteries simply do not permit enough blood to flow into the heart when exercise or excitement causes a spasm of the coronary arteries, and that the heart then proceeds to choke up.

The new Shambough-Cutler theory is that the real cause of angina is the abnormally large amount of adrenalin that flows into the heart when an angina victim exercises or becomes excited. It is known that adrenalin consumes oxygen, which is brought to the heart in the blood stream. When an angina victim is at rest, enough oxygen is brought in by the blood to meet the demands of the heart muscle. When he gets excited, however, more adrenalin pours in and this balance is disturbed. The inflexible hardened arteries cannot bring in more oxygen-loaded blood to restore the balance between supply and demand. The heart then begins to choke for oxygen. That, according to this theory, is an angina attack.

Raab decided that there were two ways of solving this problem chemically, either (a) by introducing another chemical into the body which would in some way neutralize the harmful effects of the adrenalin, or (b) by reducing the amount of poisonous adrenalin flowing into the heart. Raab set to work immediately, but for two years he got nowhere.

In 1930, however, Raab was a Rockefeller research fellow studying under the great Doctors Samuel A. Levine and Walter B. Cannon at Harvard University's Medical School, when both of those scientists published papers which renewed his hope in his theories. Levine, particularly, discovered that you can determine whether or not a person has angina by injecting him with a small amount of adrenalin. This, Levine found, would provoke an attack in a person suffering from the ailment, while it would have no effect on a healthy person. Encouraged, Raab rushed back to Vienna to continue his experiments.

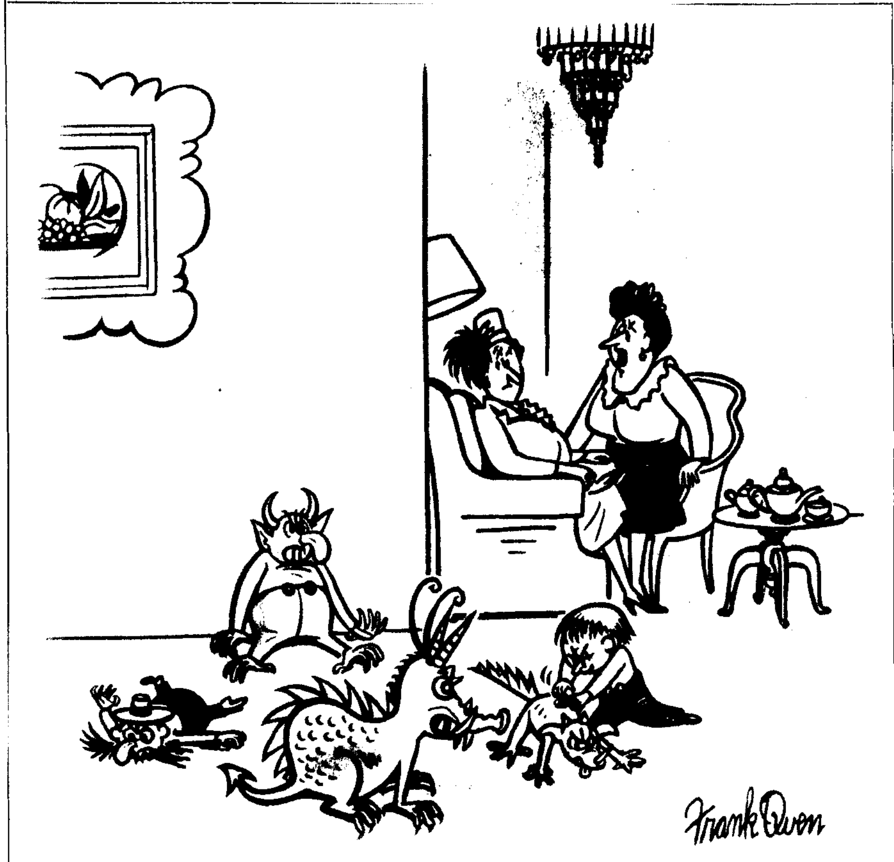
Importance of Adrenalin

Now Raab worked specifically on the problem of reducing the flow of adrenalin. A group of Norwegian scientists had discovered that the production of adrenalin in the body could be artificially diminished by treating the adrenal glands (one sits astride each of the kidneys) with X rays. He worked feverishly to discover the correct X-ray dosage for angina sufferers.

In 1936, a 69-year-old man was brought to Raab's hospital. For twelve years he had suffered angina attacks every time he made the slightest move. He had been bedridden for most of that time, and came to the hospital on a stretcher. Raab examined the old man and decided to try the X-ray treatment. For a few minutes every day for six days, the groaning old man was propped up in a chair, and Raab's radiologist applied the X-ray tube directly to the patient's back over the area where each adrenal gland is located. He treated the left and right glands on alternate days.

At the end of six days, Raab carefully examined the patient. There wasn't a sign of improvement. A week later, and still no results. Finally, Raab said to the old man, "I'm terribly sorry, but I'm afraid there isn't anything I can do for you." They carried the patient home on his stretcher that night.

Four months later, a woman patient was



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admitted to the hospital. She asked for Raab. The doctor asked her the routine questions. "Who sent you to me?" he said.

"Why, *Herr* So-and-so," she said.

"Who," he asked, "is *Herr* So-and-so?"

"*Herr* So-and-so," repeated the woman. "He's the man you cured of angina."

"There must be some mistake," said Raab. "I never cured anyone of angina."

"Oh, yes," she said. "*Herr* So-and-so is going out now, he takes walks and he visits his friends."

Raab, completely puzzled, said, "You'd better send this man to see me."

The next day, the old man on whom Raab had tried the X-ray treatments came bursting into Raab's office under his own power. The astounded Raab carefully examined him and discovered that the amount of adrenalin going into the man's heart seemed to have decreased to a fraction of what it had been before the X-ray treatments. The old man hadn't had an angina attack since the month after he left the hospital, and he hadn't had the slightest recurrence up until the time Raab left Austria to come to the United States three years later.

Raab has now used the X-ray method on 160 angina sufferers—100 in Vienna and 60 at the University of Vermont's College of Medicine, where he is now Professor of Experimental Medicine. He reports that "Seventy-four per cent of those treated were either completely freed of their anginal complaints or at least improved for periods ranging between five and forty-five months with an average of two years up to the present."

Slow But Pretty Sure

Among the patients cured were an opera singer who wrote, "I have sung 85 great operas in the season without the slightest effort," and a mountain climber, who reported that he had just scaled a 7,000-foot peak. Raab found that this X-ray method is a slow-moving treatment that usually requires several weeks before improvement sets in. He also found that he could do absolutely nothing for the one case out of four which did not respond to treatment at all. That one case out of four still is a mystery.

The X-ray method has been slow to catch on in this country, however, and outside of the University of Vermont, it is being used by only a few individual physicians scattered throughout the United States. Many doctors are afraid that using X rays on the adrenal glands, no matter how small the amount of irradiation, might cause Addison's disease, which is the result of an adrenalin deficiency in the body. But no such complication has ever actually been observed or reported with the dosage used.

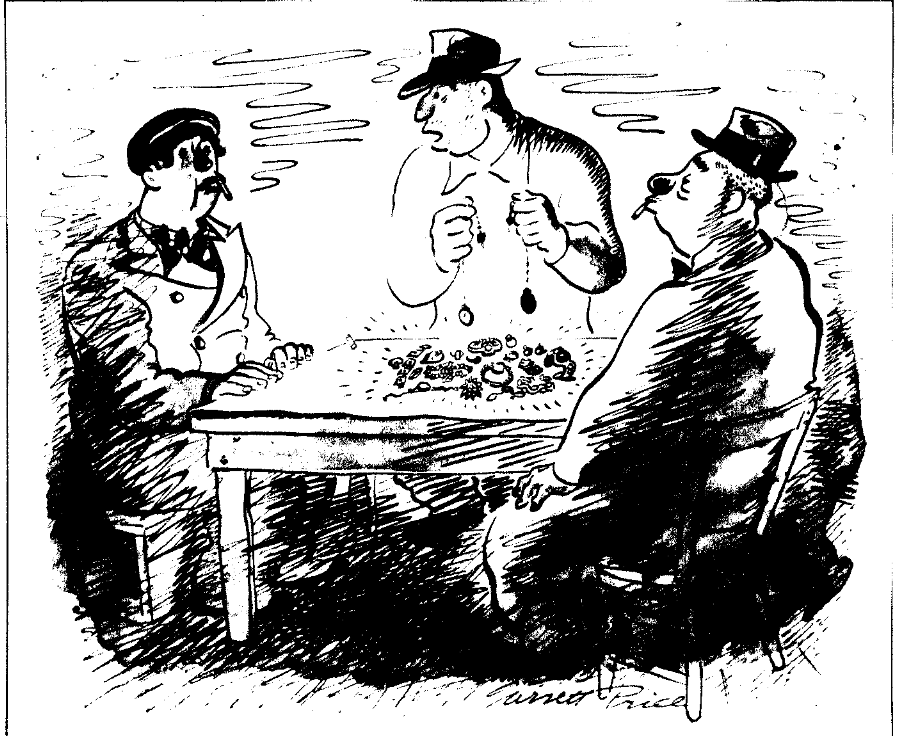
While all this was going on, other scientists were groping for that second factor which would make the poisonous adrenalin harmless to the heart. In 1932, two American physicians, M. W. Lev and W. W. Hamburger, made the first step in an exciting series which finally led to what may be the solution. They removed the thyroid gland of an angina sufferer. Strangely enough, the same amount of adrenalin still poured into the heart of this patient; but without the thyroid gland, the heart seemed to be much less sensitive to the adrenalin.

In other words, without the thyroid hormone (which pours into the heart simultaneously with adrenalin) the adrenalin seems to lose its poisonous effect, and the angina pains disappear. This connection between the thyroid and adrenalin was soon confirmed by a host of other well-known American physicians, even though the surgery itself was discarded as a cure because of its danger. The next step came in 1943, when Dr. E. B. Astwood, one of America's leading pharmacologists, began experimenting with new compounds of the then-sensational sulfa drugs. He found that a new sulfa derivative—thiouracil—immediately produced spectacular results in the treatment of hyperthyroidism, one form of which is known commonly as goiter.

Hyperthyroidism is a condition which develops when the thyroid gland pours too much thyroid hormone into the body. It was generally treated by removing the thyroid gland surgically. The thiouracil seemed to knock out the excess thyroid hormone and thus cured the hyperthyroidism without surgery.

It didn't take long for several medical pioneers to hit on the possibilities of this thyroid-decreasing drug in the treatment of angina. It had already been shown that the thyroid hormone makes adrenalin toxic to the heart. Then a heart specialist in Jersey City, New Jersey, named Solomon Ben-Asher, put the various pieces of this medical jigsaw together, added one piece of his own and the picture was completed.

One day in 1943, a woman patient was referred to Dr. Ben-Asher. She was a housewife, a woman in her fifties, and she was suffering 15 to 20 attacks of true angina a day. These attacks were temporarily relieved by dissolving under her tongue an average of 15 nitroglycerin tablets per day. Dr. Ben-Asher decided to see if knocking out the thyroid hormone with Astwood's thiouracil treatment would have the same curative effect on angina as removal of the thyroid gland.



"Well, they's only two of 'em, Curley, and anyways, we can't all be Phi Beta Kappas"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

The patient was hospitalized and put on a schedule of thiouracil. She began to improve immediately. To test whether this improvement was just the result of her imagination, he occasionally gave her tablets containing no thiouracil, without her knowledge. After each such placebo administration, she suffered a relapse.

At the end of the first week, the woman was walking around, visiting friends in the hospital. She had attacks only very infrequently. At the end of the second week, she had no attacks at all. Every symptom of angina had disappeared. Ben-Asher sent her home, where she immediately began doing her own housework. She hasn't had a single recurrence in three years.

Ben-Asher began to use thiouracil on all his angina patients. He successfully treated a 46-year-old salesman, a 62-year-old salesman, a 52-year-old truck driver, a 48-year-old bartender and a 46-year-old merchant. He reported his results. Since then he has used his thiouracil treatment on all the angina sufferers in the cardiac clinic of the Greenville Hospital in Jersey City, and the huge Jersey City Medical Center. All in all, he has successfully treated 38 patients. But his results turn up an interesting coincidence. Again the number of successfully treated cases totaled 75 per cent. Again there was one angina sufferer out of four who did not respond to the drug.

Working independently, other medical pioneers discovered the angina-curing properties of thiouracil at just about the same time. Among these were Dr. William Raab again, up at the University of Vermont. Raab's report of his treatment of the first ten patients appeared in the Journal of the American Medical Association for May 26, 1945. It was almost identical with Ben-Asher's later report in the Journal of the Medical Society of New Jersey. But the successful treatments still totaled 75 per cent.

Among the other new treatments for angina, the testosterone (male hormone) method has received perhaps the most publicity. This is based on the theory that there is a tie-up between the loss of sexual power and the beginnings of angina.

Several American and European scientists got good results by injecting middle-aged male angina sufferers with testosterone, thus possibly restoring the balance between the sex hormones and the adrenalin. But other authorities got poor results. So this experimentation is still in its initial stages and thiouracil seems to be the best answer for most angina sufferers. Actually, thiouracil is very dangerous to use. Like other sulfas, it affects some individuals so violently that the patient must be watched constantly to prevent serious, sometimes fatal, complications. Medical investigators are now anxiously awaiting reports on another sulfa drug family which reportedly does the same work as thiouracil without its toxic effects.

But in the meantime, a hopeful trickle of patients is being discharged from American hospitals completely freed of the crippling anginal pain. And most of them, as you might expect, are stunned by the marvelous thing that has happened to them. They are like men who have just heard a sentence of torture and death revoked.

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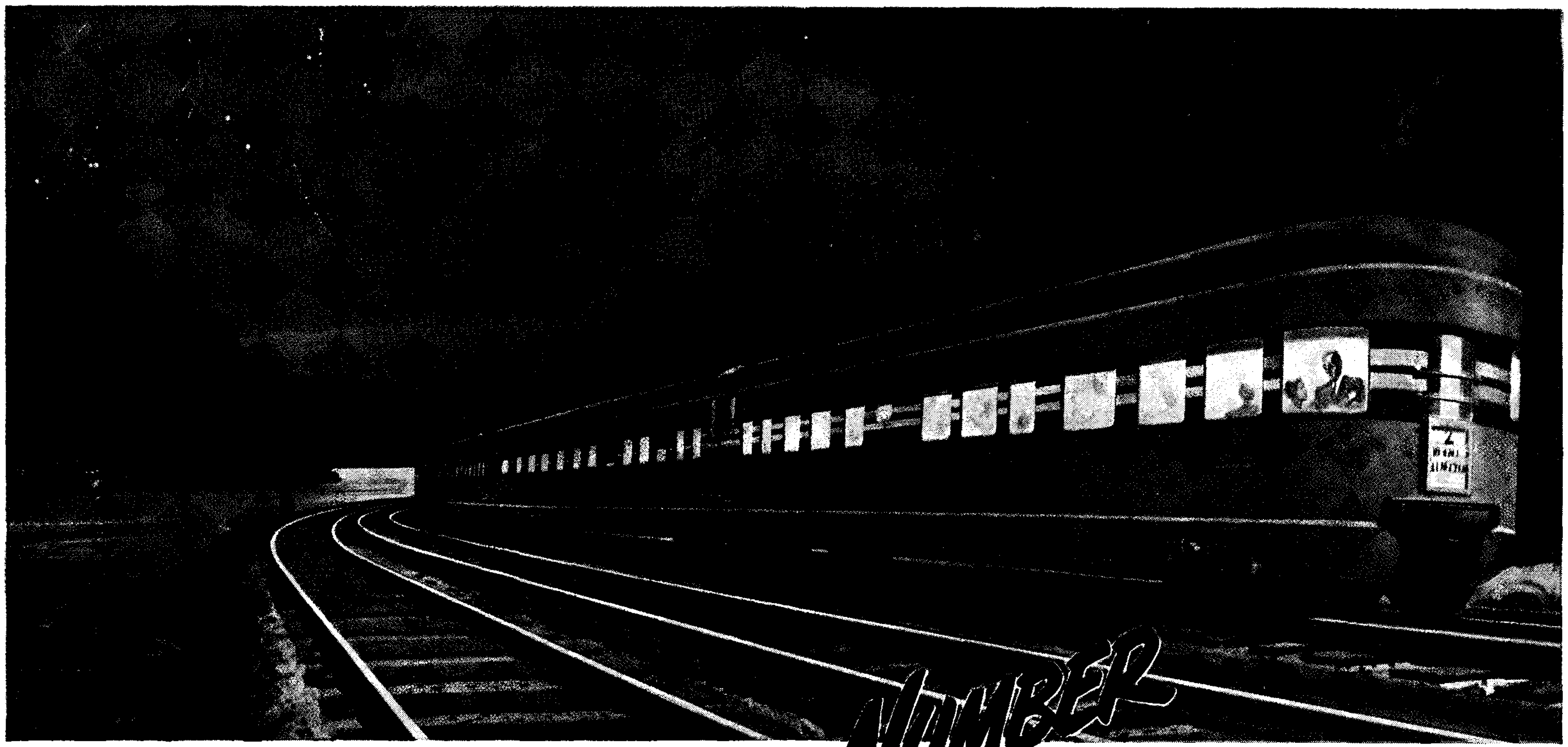

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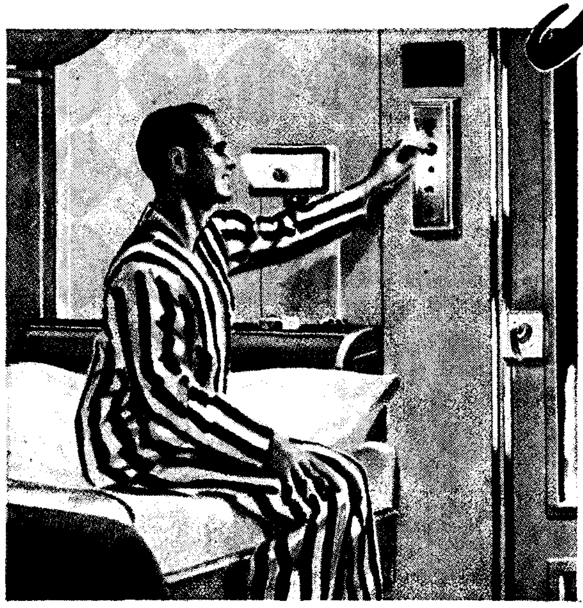

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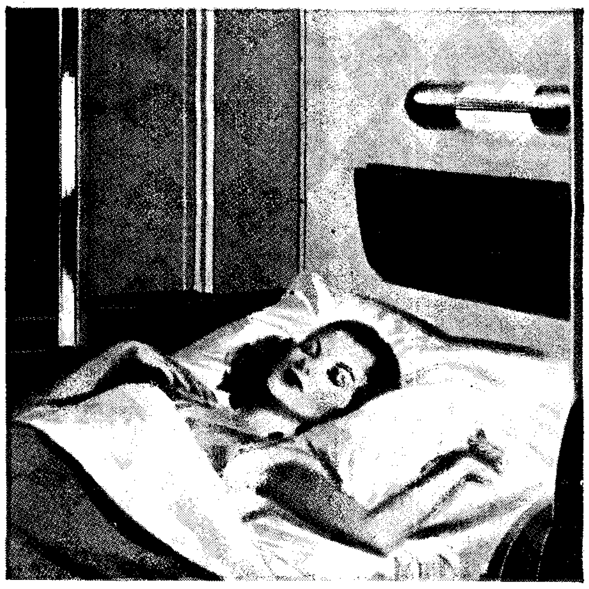

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CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS

Continued from page 12

in one of their biggest branches, sir."

"So sorry," said Jacket. "Did Tooth yell out?"

"Eh? Pardon? Yell out? N-no, no, I can't say he did. He coughed, kind of. But he was always coughing, you see. He was a heavy smoker. A cigarette smoker. It's a bad habit, cigarettes."

"Tell me, how d'you find business just now? Slow, I dare say, eh?"

"Steady, sir, steady. But I'm not altogether dependent on the house. I had some money saved of my own, and my auntie left me quite a nice lump sum, so—"

"So you're your own master. Lucky fellow!"

"Ah," said Wainewright, "I'd like a job like yours, Mr. Jacket. You must meet so many interesting people."

"I'll show you around a bit, some evening," said Jacket.

"No, really?"

"Why not?" Jacket smiled, and patted the little man's arm. "What's your address?"

"Seventy-seven Bishop's Square, Belgravia."

"Pimlico: the taxi drivers' nightmare," said Jacket, writing it on the back of an old envelope. "Good. Well, and tell me —how does it feel to be powerful?"

"Who, me? I'm not powerful, sir?"

"Nonsense. You're the chief witness; it all depends on you. Don't you realize that your word may send a woman to the gallows, or to jail? Just your word, your oath! Why, you've got power over life and death. You're something like a god, as far as Martha Tooth is concerned."

MR. WAINEWRIGHT blinked; and then something strange happened. His eyes became bright and he smiled. But he shook his head. "No, no," he said, with a kind of sickly vivacity. "No, you're joking."

Jacket, looking at him, said, "What an interesting man you are, Wainewright! What a fascinating man you really are!"

"Ah, you only say that. You're an author, and you can make extraordinary things out of nothing."

"Don't you believe it, Wainewright. You are an extremely remarkable man. Why, I could make fifteen million people sit up and gape at you. What's your first name?"

"Eh? Er . . . George Micah."

"I think I'll call you George."

"Well, I'm honored, I'm sure, Mr. Jacket."

"Call me Jack."

"Oh, it's friendly of you, but I shouldn't dare to presume. But, Mr. Jacket, you must let *me* offer *you* a little something." Wainewright was leaning toward him, eagerly blinking. "I should be offended . . . Whiskey?"

"Thanks," said Jacket.

The little man reached the bar. It was his destiny to wait unattended, to be elbowed aside by newcomers, to cough politely at counters, to be ignored.

At last he came back with two glasses.

"Mr. Jacket . . . you were joking about—you weren't serious about making fifteen million people . . ."

"You are a man of destiny," said Jacket. "In the first place—not taking anything else into account—you are an ordinary man. What does that mean? All the genius of the world is hired to please you, and all the power of industry is harnessed in your service. Trains run to meet you; Cabinet ministers crawl on their bellies to you; press barons woo you, George. Archbishops go out of their way to make heaven and hell fit your waistcoat. Your word is law. The King himself has got to be nice to you. Get it? You are the boss around here. All the prettiest women on earth have only one ambition, George Wainewright —to attract and amuse you, tickle you, excite you, in general take your mind off the harsh business of ruling the world. George, you don't beg; you demand. You are the public. Nobody? You're *everybody!*"

Mr. Wainewright blinked. Jacket drank his health, and said, "So now tell me some more about yourself."

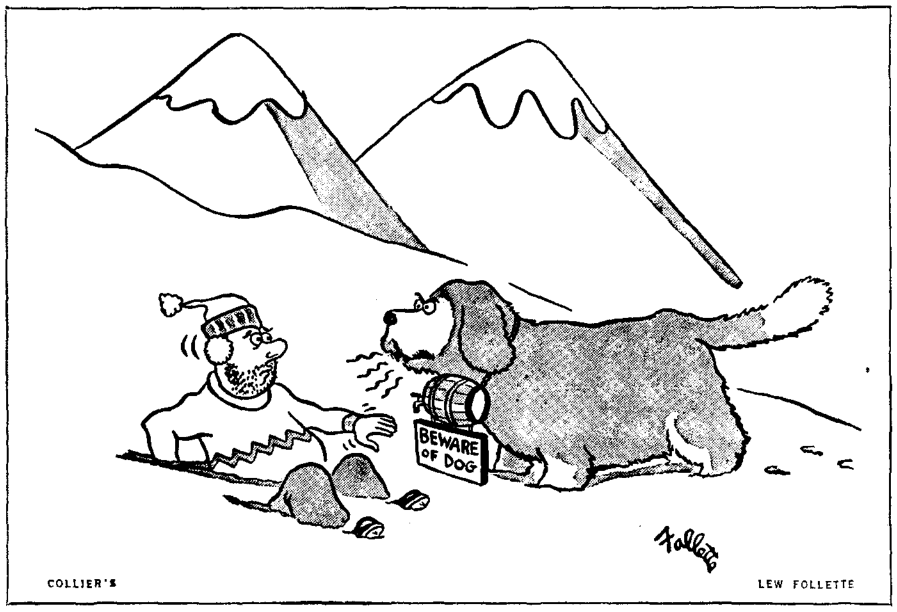
"Well . . ." said Mr. Wainewright. "I don't know what to say, I'm sure. You know everything already. You want my opinion, perhaps?" In Mr. Wainewright's eyes there appeared a queer, marsh-light flicker of self-esteem.

"Perhaps," said Jacket.

"In my humble opinion," Mr. Wainewright said, "the woman deserves to die. Of course, I admit that Tooth was a bad man. He was a drunkard, and a bully, and went in for too many women. He ill-treated them, sir; and he was a married man too. I couldn't bear him."

"Then why did you let him stay in your house?" asked Jacket.

"Well . . . I don't know. I had intended to give Tooth notice to quit more than once, but whenever I began to get around to it, somehow or other he managed to put me off. He'd tell me a funny story—never a nice story, but so funny that I couldn't help laughing. You know what I mean? He had a way with him, Mr. Jacket. He must have. He sold Poise Weighing Machines. He told me, once, how he had sold a sixty-guinea weighing machine to an old lady who had a sweetshop in a little village—it was wicked, but I couldn't help laughing.



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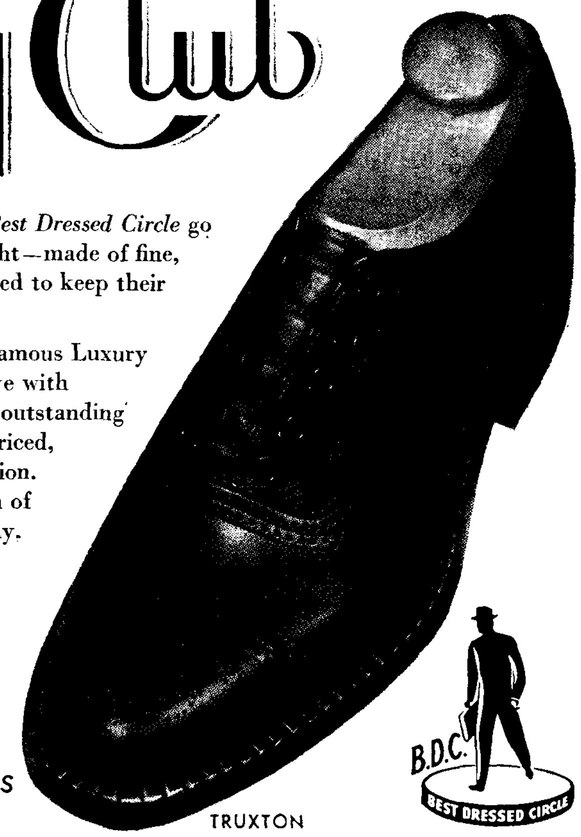

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And then again, his success with the women— But all the same, you shouldn't ought to be allowed to get away with murder."

"All right," said Jacket. "But can we prove that Martha Tooth *meant* to do it, eh? Can you prove premeditation? And incidentally, there isn't any actual proof that Martha Tooth really did stab her pig of a husband, is there?"

Mr. Wainewright was shocked. "She must have!" he said. "Who else could have, if she didn't?"

"Anyone might have done it, my dear George. I might have done it. You might have done it. The charwoman might have done it. Did anyone *see* her do it?"

"Well, no. I suppose not," said Mr. Wainewright. "But the evidence! The evidence, Mr. Jacket!"

JOHN JACKET felt a strange, perverse desire to provoke, to irritate this respectable little man. "Evidence," he said, "evidence! I spit on the evidence. A woman comes into a house; a woman goes out of a house. The man she visited is found, stuck like a pig—which he was—with a pair of long, sharp, paper-cutting scissors in his throat near the collarbone. So what? So what, George? He was in the habit of smuggling women into his room?"

"Yes, that's true."

"Say, for example, this man Tooth had a woman in his room before his wife—this wretched Martha Tooth—turned up unexpectedly. Say, for example, he hides this hypothetical woman *in a cupboard . . .* Was there a *big* cupboard, closet, or wardrobe in Tooth's room?"

"There *is* a big wardrobe," said Mr. Wainewright.

"Say, then, that Tooth, hearing his wife's voice downstairs, hid his concubine in the wardrobe. The wife comes in. She talks to Tooth. She goes away. As the door closes, the enraged woman in the wardrobe comes out fighting, with a pair of scissors, and—*jab!* An overhand stroke with something like a stiletto. A child could do it. What?"

"Possible, I dare say," said Mr. Wainewright, tapping his foot in irritation, "but I don't see the point. Mr. Jacket—I'm sorry, I mean Jack. Jack, since you say I may call you Jack. If there *had* been any other lady in Tooth's room *I* should have known it."

"How could you know?" asked Jacket.

Mr. Wainewright meditated, marking off points with his fingers; he was somewhat drunk. He said, laboriously, "In the first place, I have a respectable house. People can do as they like in my place, within reason, Mr. Jacket. I mean to say Jack, Jack. By 'within reason' I mean to say that people can have visitors . . . within reason, visitors. As the person responsible for the house, I was always on the spot—or nearly always. A person can't be sure of anybody. And as it happened, my little room was next door to Tooth's. And I can assure you that Mrs. Tooth was the only visitor Tooth had that night. Mrs. Madge, the lady who does the cleaning, let Mrs. Tooth in. I passed her on the stairs—or, rather, I stood aside to let her pass on the first-floor landing. I had seen Tooth only about two minutes before. He'd just got home from Bristol."

"Did he say anything?" asked Jacket.

"He . . . he was the same as usual. Full of jokes. He was telling me about some girl he met in Bristol, some girl who worked in a baker's shop. The—ah, the usual thing. Mrs. Madge let Mrs. Tooth in while he was talking to me. He said, 'I wonder what the—the aitch—*she* wants.' And he said that she had better come on up. He'd been drinking. I went down because, to be quite frank, I'd never seen Tooth's wife and wondered what kind of woman she could be."

"And what kind of woman was she, George?"

"Not what I should have expected, Mr. Jacket—I mean Jack. One of the plain, humble-looking kind. You wouldn't have thought she'd have appealed to Tooth at all; he went in for the barmaidish type, sir."

"You never can tell, George, old boy. After that, you went up to your room, if I remember right."

"That's right. My room was next door to Tooth's. I mean, my sitting room. I have a little suite," said Mr. Wainewright, with pride.

"Have a little drink," said Jacket, pushing a freshly filled glass over to him.

"I couldn't, really."

"No arguments, George."

"Where was I? Oh, yes. I had some accounts to do, you see, so I went to my sitting room. And I could hear them talking. I couldn't quite get what they were saying."

"But you tried?"

Mr. Wainewright fidgeted and blushed. "I did try," he admitted. "But I only gathered that they were having a quarrel. Once Tooth shouted, 'Go to the devil!' She started crying, and he burst out laughing. About a quarter of an hour later, I should say, they stopped talking. They'd been raising their voices quite loud. I knocked on the wall, and they stopped. Then Tooth started coughing."

"Was that unusual?"

"No, not at all unusual. He was a cigarette smoker. In the morning, and at night, it was painful to listen to him. And *then his door opened and closed.* I opened my door and looked out, and Mrs. Tooth was going downstairs crying, and there was some blood on her hand. I asked her if she had hurt herself, and if she wanted some iodine or anything, and she said, 'No, no,' and ran downstairs and out of the house."

"She'd cut herself, it appears."

"That's right, ah . . . Jack."

"That's it, George. Call me Jack and I'll call you George," said Jacket. "What made you go into Tooth's room later on?"

MR. WAINEWRIGHT said, "He always borrowed my evening paper. I nearly always used to hand it over to him when I'd done with it." He held up a copy of the Evening Extra, neatly folded. "When I got back from here—I come here just for one quiet drink every evening, and read the paper here as a rule, you see—I went to his door and knocked."

"And, of course, he didn't say, 'Come in,' " said Jacket.

"No. So I knocked again. No answer. I knocked again—"

"And at last you went in without knocking, eh?"

"Exactly. And there he lay across the bed, Mr. Jacket—a horrible sight to see, horrible!"

"Bled a good deal?"

"I never thought even Tooth could have bled so much!"

"That shook you, eh, George?"

"It made me feel faint, I assure you. But I didn't touch anything. I phoned the police. They were there in ten minutes."

"Detective Inspector Taylor, wasn't it?"

"Yes, that's right. A nice man."

"He collects stamps for a pastime. Have you any hobbies, George?"

Mr. Wainewright giggled. "It sounds silly," he said. "When I haven't got anything else to do I cut pictures out of magazines."

"And what do you do with them when you've cut them out, George?"

"I stick them in a scrapbook."

"An innocent pastime enough."

"In a way, sort of like collecting stamps—in a way," said Mr. Wainewright.

"Yet you never can tell how that sort

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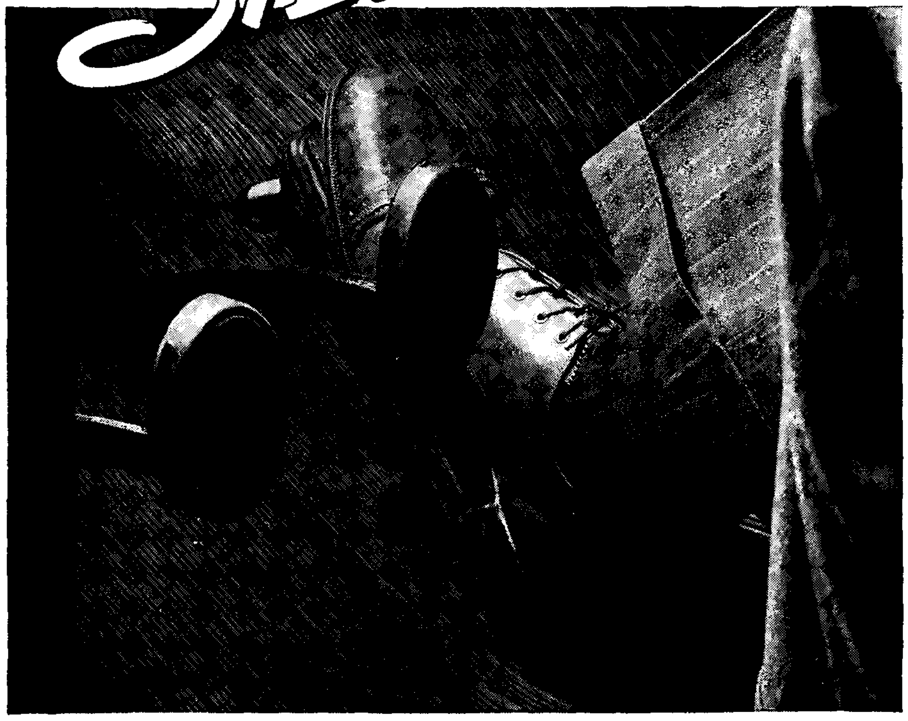

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of thing may end," said Jacket. "Look at Tooth. He got his by means of a pair of scissors."

"That's right," said Mr. Wainewright. "Long pointy scissors. They were part of a set—scissors and paper knife in a leather case. I'd borrowed them myself a few days before. Very sharp scissors."

"Little did you think," said Jacket, "that that pair of scissors would end up in your lodger's throat!"

"Little *did* I, J-Jack," said Mr. Wainewright. "It makes a person think. May I ask . . . are you going to put something in the paper about me?"

"I think so," said Jacket.

Mr. Wainewright giggled. "You wouldn't like a photograph of me?"

"We'll see about that, George. We'll see. What are you doing on Saturday?"

"Next Saturday morning I get my hair cut," said Mr. Wainewright.

"Matter of routine, eh?"

"Yes, sir. But—"

"No, no, never mind. You get your hair cut on Saturday, George, and I'll give you a tinkle sometime. Right. And now, if I were you, I'd go and get some sleep, George, old man. You don't look quite yourself," said Jacket.

"I'm not a drinking man . . . I oughtn't to drink," muttered Mr. Wainewright, putting his hat on back to front.

Poor little fellow, thought Jacket, having seen Mr. Wainewright safely seated in a taxi. This Tooth affair has thrown him right out of gear. Bloodshed in Wainewright's life! A revolution! It's almost as if he found himself wearing a bright red tie.

Jacket, who was on the edge of the haze at the rim of the steady white light of sobriety, began to work out a story about Mr. Wainewright. He thought that he might call it The Red Thread of Murder. Never mind the killer, never mind the victim—all that had been dealt with a hundred times before. What about the ordinary man, the man in the street, who has never seen blood except on his chin after a bad shave with a blunt blade, who opens a door and sees somebody like Tooth lying dead in a thick red puddle? Jacket laughed. In spite of everything, Wainewright had to get his hair cut on Saturday. There was, he decided, something ineffably pathetic about this desperate doggedness with which people like Wainewright clung to the finical tidiness of their fussy everyday lives.

So that Saturday, Mr. Wainewright went to his barber. Friday was New Blade day; Monday was Clean Shirt day, Sunday morning was Bath morning; and he had his hair cut every third Saturday. This was law and order; a system to be maintained. In the life of Wainewright inevitable laws governed collar studs, rubber heels, the knotting of neckties, the lighting of pipes, the cutting of string and the sticking-on of stamps. He ate, drank, walked and combed his hair in immutable rhythm. He was established to run smoothly forever. Like a clock.

Therefore, today, he had to get his hair cut. But Jowl's display made him stop for a few minutes. Jowl, who owned the antique shop on the corner, had stripped some bankrupt's walls of a great, gleaming yataghanerie of edged and pointed weapons. They hung on sale: double-handed swords, moonfaced battleaxes, mailed fists, stilettos, basket-hilted Italian daggers, Toledo rapiers, needle-pointed Khyber knives, adz-shaped obsidian club-axes, three-bladed knuckle-duster daggers, harquebuses, and a heap of oddments of sixteenth-century body armor. Wainewright stood, smoking his pipe, looking hard. He stopped and examined some assassin's weapon of the 1400's—a knife with a spring. You stabbed your man, and—*Knutch!*—it flew open like a pair of scissors.

AT THE back of the window stood a complete suit of jousting armor, with a massive helmet shaped like a frog's head. Wainewright looked up and, as it happened, he saw the reflection of his face exactly where his face would have been if he had been wearing the armor.

Then, in his breast, something uncoiled. He gazed, whistling. "Ye gods!" he said. "Ye gods!" But even as he looked he was inclined to laugh; his reflection was wearing a bowler hat.

Still, why not? thought Mr. Wainewright. But then he remembered that he was an important person, that the glaring eyes of the world were focused on him. He walked across the court and pushed open the door of Flickenflöcker's Select Saloon.

Calm! thought Wainewright. Calm! Keep calm! The door of the barbershop was fitted with a compressed-air brake; it hissed behind him and closed with a gentle tap.

As the door hissed, Wainewright stood still, tense. Then he also hissed; he had been holding his breath.

Flickenflocker said, "Harpost one! Quarder-nour late! For fifteen years so I never knew you to miss a second! Eh? *Tsu, tsu, tsu!*"

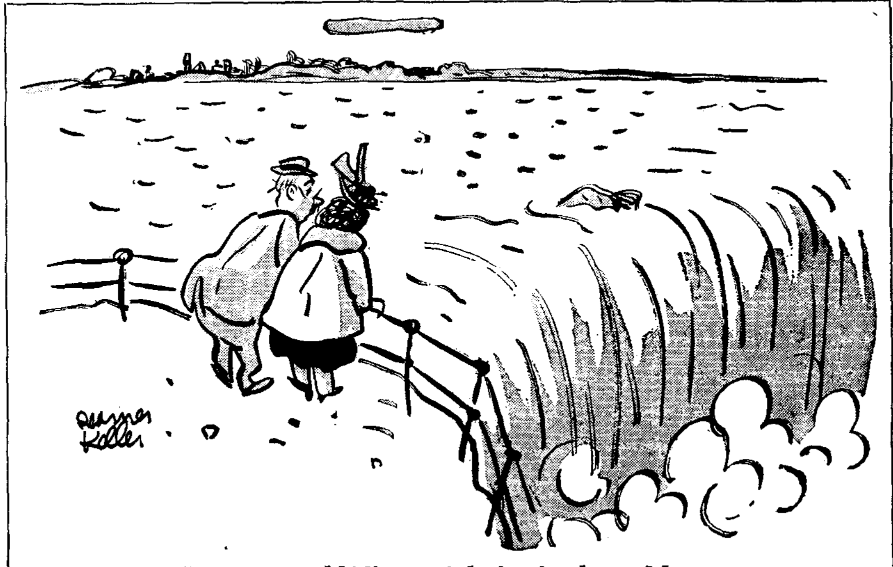
"Am I late?" asked Wainewright.

"Fifteen minutes in fifteen years," said Flickenflocker. "One minute every year. In a hundred-twenty years, so you could save enough time to go to the pictures."

"The usual," said Wainewright, sitting in a chair.

"Nice and clean back and sides?" said Flickenflocker.

Wainewright nodded. But as he did so he noticed that a peculiar quietness had come over the people in the shop. They were exchanging hurried words in



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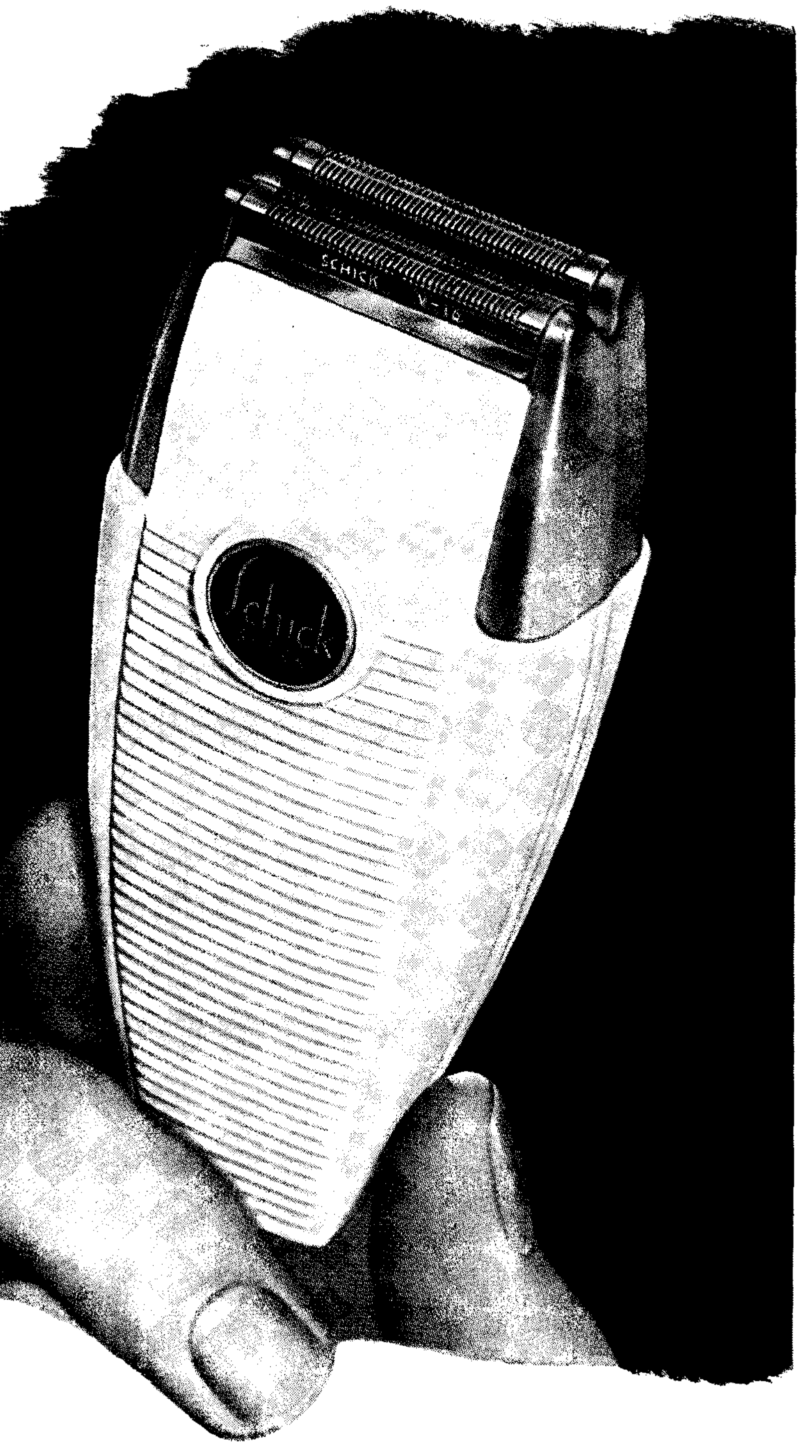

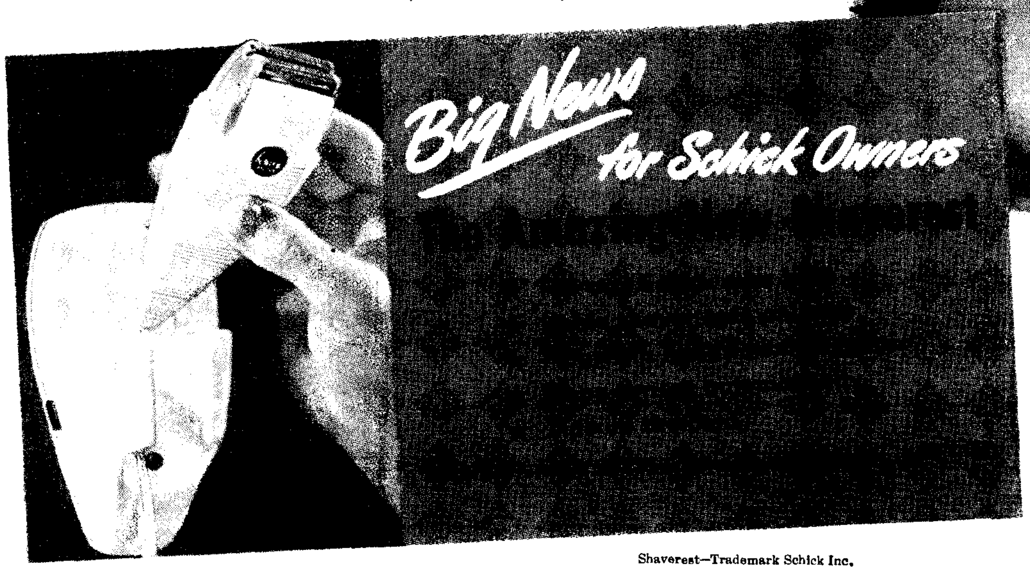

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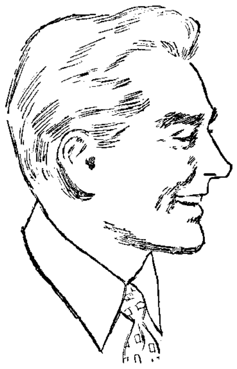
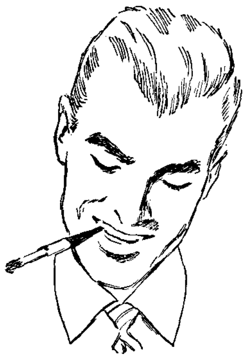
AND SHAVEREST

What's *your* husband's best bet in the new collar styles?



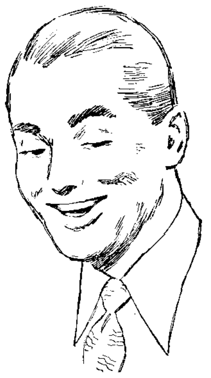
1. Average head and features? Then you can bet that your husband will look great in the new "Manhattan" *Setlo* collar. The medium-length points and slight spread of this collar make it flattering to seven out of ten men.

Your "Manhattan" dealer may not have this collar style in all materials and colors. But he does have it in some shirts. In white oxfords, handsome solid colors, and lively stripes. And he'll have a bigger selection of "Manhattan" Shirts with *Setlo* collars as time goes on.



2. Slim face and long neck? The smart new "Manhattan" *Wythe* will be his most flattering collar. It has short, well-spread points that tend to shorten those vertical lines.

The same expert care and craftsmanship that go into a "Manhattan" collar are evident throughout the entire shirt. "Manhattan" Shirts are specially cut to stay *flat* across the chest, *snug* at the waist, *free-and-easy* at arms and elbows. What's more, "Manhattan" Shirts will wash without changing size or fading. (Fabric residual shrinkage 1% or less.)



3. Round face and short neck? The new "Manhattan" *Manlo* or *Lasher* collar (long points) will make him look taller. You can now get both these new collars in whites and solids in many fabrics.

Whatever "Manhattan" collar style you pick, as a woman you'll appreciate the *quality* features of "Manhattan" Shirts. Special stitching in the buttonholes. Three-ply button foundation. Custom method of reinforced construction where the tails join. Why not see your dealer today?

THE MANHATTAN SHIRT COMPANY

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lowered voices and looking at him out of the corners of their eyes. Deep in the breast of Mr. Wainewright something broke into a glow which spread through him until he felt that all his veins were burning brilliantly red like neon tubes. He knew exactly what was being said: *That is Wainewright, the witness for the prosecution in the Tooth Murder Case.*

In a clear, slightly tremulous voice, he said, "And I'll have a lavender shampoo."

"Why not?" said Flickenflocker, as his long, sharp scissors began to nibble and chatter at the fine, colorless hair of the little man in the chair. "Why not?"

FLICKENFLOCKER worked with the concentration and exalted patience of a biologist cutting a section, and as he worked he whistled little tunes. His whistle was a whisper: he drew in the air through his teeth, for he had been taught never to breathe on customers. Occasionally he uttered a word or a mere noise, as if had found something but was throwing it away. . . . *Tss! . . . Muhuh! . . . Tu-tu-tu!* . . . Oh, dear! Wainewright liked this strange, calm barber, who demonstrated no urge to make conversation; whose shiny yellow hands, soft and light as a pair of blown-up rubber gloves, had touched the faces of so many men whose pictures had filled posters while their names topped bills.

For Flickenflocker's was a theatrical establishment, or had been. A hundred photographs of forgotten and half-remembered actors hung on the walls. As small boys cut their names on desks and trees, actors and sportsmen pin their photographs to the walls of pubs and barbershops. Thus they leave a little something by means of which somebody may remember them. . . . Even in the grave nothing is completely lost as long as somebody can say: *Lottie had a twenty-four-inch thigh;* or *Fruitcake bubble-danced;* or *J. J. Sullivan could have eaten Kid Fathers before breakfast.* We hang about the necks of our tomorrows like hungry harlots about the necks of penniless sailors.

So, for twenty-three years, singers, boxers, actors, six-day cyclists, tumblers, soubrettes, jugglers, dancers, wrestlers, clowns, ventriloquists and lion tamers had given Flickenflocker their photographs—always with a half shrug and a half smile of affable indulgence. Flickenflocker hung up every one of them; he knew that the day always came when a man returned, if only to look at the wall and dig some illusion about himself out of the junk heap of stale publicity.

They always came back to Flickenflocker, whose memory was reliable and unobtrusive as a Yale lock. One sidelong look at a profile opened a flap in his head and let out a name. As soon as the shop door closed and your heels hit the street he kicked the flap back and waited for the next customer.

Yet Flickenflocker could talk. Now, while Pewter's flat French razor chirped in the lather like a sparrow in snow and, on his left, the great hollow-ground blade of Kyropoulos sang *dzing-dzing* over the blue chin of a big man in a pearl-gray suit, Flickenflocker talked to Mr. Wainewright.

"You're the man of the moment, Mr. Wainewright."

"Nonsense, Mr. Flickenflocker."

"I can read the papers, thank God, Mr. Wainewright. I'm not *altogether* blind yet. God forbid. H'm!"

"It's all got nothing to do with me."

"No? Your worster enemies should be where that poor woman is now. In your hands is already a rope. A loop you can tie; you can tie a noose round her neck."

"It's the law, Mr. Flickenflocker."

"You're right there, Mr. Wainewright. That's what the law is for. That's what we pay rates and taxes for. You want to kill somebody. Right, go on. But afterwards don't say: 'Huxcuse me, I forgot myself.' Don't say: 'Once don't count—give me just one more charnsh.' A huxcuse me ain't enough—murder ain't the hee-cups. Murderers get hung: good job, too. Poor woman!"

"But murder!"

"Murder . . . Mnyup. Still, in a temper. . . . I knew a baker, a gentleman. In . . . in the electric chair he'd of got up to give a lady his seat. So one day in a temper he put his friend in the oven. By trousers buttons they found it out. Afterwards, he was sorry. Still, I didn't say it was *right*. Only I don't like hanging ladies. Na-hah, mmmnyah! Well, you got nerve!"

"Why? Why have I got nerve?"

"Judge, juries: I'd be frightened out of my life."

"But why?"

"They can make black white. White black they can make."

"I've nothing to fear: I can only tell the plain truth."

"And good luck to you! What class of people is a murderer? No class. A man in the prime of life, so she goes and kills. With scissors, eh? She kills her husband with scissors! It shows you. Scissors, pokers—if somebody wants to murder a person, h'm! Even a razor they can kill somebody with. Present company excepted. With a murderer, everything is a revolver. But what for? Why should she do it to her own husband?"

"For love, I think, Mr. Flickenflocker."

"Eeeeh! Love. In a book they read such rubbish, Mr. Wainewright. For hate, for money, for hunger kill a person. For your wife and children kill a person. But love? Never hear of such a thing."

"We'd better leave that to the judge and jury," said Wainewright, coldly.

"We got no option," said Flickenflocker. "Anyway, it didn't have nothing to do with you, thank goodness."

"It happened in my own house. I was in the next room. It does affect me a *little* bit," said Wainewright, frowning.

"It's all for the best, I dessay." Flickenflocker picked up a pair of fine clippers. "Lots of people'll want to live there now."

"More likely they'll want to stay away from my house, Mr. Flickenflocker."

"Don't you believe it! If there was a body, God forbid, in every cupboard, people'd pay double to stay there."

As Wainewright was paying his bill he said to the cashier, "Is your clock right?"

The girl replied, "It wouldn't be working in a barbershop if it was." Everybody laughed.

A man said, "Dead clever, that!"

Mr. Wainewright went out.

THE city muttered under dry dust and blue smoke: the day was warm. Girls passed looking like bursting flowers in their new summer dresses. Wainewright looked at them. Here—passing him, jostling him and touching him with swinging hands in the crowded street—here walked thousands of desirable young women with nothing more than one sixtieth of an inch of rayon, linen, or crepe de Chine between their bare flesh and his eyesight. Why, ah, why did his destiny send him out to walk alone? "What's wrong with me?" Wainewright asked himself. "Tramps, cripples, hunchbacks, criminals, horrible men deformed and discolored and old—they all know the love of women. What's wrong with me? What have they got that I haven't got? I am a man of property . . . still a young man." He stared piercingly at a pretty girl who was slowly walking toward him. Wainewright felt that his eyes were blazing like floodlights. But the girl, looking at him incuriously, saw only a small ordinary man.

Mentally addressing the passing girl, *That's what you think*, said Wainewright. *If I told you who and what I am you'd*

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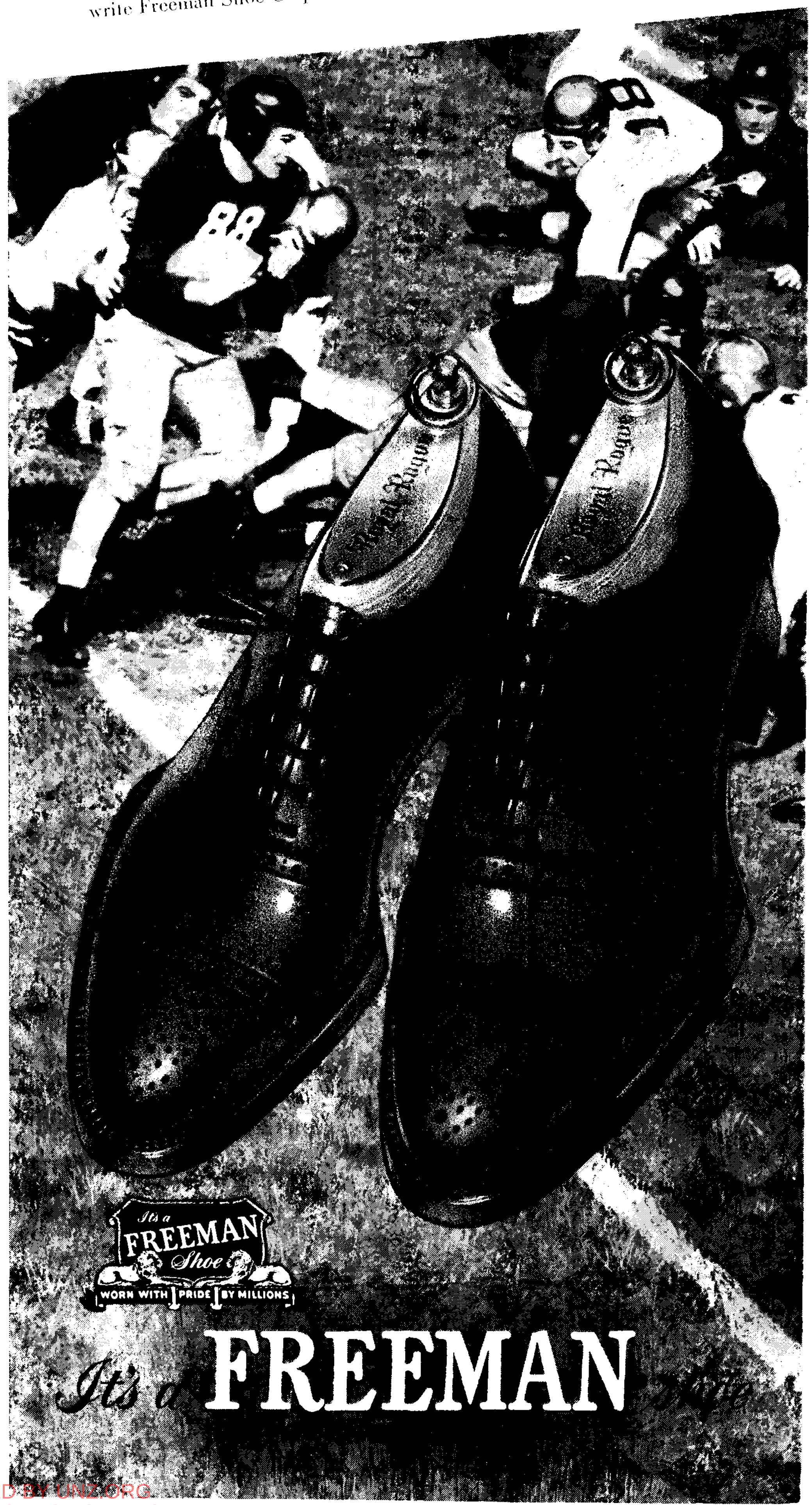
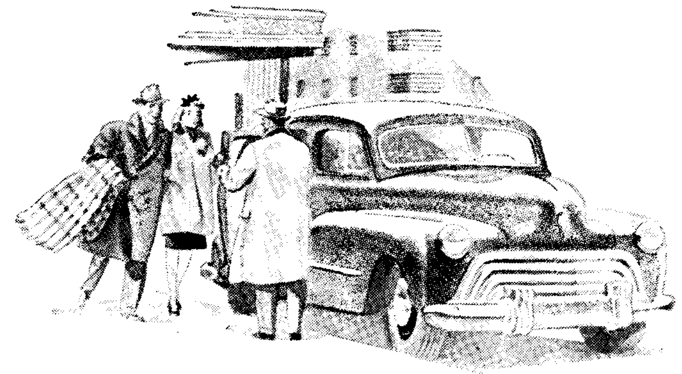
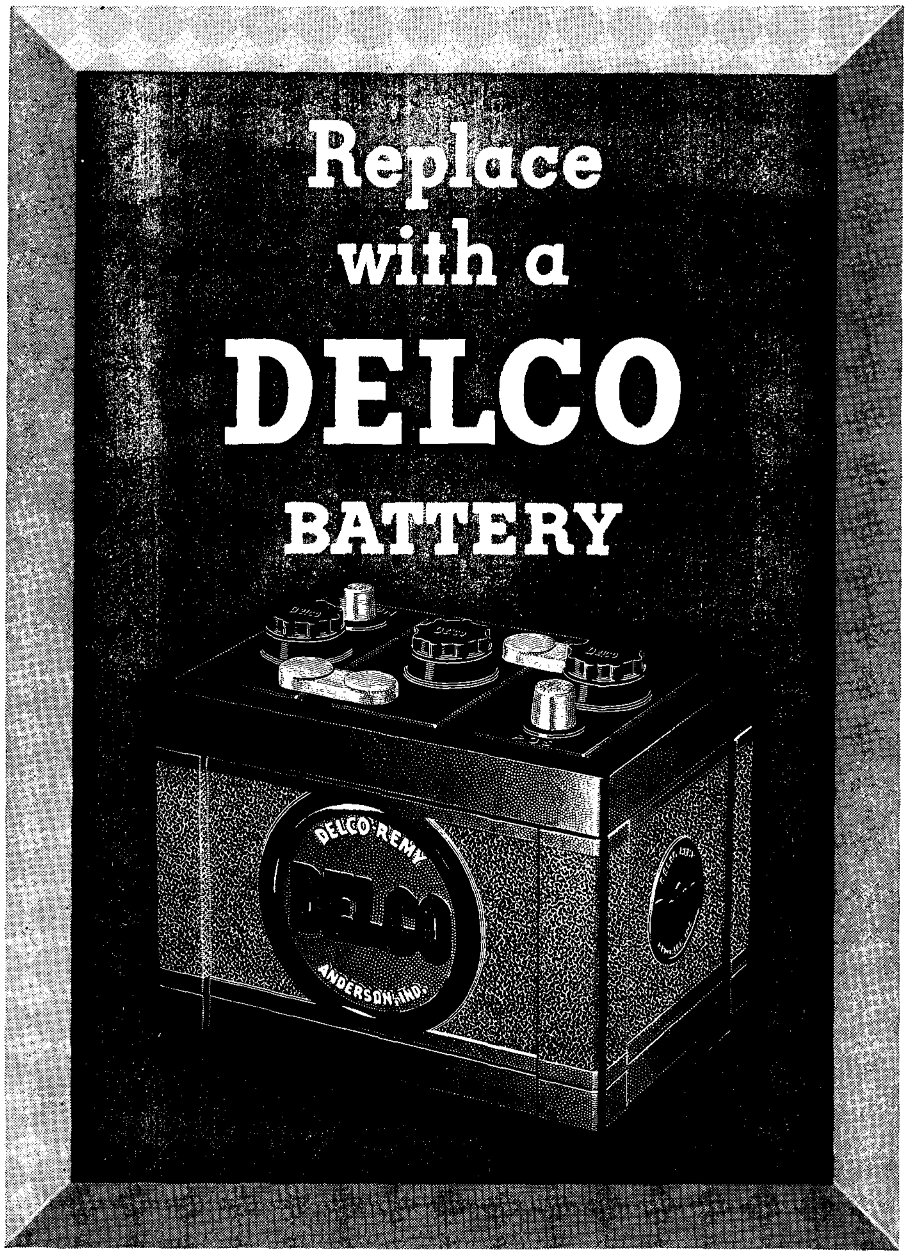
Husky as a backfield, as debonair as its name—that's the new Royal Rogue! And in this fine shoe you'll do your best footwork . . . for Royal Rogues are made by Freeman of rich supple leathers on special precision-graded lasts. Just another way of saying you'll find these handsome Rogues the most blissfully comfortable shoes you ever treated your feet to! Proof is as close to you as the nearest Freeman dealer. For his name write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin.





Go where you will



. . . and get where you're going

STADIUM PARKING

DELCO-REMY . . . WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN

change your ideas quickly enough. He stopped to look at hats in a shop window. A furry green velour caught his eye, and he decided to buy a hat like that—a two-guinea hat, a real Austrian hat and not a ten-shilling imitation such as Tooth used to wear. That, and a younger-looking suit, a tweed suit; a colored shirt, even. . . . Why have I waited so long?

Wainewright was not a drinking man. Alcohol gave him a headache. But now he felt that everything was changing inside him. He was getting into step with life. Now he wanted a drink. He walked jauntily to the Duchess of Douro. Tooth had taken him there once before, one Saturday afternoon several months ago. Wainewright remembered the occasion vividly: He had not yet come into his inheritance; he worked for his living then. His aunt was still alive. He was waiting: She could not live forever. His little Personal Expenses Cash Book said that Wainewright had had seven haircuts since then. This made five months since his last drink of beer with Tooth.

TOOTH was a tall dark man, strongly built, bright with the sickly radiance and false good-fellowship of the traveling salesman. He resembled one of those wax models that make cheap clothes attractive in the windows of mass-production tailors; he had the same unnatural freshness of complexion, the same blueness of chin, agelessness of expression and shoddy precision of dress. Tooth wore Tyrolean hats and conspicuous tweeds. He liked to be seen smoking cigars. Yet, with his fivepenny cigars he was a man of personality with a manner at once detestable and irresistible—

"Have a drink," Tooth had said.

"I couldn't, really, Tooth."

"You can and will, cocko. There's a girl in the Douro I want to introduce you to. A blonde. Genuine blonde. The nicest barmaid in London. Eh? Come on."

Tooth crashed through the grouped drinkers, pulling Wainewright after him. A tall young woman with honey-colored hair, whose face was strangely expressive of lust and boredom, dragged languidly at the handle of a beer engine. But when she saw Tooth she smiled with unmistakable, sudden joy. Only a woman in love smiles like that.

"Baby," said Tooth, "meet Mr. Wainewright, one of the best."

"Why, Sid! Why haven't you been to see me for such a long time?"

"Been busy. But I've been thinking of you. Ask George Wainewright. We met in the city. He wanted me to go with him to a posh week-end party in Kingston. But I insisted on coming here. Did I or did I not, George?"

The compulsion of Tooth's glance was too strong. Wainewright nodded.

"See, Baby?" Tooth said to the girl. "Now, what'll we have?" he asked Wainewright.

"I—ah—a small shandy."

"Oh, no, George. Not if you drink with me, you don't. None of your shandies. Drink that stuff and you don't drink with me. You're going to have a Bass, a draught Bass. That's a man's drink. Baby, two draughts."

"He always has his own way," said the girl Tooth called Baby.

"Skin like cream," whispered Tooth, with a snigger. When the girl returned with the beer he leaned across the bar and stroked her arm. "This evening?"

"No, I can't."

Tooth grasped her wrist. "Yes."

"Leave go. People are looking."

"I don't care. I'll wait for you after eleven."

"I shan't be there. Let go my arm, I tell you. The manager's coming over."

"This evening?"

"Stop it, you'll get me the sack."

"I don't care. This evening?"

"All right, but let go."

Wainewright saw four red marks on the white skin of her arm as Tooth released her. She rubbed her wrist, and said, in a voice which quivered with admiration, "You're too strong."

"Well, and where are you staying now?" Tooth said to Wainewright.

"In my aunt's place still."

"Hear that, Baby? Looking after his old auntie, eh? His nice rich old auntie. Ha-ha! He knows which side his bread's buttered, George, here. No offense, George. I'm going to look you up in a week or two. I want a nice room, reasonable."

"We're full right up just now, Tooth."

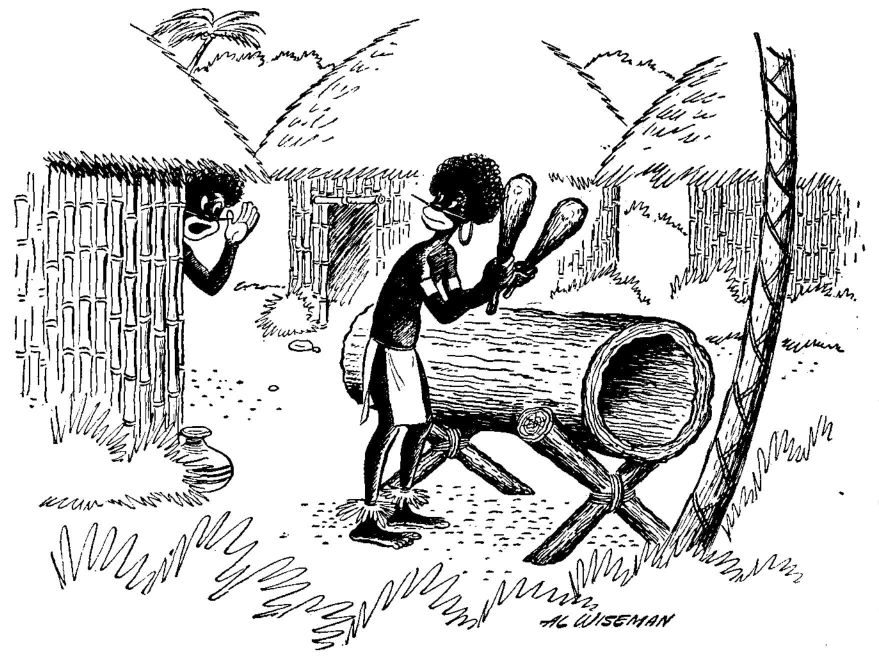
"Ah, you old kidder! Isn't he a kidder, Baby? You'll find me a room all right. I know."

And surely enough, a fortnight later Tooth came, and by then Wainewright's aunt was dead, and there was a room vacant in the solid and respectable old house in Bishop's Square. So Tooth had come to live with Wainewright.

And therefore all Britain was waiting for a notable trial and, under rich black headlines, the name of George Wainewright was printed in all the papers, called by the prosecution as witness in the Victoria Scissors Murder.

Mr. Wainewright smiled as he entered the Duchess of Douro. This pub had brought him luck. In this saloon bar he had found power.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "Never mind . . . I've got him on the phone!" AL WISEMAN

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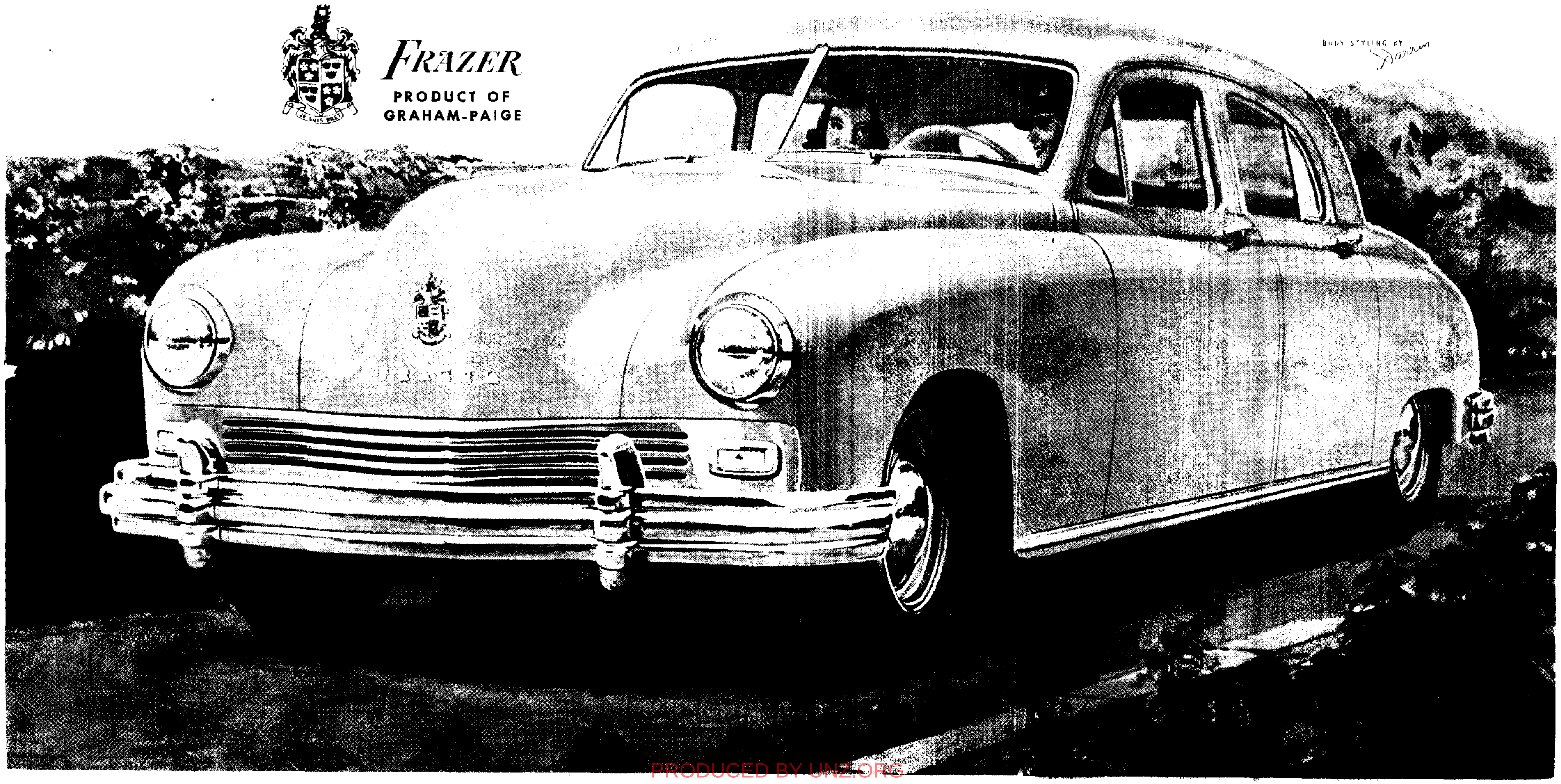
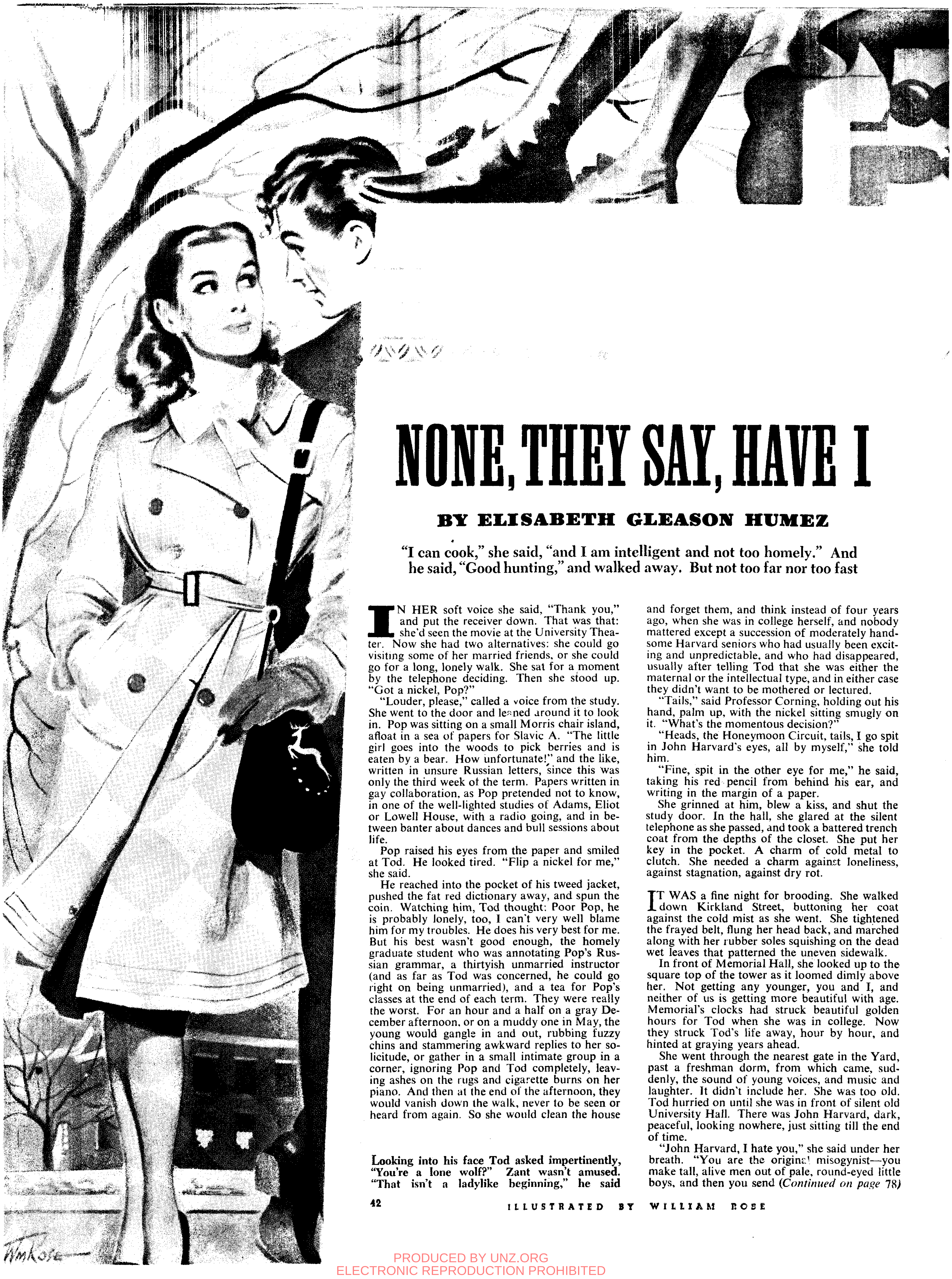




Looking into his face Tod asked impertinently, "You're a lone wolf?" Zant wasn't amused. "That isn't a ladylike beginning," he said

NONE, THEY SAY, HAVE I

BY ELISABETH GLEASON HUMEZ

"I can cook," she said, "and I am intelligent and not too homely." And he said, "Good hunting," and walked away. But not too far nor too fast

IN HER soft voice she said, "Thank you," and put the receiver down. That was that: she'd seen the movie at the University Theater. Now she had two alternatives: she could go visiting some of her married friends, or she could go for a long, lonely walk. She sat for a moment by the telephone deciding. Then she stood up. "Got a nickel, Pop?"

"Louder, please," called a voice from the study. She went to the door and leaned around it to look in. Pop was sitting on a small Morris chair island, afloat in a sea of papers for Slavic A. "The little girl goes into the woods to pick berries and is eaten by a bear. How unfortunate!" and the like, written in unsure Russian letters, since this was only the third week of the term. Papers written in gay collaboration, as Pop pretended not to know, in one of the well-lighted studies of Adams, Eliot or Lowell House, with a radio going, and in between banter about dances and bull sessions about life.

Pop raised his eyes from the paper and smiled at Tod. He looked tired. "Flip a nickel for me," she said.

He reached into the pocket of his tweed jacket, pushed the fat red dictionary away, and spun the coin. Watching him, Tod thought: Poor Pop, he is probably lonely, too, I can't very well blame him for my troubles. He does his very best for me. But his best wasn't good enough, the homely graduate student who was annotating Pop's Russian grammar, a thirtyish unmarried instructor (and as far as Tod was concerned, he could go right on being unmarried), and a tea for Pop's classes at the end of each term. They were really the worst. For an hour and a half on a gray December afternoon, or on a muddy one in May, the young would gangle in and out, rubbing fuzzy chins and stammering awkward replies to her solicitude, or gather in a small intimate group in a corner, ignoring Pop and Tod completely, leaving ashes on the rugs and cigarette burns on her piano. And then at the end of the afternoon, they would vanish down the walk, never to be seen or heard from again. So she would clean the house and forget them, and think instead of four years ago, when she was in college herself, and nobody mattered except a succession of moderately handsome Harvard seniors who had usually been exciting and unpredictable, and who had disappeared, usually after telling Tod that she was either the maternal or the intellectual type, and in either case they didn't want to be mothered or lectured.

"Tails," said Professor Corning, holding out his hand, palm up, with the nickel sitting smugly on it. "What's the momentous decision?"

"Heads, the Honeymoon Circuit, tails, I go spit in John Harvard's eyes, all by myself," she told him.

"Fine, spit in the other eye for me," he said, taking his red pencil from behind his ear, and writing in the margin of a paper.

She grinned at him, blew a kiss, and shut the study door. In the hall, she glared at the silent telephone as she passed, and took a battered trench coat from the depths of the closet. She put her key in the pocket. A charm of cold metal to clutch. She needed a charm against loneliness, against stagnation, against dry rot.

IT WAS a fine night for brooding. She walked down Kirkland Street, buttoning her coat against the cold mist as she went. She tightened the frayed belt, flung her head back, and marched along with her rubber soles squishing on the dead wet leaves that patterned the uneven sidewalk.

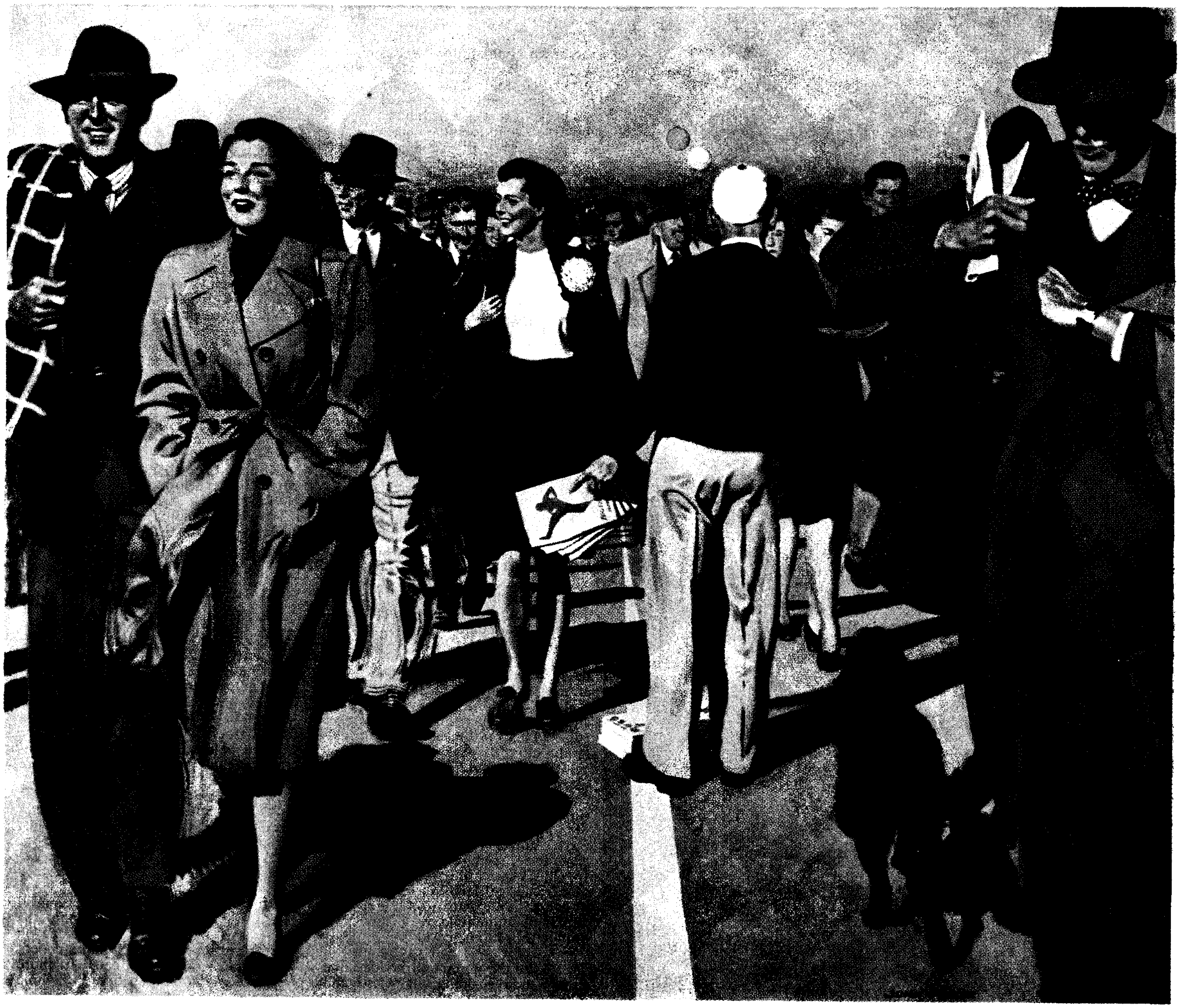
In front of Memorial Hall, she looked up to the square top of the tower as it loomed dimly above her. Not getting any younger, you and I, and neither of us is getting more beautiful with age. Memorial's clocks had struck beautiful golden hours for Tod when she was in college. Now they struck Tod's life away, hour by hour, and hinted at graying years ahead.

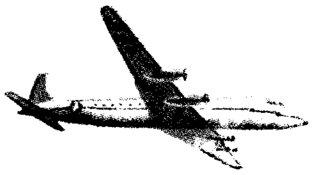
She went through the nearest gate in the Yard, past a freshman dorm, from which came, suddenly, the sound of young voices, and music and laughter. It didn't include her. She was too old. Tod hurried on until she was in front of silent old University Hall. There was John Harvard, dark, peaceful, looking nowhere, just sitting till the end of time.

"John Harvard, I hate you," she said under her breath. "You are the original misogynist—you make tall, alive men out of pale, round-eyed little boys, and then you send (*Continued on page 78*)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

Air Travel, like Football, belongs to Everybody





There was a time when students and alumni had football to themselves. Today, crowds of spectators testify that football belongs to everybody.

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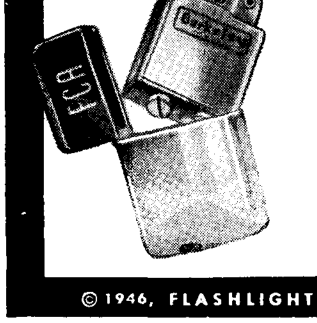

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PRESENT TENSE, FIRST PERSON

Continued from page 15

pretty good to us. I guess he had no idea why he got such a big welcome.

So, especially in view of the above-mentioned conversation between Ginny and myself, you can imagine what a surprise it was to us when we got back from the beach about four, to see a man sitting on the porch talking to Charlotte.

I could have told he was good-looking just by looking at Charlotte as I came up the walk. There's something about talking to a good-looking man that does something to a girl's face, no question about it. And Charlotte's was all lighted up.

Ginny sucked her breath in as if somebody had hit her suddenly in the stomach. "My dear," she said, "take a good look! He's out of this world, but positively out of this world!"

Well, of course, I'd noticed that half a minute before Ginny did. It wasn't that he was good-looking in the usual way: He was better than good-looking. There was something about him that reminded me of Humphrey Bogart, only a lot younger and without that someone-has-given-me-a-bad-breakfast expression. He was very tanned, and his clothes were new and hung off him a little. Over one eye ran a neat ridge, as if the skin had been cut off and pasted back carefully.

"Not long out of the Army," I whispered to Ginny. "Act natural and casual—remember?—like that article said."

We walked up arm in arm humming, our shirttails flapping about our shorts and our beach sandals letting out sand from the open toes. Ginny and I each had a kerchief tied loosely under our chins and we had no powder on and our skins were shiny with salt. I couldn't help thinking we must look like a picture of American Youth of Today, especially in contrast with Charlotte.

We pretended we weren't in the least interested and just stood there looking absent-mindedly off into space, until I realized Charlotte was in a sort of fog and didn't even realize we were there. I kicked her on the ankle, and she came to and did the right thing.

"Oh—Mr. Carter, this is my younger sister, Penny. And her friend Ginny Lander. Mr. Carter was with Herb Morrison abroad, Penny, and he came to see Mr. Morrison and give him some of Herb's things. And then he very kindly came to see me."

"Oh," I said in my most casual voice, as if friends of Herb Morrison's dropped in every day. "Nice to see you back."

"Thanks," he said in a sort of flat drawl. "Nice to be back."

I SAT on the porch rail beside Ginny, who was goggling shamelessly, and asked, "How does Milbrook seem to you?"

"Why, okay," he said.

Charlotte smiled at him a little apologetically. "Penny's interested in sociology. She's taking a course in it."

I ignored her. Charlotte always makes me sound so childish. I suppose she has to, in self-defense.

"I suppose we seem to you terribly *untouched?*" I said.

He looked at me again. "Well, yes. Your head isn't shaved, for one thing. And those bobby sox are not G.I. reg. Nor do you bear any of the usual marks of starvation."

Just a kidder. Just trying to tease me and make me feel young and foolish. Ginny giggled and I felt my face getting red. I jumped off the rail. "That's all *you* know! Just seeing the surface. Never seeing what's underneath. Actually—"

Actually, Mother called me at that moment, and maybe it was just as well, because it was kind of hard to explain quickly exactly what I meant. Nevertheless, I was annoyed.

"What is it, Mother? You called me out just as I was talking."

Mother was lying on the bed. She isn't terribly strong and that's why a lot of work has come on Charlotte since Daddy's death. But Mother has a way of keeping an eye on things.

"I'm sure you were talking, Penny dear. That's why I called you. He came to see Charlotte, not you. Let her have a chance to talk to him, will you?"

"Oh, beans," I said. "He only came to see Charlotte to tell her about Herb. He's not interested."

"Well, you never can tell," Mother said. "*Some* good might come to Charlotte because of Herb Morrison, I should think. It would be only fair."

Mother never quite forgave Herb for being so cautious. I guess she knew Charlotte would have married him in a minute, if he hadn't felt he had to have money in the bank and a good job before he asked her.

"Well, can I go now?" I asked. "He's leaving. I can hear the gate shut."

Charlotte was sitting sort of starry-eyed on the porch, looking into space. "Well, did he date you?" I said.

Charlotte jumped. Then she frowned, and looked unhappy, suddenly.

"Gracious, no! How could he? He's only staying in town for a day or two. He was with Herb, and he just came to tell us about him. After that, how could he date me? It wouldn't have been delicate."

"It might not have been delicate," I said, "but it would have been fun. Come on, Ginny; we have work to do."

WE RAN as hard as we could down Vine and Orange streets, stopped a minute to get our breath back, and came face to face with him, strictly by accident, as we strolled down Clark. He was looking a little absent-minded himself, but he stopped when we came to a halt in front of him.

"Well, hello! The event-conscious generation again. How'd you get out here so fast? Running?"

Of course, it was just a shot in the dark, but it rattled us. Ginny got red, but I said, very dignified, that we had just been about to get ourselves a soda.

"A sound idea," he said. "I have a couple of business calls to make, but they can wait. May I treat you ladies?"

Of course, he was still just teasing us, but it was fun. We climbed onto the high stools at Baer's drugstore, one on each side of him, and each had a chocolate sundae. Bill Baer treated us more respectfully than usual, and the whole thing went to Ginny's head so she chattered like a magpie, and I could barely get a word in edgewise. But finally I said, cutting in, in a very serious voice on what Ginny was babbling, "It was really terribly nice of you to come and see Charlotte, Mr. Carter. It meant an awful lot to her."

He looked at me sort of carefully. "You think it did," he said, and though he didn't make it into a question it sounded as if he were asking one.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Definitely. There's never been anyone for Charlotte since Herb went."

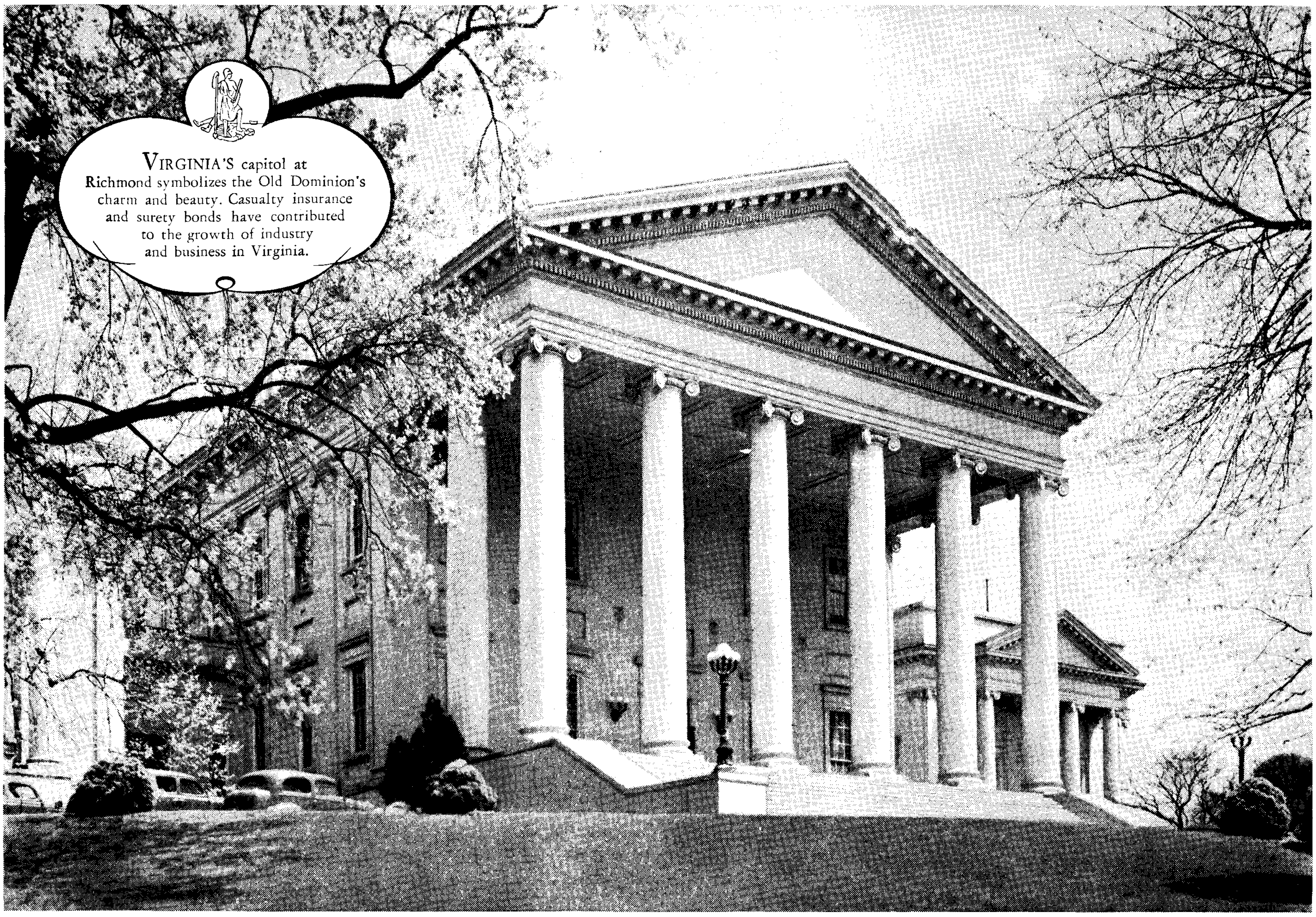
"Well, that's surprising," he said. "A lovely girl like your sister—"

"Well, Charlotte's getting on," I said. "She's twenty-two."

He threw back his head. The shout of laughter he gave made Bill Baer drop a soda glass on the counter, and everyone turned around to see what the matter was. I felt myself getting red.

"All right," I said. "But twenty-two is—is—"

SALUTE TO THE OLD DOMINION!



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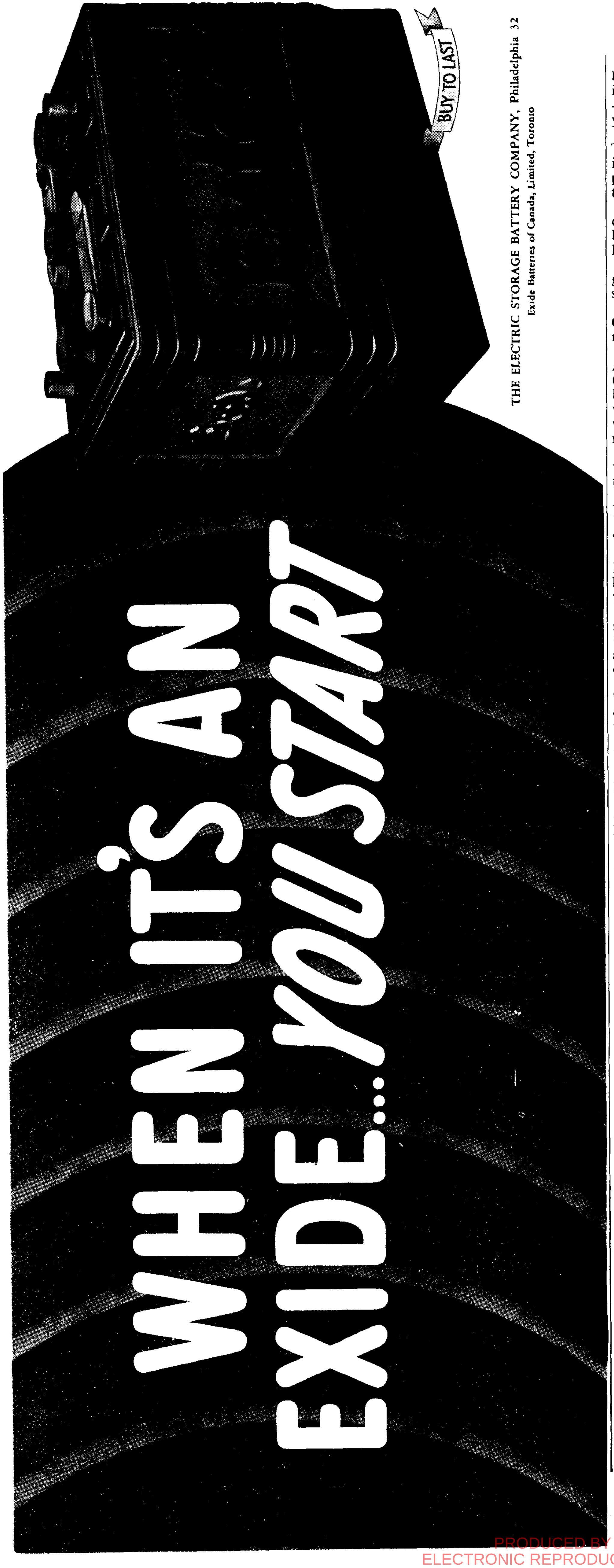
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WHEN IT'S AN EXIDE... YOU START
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I had started to say it was quite old, but stopped just in time, because I realized he must be at least twenty-four or -five. "Well, it's not the first blush of youth," I said.

"Ah, no," he said. "Your poor sister That awful age, and you to keep reminding her of it. Come on, girls. I think I parked my crutches outside, and I've got to get on with my calls."

It was awful. He was leaving. I'd sort of insulted him, and I hadn't done any better about making a date than Charlotte had. I had to think fast.

"Uh—Mr. Carter," I said, "we're all going out to the beach tomorrow for a swim. Would you care to join us?"

He thought for a moment. "Does Char—does your sister care for swimming?"

"Oh, she's mad about it," I told him. As a matter of fact, we hadn't ever asked Charlotte to go with us, all our crowd being younger; but I knew she'd go if we invited her. "Of course, she's going with us," I said. "We're having a picnic."

He still hesitated. "I won't be through what I have to do until four. Is that too late?"

"Four is when we were going," I said. I kicked Ginny. "Weren't we, Ginny?"

"Ouch! Yes," Ginny said, wincing. "Absolutely."

So when we went home and told Charlotte, what do you think she did? Sat up half the night planning what food we'd take.

"Listen, Charlotte," I said, "be yourself. We can get some orange pop at the beach, and take along a bunch of franks and rolls. You'd better spend some time on your hair, instead."

"Men like good food," Charlotte said, "and he looks thin. Now, let's see—chicken sandwiches, sponge cake—" It was hopeless. . . .

Charlotte has a perfectly good figure, but she doesn't have sense enough to do anything about it. The next day, on the picnic, she wore her old dark blue bathing suit with actually a little skirt to it. And a white bathing cap. She looked pretty—her generation was always trying to look pretty—but not startling. When I pranced out in my tight bra-top yellow wool, Mr. Carter—we were calling him Bob by then—opened his eyes just the way I wanted him to. "Good Lord, do they allow you to wear that without being arrested?"

I pivoted slowly to give the whole effect. "What's wrong with it? Don't you like my new suit?"

"If you call that extended diaper a suit," he said, "nothing."

"Well," I said, holding out a hand, "come on."

WE ALL swam out to the raft. Poor Charlotte! She still does the side stroke. I blushed for her. To cover it up, I swam up behind Bob and held his head under the water. He was mad, and he ducked me; that's always a good sign. But just then Tony Bingham also ducked me, and he half-drowned me before he let me up. He was really mad, but furious.

"What's the matter?" he hissed in my ear. "Have I become a leper?"

"I don't know what you mean, Tony."

"Oh, yes, you do," Tony said. "I don't ask much. Just throw me a couple of words now and then. You may need me later. After all, this guy is going away, isn't he? You'll need someone to take you to the dance at the club tomorrow night."

I shook the water out of my ears. "Maybe," I said coldly, "and maybe not, Tony."

I looked around. Bob Carter and Charlotte were lying in the sun up the beach, pretending to draw pictures in the sand but really looking at each other and talking. I don't like it much when people get to talking like that, and Charlotte has awfully pretty violet eyes.

I went and stood in front of them, shaking the water out of my hair—I never wear a cap—and laughing. Bob looked at me longer than he knew he was looking, and that was good.

"What's the matter?" I said, teasing him. "Your old wounds ache in the water?"

"My old bones ache in the water," he said. "Run along, brat. I knew you were the child of a mermaid and a deep-sea diver the moment I looked at your wild blue eyes. Go back to your element."

"Well," I said, "I don't like to neglect you, your first visit to town. Sure you're not being bored?"

"I'll yell if I'm bored," he said to me, "and you can come rescue me. And if you want a good paddling, just contact me."

I went off laughing. He was talking to Charlotte, but his eyes followed me; I could feel it. I acted deliberately bad. For supper, I just ate some frankfurters and rolls we got at Frankie's stand, and so did Tony and Ginny; we all drank pop instead of Charlotte's hot coffee. It made Charlotte's chicken sandwiches wrapped in waxed paper look sissy, even though Bob ate four. But Tony deserted me on the sponge cake; he couldn't help going for a big hunk of that, with some bananas, and Bob said it was wonderful and asked Charlotte if she had made it, which, of course, she had. That's why girls of Charlotte's generation always made things; so people would ask them if they did.

AFTER supper we toasted marshmallows in the embers of the fire, and a big moon started coming up and Charlotte sang a few songs. That's one thing I have to admit about Charlotte, she's got a very appealing voice, sort of throaty and soft. Only I haven't heard her sing much lately.

If I'd remembered about Charlotte's singing perhaps I wouldn't have suggested the beach picnic, because Bob got to watching her lying there with his face in half-shadow, with a sort of absorbed look on it, peaceful, too, and relaxed, with all that watchful wisecracking look gone out of it, and his hand went out as if he didn't know it was going toward Charlotte's. And while I couldn't see very well there in the shadow, I had an idea Charlotte's was swallowed up in it.

And suddenly I was frightened, because I was afraid Bob was falling in love with Charlotte, and that couldn't happen. I knew suddenly it couldn't, because whether Bob knew it or not, he was for me. From the moment I'd looked at him I knew it; he turned my heart upside down, he knocked all my ideas cockeyed, I only acted fresh with him because he made me feel so funny, the way nobody ever had before. Tony'd been fun and I liked Tony, but this was Love with a capital L, with lights on. And when my generation wants something, we go after it; no fluttering in back of lace curtains and sighing, for us.

I said, in a loud clear voice, "That was nice, Charlotte. That was one of Herb's favorite songs, wasn't it?"

I couldn't see but I thought there was a movement in the shadows as though two hands had suddenly come unclasped.

Charlotte said slowly, "Why—I don't know, Penny. I didn't remember that it was."

"Herb used to love to hear you sing," I said. "Remember how he always used to get you to sing for him?"

"I remember," Charlotte said, and she stopped singing. She shivered, and looked around suddenly. "I wonder what time it is? It must be getting late."

It wasn't, but somehow the picnic had ended; everybody felt it. The fire had burned down and it was getting cold. We packed up and drove back to town rather silently. Bob said goodby to Charlotte at the gate.

"I suppose—I suppose you'll be leaving tomorrow?" she said.

He said he guessed he would; he'd covered his business calls, he ought to be shoving off next morning. "But I want to thank you for this," he said. "It was swell. I feel as if—as if I'd known you longer than I have."

"Me, too," Charlotte said, standing with the shadows of the lilac bush playing on her face. He was still holding her hand, as if he'd forgotten to let it go, and Charlotte said, "I feel that way, too."

He gave her hand a little shake. "Well, so long," he said, and dropped it. "I wish—well, so long."

"Goodby," Charlotte said, watching him turn back to the car. I moved over on the front seat to give him room, but not too much room.

"Why goodby?" I said coldly. He jumped, and looked at me.

"Why not," he said, grinning, "mermaid-brat?"

"Because," I said, "we're having a dance tomorrow night, at the club. We only have them once a month, and you might not be coming to the next one."

"I might not even," he said, "be coming to this one."

"I think it's your duty to," I said.

He looked at me, surprised. "How do you figure that?"

"Because," I said, making something up quickly, "it's the anniversary of the last dance Herb Morrison took Charlotte to. And she'll be brooding over it. It will make her depressed for days. And seeing you're providentially in town, and a friend of Herb's—why, I don't think it would hurt you to make the sacrifice and stay over."

"It would be no sacrifice," he said shortly. "If I thought— Listen, you think your sister cared a lot for Herb?"

"He was the one true love of her life," I said simply.

We had pulled up in front of his boardinghouse. He was thinking.

"I've just got the suit I'm in."

"That will be fine. We're simple people."

"I'm beginning to wonder," he said, and left us.

Tony turned to me. "Look, am I supposed to just sit here and watch you making passes at this guy?"

I turned on the old dignity. "Can't I try to fix something up for my poor sister without you wrongly interpreting it?"

"You're fixing something up, all right," Tony said. "But not for your poor sister. The guy's older than you, and he's been around. Lay off him, will you?"

"You put ideas in my head," I said. We had come to our house and Tony put on the brakes so hard I bumped the windshield with my forehead. "Would you rather not take me tomorrow night?"

Tony glared at me. "I'll be here at nine-thirty. And I'll have room in my car for just one. Does that register?"

It registered. Only, I said to myself, I won't be the one. I had other plans.

I waited until five o'clock next day before calling Bob. Five o'clock is the time the last train goes that makes good outside connections, and I wasn't taking any chances. All day I'd been thinking about what I'd say, and yet, when I heard that slow drawl of his, with no particular expression in it, it practically made me swoon. I felt desperate. I'm not used to feeling like that, and certainly not for nothing. I made my voice sad and serious. If it sounded shaky, that was all to the good.

"Bob," I said, "bad news. Charlotte doesn't feel like going to the dance."

"Doesn't feel like going! But I thought you said—"

"I know," I said quickly. "I thought she would, and she seemed to like the idea, yesterday; but it's brought up too many memories, and she sort of thinks—well, she asked me to tell you she hated not to go with you, but she knew you'd understand."

THERE was a long pause, and then he said slowly, "I can't say that I do. Maybe I'm a dope. I don't get it. But if she feels that way, okay by me."

"I'm awfully sorry," I said quickly. "I know I told you—"

"Okay, okay," he said. "Only I wish you had let me know sooner. I only stayed over because I thought your sister—well, skip it."

I thought he was going to hang up. I said in a panic, "Bob!"

"Well?"

I swallowed. "Would it be an awful comedown for you to take me to the dance, instead?"

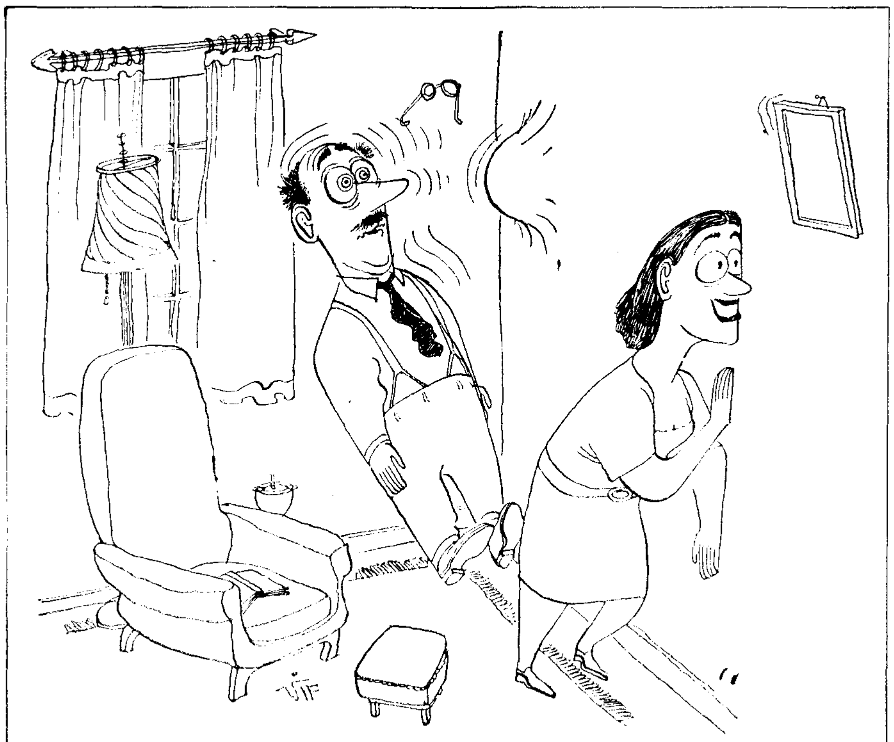
"You, Penny? Are you kidding? What about young Tony?"

"That's just it," I said. "Tony—Tony was mad at the way I acted yesterday. We had a fight. He's taking someone else, to make me jealous."

He laughed. "And you want me to take you, to make *him* jealous?"

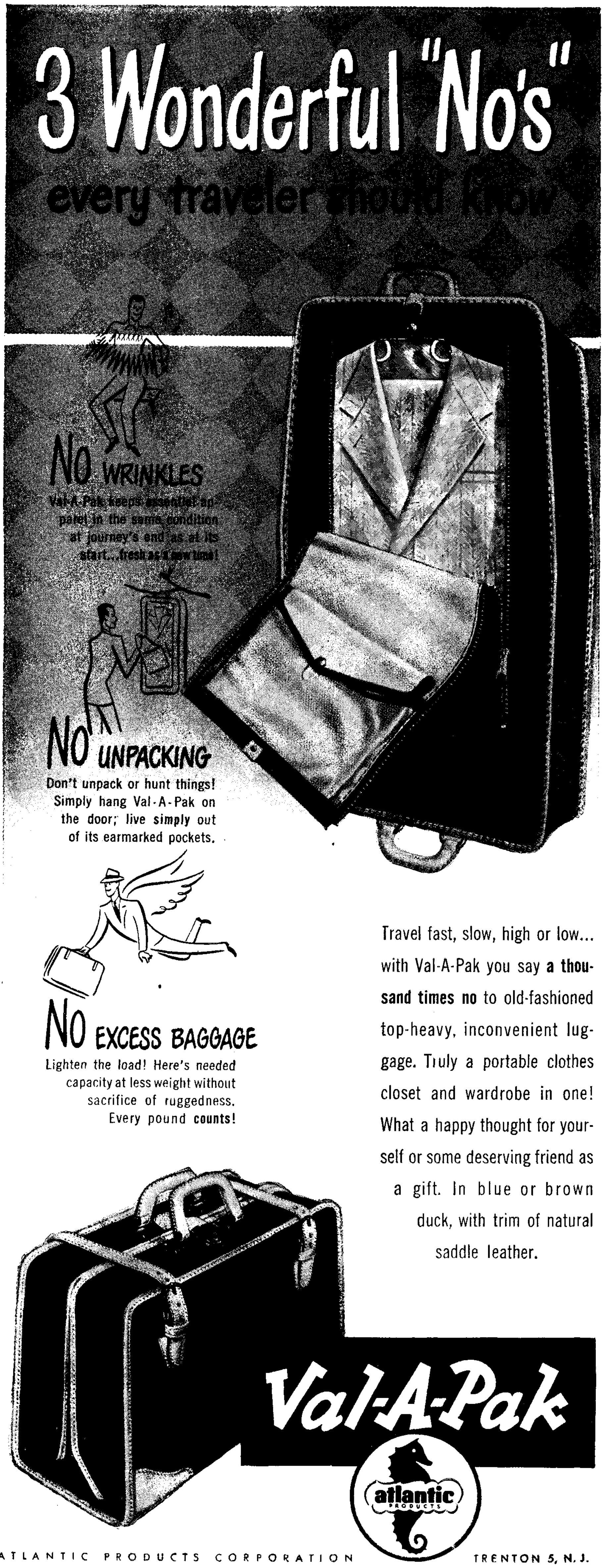
"Then you will?"

"Why not? Since I've got to be here anyway. Okay, kid, we'll make young



"Oh, boy—she's throwing the sewing machine at him"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH



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Tony so jealous his teeth will rattle."

"Oh, Bob!" I said. He sounded cynical and amused, and that was all; I didn't kid myself. But all I asked was a chance. I'm at my best at a dance and I had a new pink dress.

I passed Charlotte in the hall. I tried to go by, because I wasn't anxious to see Charlotte just then, but she stopped me.

"Where so fast, monkey? You're up to mischief."

"Were you listening?"

Charlotte laughed. "I don't need to listen. I can tell by the way your eyes shine. Have you been teasing Tony?"

I said, very dignified, "I never tease Tony."

Charlotte wasn't paying any attention. She was playing with a bit of ribbon from a package. "I suppose—I suppose you didn't see anything of Bob downtown, did you? I wondered if he'd already left."

"He said he was going to, didn't he?" I said bluntly. I was annoyed with Charlotte for making me tell fibs. And yet it wasn't a fib, I told myself; he had said he was going to.

"Yes, he did. Only I just wondered—sometimes people change their plans."

Something in Charlotte's face made me angry. "Look," I said, "if you liked him, why didn't you ask him to stay and go to the dance tonight with you?"

"But how *could* I?" Charlotte said, so quickly that I knew she'd been thinking of nothing else. "He came here as a friend of Herb's. He thinks—well, perhaps I gave him the impression that Herb was more to me than he actually was. And after that, how could I act as if I were pursuing *him?* It would seem so heartless."

"Who cares about what seems what? Present tense, first person. You must have learned it in school, too. Didn't it mean anything?"

"Penny," Charlotte said, "you're so frighteningly wise. How nice if you had a heart, too!"

I HAD a heart, and it was pounding; but I told myself it wasn't from either guilt or fear. If you want to be a star, you don't let yourself act like an extra. I went upstairs, and called Tony.

"Tony, I'm terribly sorry, but I can't go tonight. I've got a sore throat."

There was a long pause. Tony isn't given to pauses either.

"Tony, are you there?"

"If you care," said Tony, "yes. What's the matter with your throat? Your voice sounds all right."

"I can't help how my voice sounds," I said. "I think I have a temperature. My head is burning."

"It might be love," Tony said. "Have you thought of that? They say that makes the head burn. My advice to you is to soak it in cold water. I don't believe you, and I'm taking Ginny Lander. Goodby."

He hung up, and I stood looking at the phone and making funny noises. I mean, imagine Tony of all people, behaving like that! I'd never realized before what a perfectly grizzly and suspicious nature he had. I was sizzling. It took away all my guilty feeling and made me feel good.

I had told Bob I would pick him up in the beach wagon at nine-thirty. But I was dressed before nine, for once. I did my eyelashes over for the third time, and brushed my hair. I had on my new pink dress, a neat number, and a pair of nylon stockings Charlotte had been saving to give me for my birthday. I looked at myself carefully. I was satisfied that it was the best I could do, and it wasn't bad.

Then I suddenly saw Charlotte, in the mirror, standing in the doorway and watching me. It made me angry.

"What is it?" I said, turning quickly. "What do you want, Charlotte?"

She came toward me, slowly, and I saw there was something in her hand.

"I was just thinking how pretty you are, Penny," she said. "Prettier than I ever was. . . . Here. I want you to wear this tonight."

She held out her hand and I saw what was in it. It was the little star of seed pearls Herb had given her to wear in her hair, the last time he was home. It was her dearest treasure.

Charlotte pinned it in my hair and stood off to get the effect. "It's lovely on you," she said softly. "You're all sort of shining, Penny, and you go with it."

I looked at her. "Why are you giving me this?" I said in a voice that sounded funny and sharp in my own ears.

"Because," Charlotte said, "you look nice in it, and—I guess one old maid in the family's enough, isn't it?"

She was smiling, but her eyes were sad, and it struck me all at once how often Charlotte smiled, nowadays, without looking happy.

I looked at myself in the mirror, wearing Charlotte's star. I did look shiny, shiny and bright and hard, like a little nail. My hair was lovely, with the pearls in it; but under it my face looked small and mean and tight.

I tore off the pearl star. "I can't wear it!" I said. Charlotte drew back as if I'd struck her.

"Well, but why not, Penny?" she said.

Something was happening to my new bright, shiny face in the mirror; it was breaking up into splintered pieces, as if somebody had hit the glass with a hammer. My mouth opened into a red square and words came pelting out of it.

"Because," I said, "it doesn't belong to me—it's yours! And Bob's yours, too! I was just trying to steal him from you! And you're *not* an old maid. He likes you better, he always did. I lied to you, and I lied to him, and I hate myself!"

I tried to run away but Charlotte held me. "Penny darling, what's the matter? You don't know what you're saying!"

I bawled still louder. The sobs seemed to tear me apart, but I had to speak.

"It's true," I said, "it's true, Charlotte, and you've got to believe it, because it was you he liked all the time. I persuaded him to stay over so he could take you to the dance; he only stayed for that. And then I called him and told him you couldn't go, and would he take me. And I lied to Tony," I said, the whole thing hitting me at once, "and he didn't believe me, and—" I couldn't see, because the tears were rushing down so, but I could feel Charlotte take me in her arms, comfortingly, and smooth back my hair.

"Penny," she said, "tell me—does Bob mean that much to you?"

SHE was holding back my hair and looking at me searchingly, and I had to look at her. I had to look at her and lie, and that lie was the hardest to tell.

"No," I said, "he doesn't, Charlotte. He doesn't at all. I was just out for a thrill, and he was an older man, and—I was trying to make Tony jealous."

It was the hardest thing I ever had to say, but it was worth it, to see Charlotte's face as she heard it.

"Penny," she said, "Penny darling, it's all right. About Bob, I mean. And Tony will be all right—you'll see, he will!"

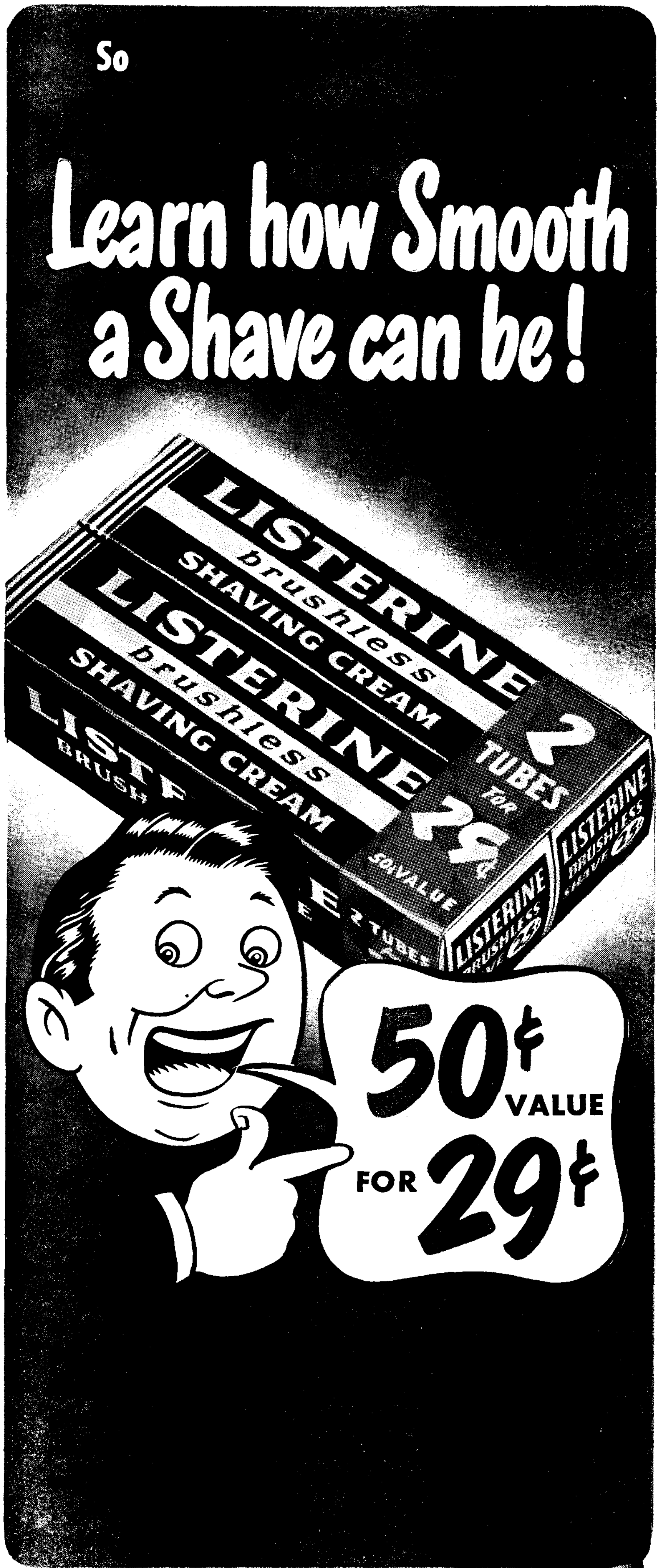
She laughed, a little confident laugh, and I had to smile back; she looked so pretty, all of a sudden. I wiped my nose, and pushed her toward the glass. "Look in the mirror," I said. "Now who's shiny!"

Charlotte looked, and laughed again. I sat her down firmly on the dressing-table stool. "Come on," I said, "we haven't much time. Use my lipstick—here, give me that brush—"

The star slipped perfectly into her hair, as if that was where it belonged. "Now!" I said, "where's that white evening gown of yours—the one with the fringe—"

It was funny, but it was more fun dressing Charlotte than it had been doing myself. Maybe because this time I wasn't worrying; I was thinking about her.

"I'll get your wrap," I said, and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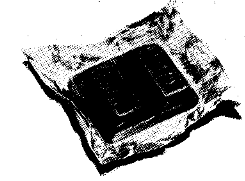

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sneaked downstairs and called Bob.

"Bob," I said, "could you start walking over? I'm a bit delayed."

"It's no more than I expected," he said in a resigned tone. "I'll be along."

I met him coming up the path. He stared at my smeared face in surprise. "What's up?" he said.

I clenched my hands and started. "Bob, I lied to you. I didn't tell Charlotte you were staying for the dance. Because I knew she liked you—better than she ever did Herb. I think—and I didn't want you to know it."

HE STOPPED short in the pathway and looked at me. I don't know what I thought he'd do—get angry, disgusted, look at me with contempt. All these I was ready for. But not what he did. He took my hand in his, looked at me very gravely, and said, "Thanks, soldier. That took guts."

I looked at him, trembling. "Then you're not—you don't—"

He bent his head and brushed my forehead lightly with his lips.

"I think," he said, "you're a pretty good kid and I'm going to like you after all."

It wasn't the kiss I had dreamed of from him, or the words I had wanted him to say; but somehow nothing ever made me feel so good.

But just then the door opened and there stood Charlotte, all slim and white and smiling in the lamplight; and right away both of them forgot me.

And right then I heard the sound of Tony's squealing brakes.

He got out of the car and came walking up the path very stiffly, his hair combed back with water and a bunch of flowers wrapped in white paper held in his hand as if they were glass.

"Tony!" I said. Something had happened to my voice, and it came out in a sort of gulp.

Tony looked at me suspiciously. "You don't look much like a bed patient to me. Here! Take these for your bronchitis."

He shoved the flowers at me with what I guess was meant to be a sneer. But it didn't come off. Neither did my thanks.

"Oh, Tony!" I said, and soaked the flowers in a flood of tears.

Tony put his arm around me. "Tony, I don't deserve these roses."

"Cheer up. The gals that do never get 'em."

"Tony, I'm not worthy of you."

"I know," Tony said, "but luckily for you, I've got awful taste."

I started laughing, and couldn't stop. Tony laughed, too.

"And now," he said, "if you're through with all this clowning, maybe we can take in tonight's scheduled brawl after all. As soon, that is, as you've washed your face. That black stuff on your eyes is all over your face. I don't ask much, but I don't go out with zebras."

I ran meekly upstairs. My heart, that I thought was broken, felt lighter than a powder puff. It's not ever the words, it's the music. Who'd ever believe that a man could tell you to wash your face, and make it sound like a love song?

THE END

THE EAGER AGGIES

Continued from page 19

Kansas. With a schedule like that—eleven games and possibly another post-season melee—they could get hurt badly before the curtain rang down.

In basketball they will be up against the same thing this year, with the *certainty* that their best man, Bob Kurland, will not be around. The seven-footer graduated last summer and will be playing with the Phillips team of Bartlesville. We saw another boy in Stillwater who looked about nine feet tall and was hailed as Kurland's successor, but perhaps Kurland was more than merely a giraffe. The scores will tell all about it next winter.

The comforting thing for Aggie rooters is to remember that they had teams before Kurland loomed up. Iba's teams at Stillwater have won 252 and lost 69 in twelve seasons. They have either been champions or co-champions of the Missouri Valley Conference ten out of the eleven years. They have been nearly unbeatable at home, having lost only five games in Gallagher Hall in ten years. Although they won forty-seven straight games at home before Southern California upset them, 28-25, in 1941, we found that not a single individual in Stillwater was bored by success during those years.

Iba himself was in a mood for a little luck when it finally came. His teams, starting with Maryville, had several times come within a point of winning an A.A.U. or N.C.A.A. tournament. He stated positively that winning is an excellent thing for the spirits and he has no intention of sacrificing this tonic.

But the wrestling record is really the fantastic thing at Oklahoma A & M. Starting under the famous E. C. (Ed) Gallagher in 1917, they have been mopping up college opposition ever since. Over the years they have won a hundred and fifty dual meets and lost only five! Not only did they win seventy consecutive matches between 1921-32 but they are now on another string of forty without a loss. Neither Gallagher nor his successor Art Griffith had ever been wrestlers, which is something in itself. Griffith (who wisely keeps very mum about his first name of Virgil) comes from Tulsa Central High, where in seventeen years his teams won all but six in a hundred and one matches. He won two national and ten state tournaments in that time.

From Gallagher comes the saying that has almost become an Aggie philosophy: "There never was a horse that couldn't be rode; and never a man who couldn't get throwed."

Sensational Track Team

They keep that firmly before them down at Stillwater because they know their luck can't last forever. The way it does last, however, is something scandalous. They had a good baseball team last spring under Tobe Greene but the real sensation was the track team under Ralph Higgins, another A & M boy who has stayed strictly put on the prairie and is now getting something of a national reputation. He was helped in this by the return from the wars of Ralph Tate. Tate was an officer in the 83d Division and was bunged up badly in Germany. His left arm is useless and he has chest wounds, but that hasn't stopped him as a hurdler and a jumper.

He won the high hurdles at the Penn Relays, the highs and lows at the Texas Relays, and the high hurdles, broad jump and hop, step, and jump at the Compton Relays in California. He ended in a rage of glory by taking the high hurdles in the junior A.A.U. championships at San Antonio and the senior hop, step, and jump title. Tate was a consistent 14-flat hurdler during the year, and right behind him was Neill Armstrong, the football end. Tate was a football star on the great 1942 team and will be around this year. Bob Fenimore was the Higgins special in the sprints—which will give you an idea of what Mr. Lookabaugh has to work with on the gridiron.

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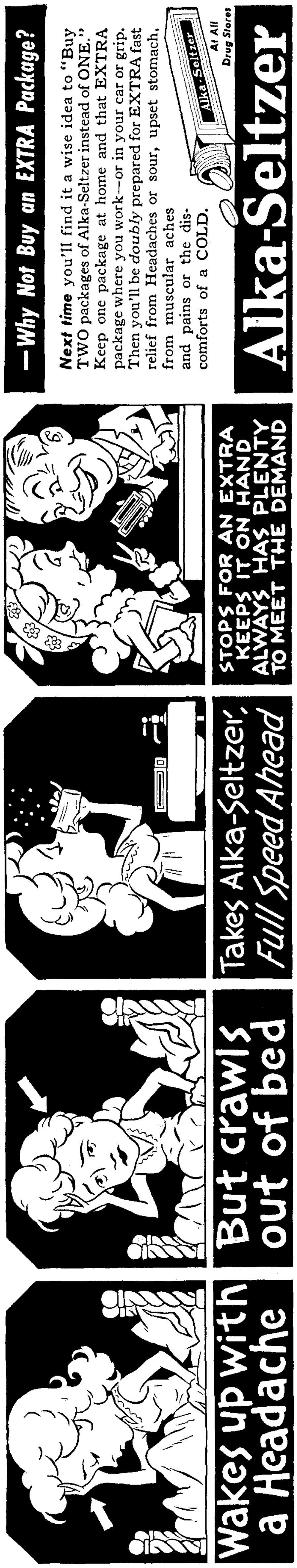
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hired building in Stillwater, the location having been made through the influence of the Populists who were roaring through the bush at that period. Their first real building was Old Central, which is still in use. Like every other team in the Southwest, the Aggies are known as the Cowboys and, more aptly on occasion, as the Farmers. Finances have never been of the best and it was with great effort that they got their Lewis Stadium, which seats 18,500 when temporary stands are added. The state bought the bonds and it is the job of the athletic association to buy them back.

An addition, two years from now, will bring the seating capacity to around 30,000, which they could easily fill, what with cowpokes riding in from hundreds of miles for a hot game. Gallagher Hall was secured under a polite subterfuge, being rightfully called the 4-H and Student Activities building—this to confuse the legislature.

The school is operated on a modest basis throughout. Lookabaugh, who is part Indian and very proud of it, as are all Oklahomans, is reputed to get $10,000 a year and a cut of the bowl-game receipts. Iba has been turning down $10,000-a-year jobs right and left, but the truth is that the big money goes only to these two. The Aggies drew only 52,500 in 1943; 75,309 in 1944 and 124,062 in 1945, which was an all-time record. In other words, Oklahoma sports are far from being big business. Gallagher Hall seats 9,000 and basketball more than pays its way but most of these are student season tickets ($10 for everything).

As we have said, it is a handsome, sturdy establishment and it caters to athletes who are very personable indeed. Fenimore looks like a matinee idol and if he plays professional football, which seems certain, the ladies will try their best to spoil him. So many of the students at Stillwater are married that they often refer to the college as the Oklahoma Aggies and Matrimonial College. This trend was evident even before the rush of veterans began. The college now has a Veterans Village with two thousand occupants, including four hundred babies. The final program calls for 1,557 veteran accommodations, caring for five thousand students. At the present time they are using rebuilt barracks of the two-story type, hutments, double and single trailers and Niessen Huts. Veterans Village has its own mayor, nursery, medical staff, newspaper and fire department. The latter comes easy because the college provides the only (or at least the first) full four-year course in fire fighting.

At Stillwater they don't like you to think that athletics are everything at the college. There is a large faculty, many of them crop and cattle specialists, doing miracles in new grasses and better cattle. Aside from its oil, Oklahoma is a poor state with little water and much land of a mediocre grade. If and when the oil peters out, they will be entirely back on agriculture, and from the Cow College is where their hope will come. They are planning now for a two-year course in industrial farming, which will equip a young man for life back on the old place, and they know that the veterans with their wives and children will be less eager for Greek, Latin and perhaps even English than for a good solid way of returning to a regular job.

Material Plentiful—and Good

But if it's sports we're talking about, and a great deal of that is done from the Panhandle of Oklahoma right down to the Texas border, the Aggies are preparing for it. The bowl games don't necessarily make a season but they make the Oklahomans forget the windy hot summers and the bleak windy winters. They have the material and aren't certain how long it will last. They rub their eyes in bewilderment at finding so many good athletes appearing simultaneously in so many sports. There was no overlapping at all last year in the three big teams—football, basketball and wrestling; they just happened to come along at the same time, and good. As Lookabaugh says with a grim look, "There's nothing like them big stout fellas who can run."

Thinking that their fame might possibly have gone to their heads, we questioned them closely at Stillwater on the point, so closely that they eventually took pity on us. Just as we were about to leave, Ed Bounds of the Journalism Department and Otis Wile, athletic publicity man, gave us a little hope.

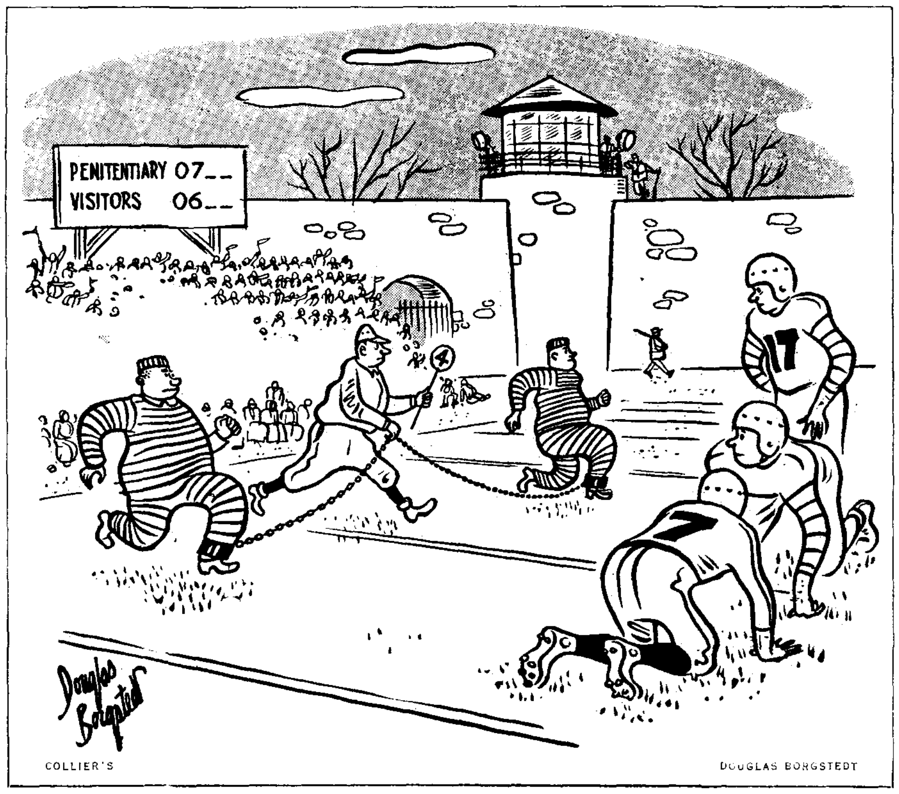
"If it will make you feel any better," they said, "we can tell you the golf team lost five out of six this year. We may even lose a couple in football this fall."

That was comforting enough but the satisfied feeling was shattered by a telegram from Wile, received after we were back in New York about a month.

"Adjutant General's Office, Washington, announced Monday Oklahoma A & M rifle team won National Intercollegiate matches," went the horrible message.

What are you going to do with an outfit like that?

THE END



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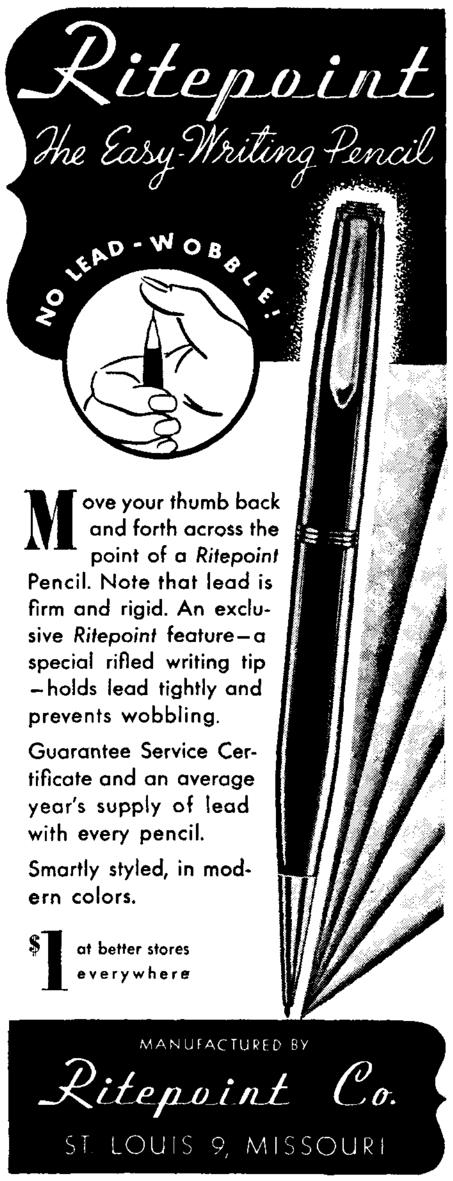
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PROTECT THAT PENSION

Continued from page 13

In January of 1935 (were they the good old days?) the President's Committee on Economic Security reported that: "18,000,000 people, including children and the aged, are dependent on emergency relief for their subsistence and approximately 10,000,000 workers have no employment other than relief work . . . At least one third of all our people, upon reaching old age, are dependent upon others for support . . ."

Out of this condition our present Social Security programs developed. There are several divisions of the Social Security system. But in this article, I shall discuss only the old-age and survivors insurances, known in alphabetically minded Washington as OASI. I'd like to tell why I think the Congress is nearsighted when it persists, as it has done six times, in postponing any increase in the one per cent pay-roll tax now collected on wages up to $250 a month from the covered worker, and one per cent from his employer on the same amount; and why it has again been in error when it has declined to expand OASI to cover almost all workers. Today only about three in five jobs are covered.

The original 1935 law called for a half of one per cent increase in the tax on worker and employer every three years until the maximum rate of three per cent on each was reached. Conditions have not required that specified rate of increase, but I think we members of Congress may regret that we yielded year after year to pressures, generally from business, and refused to raise the tax at all. In 1939 the rate was frozen for three years. Then in 1943, and each year thereafter including 1946, we have frozen it for one year. It has become a habit.

Those who argue for the continuous freeze say the old-age and survivors insurance reserve is large enough. They're right; it is more than large enough to meet liabilities—right now. They say the one-and-one tax has yielded vastly more revenue than was anticipated and that is true. And they say the number of persons retiring at age 65 is not so large as expected, and again they are correct—at the moment.

Take No Unnecessary Risks

But I am not convinced that these arguments will have continuing validity. I am a conservative in this insurance matter, a big-reserve man, a believer in figuring maximum risks and preparing for them. This OASI is the largest permanent insurance system the world has ever known. I want it to be the soundest, too. But it will not be the soundest if we forever take the political approach to the question of hiking the tax and thus increasing the reserve.

Calculations, both optimistic and conservative, show that within the working lifetime of men and women now covered by OASI, the income from the present tax will fall below the benefits that must be paid out.

There are plain reasons why, up to now, income from the tax has been higher than anticipated in 1935, and why the number of workers retiring at 65 is smaller than expected. We have had a war and with it the most super-duper labor market this country has ever experienced. The war increased income fabulously, therefore revenue poured into the OASI reserve. There was work for everyone whose body was still warm, and older persons actually were preferred for many jobs because they were not subject to draft.

Of course the older folks were delighted to get work. The way they flocked to jobs and the way they stay on them disproves the sour comments made in earlier days of Social Security about Americans loafing unless forced by privations to work. The fact that most of these old-timers continue at work explains why less than half those who are now 65 and eligible for retirement under OASI have called for the rocking chair and slippers. Only about 632,000 workers are retired and drawing their annuities. Survivors of workers who are drawing benefits number about 870,000

Up to now 85,000,000 Social Security account cards have been issued, and more than 73,000,000 workers have wage credits. The others have not been in covered employment long enough Nearly 42,000,000 workers have what is known as insured status, which means either retirement rights or enough service in covered employment to give benefits to their survivors if the workers die

Preparing for Emergencies

Will conditions continue to hold down the number of workers who retire? I hope so, but I doubt it. Probably there will be a falling off in job opportunities some of these years, and if that happens, revenue from the one-and-one tax will go down, and payments to beneficiaries of OASI will go up. I am not predicting depression. But I do say as a matter of sound insurance policy that our vast national insurance system should be prepared for anything.

Furthermore the number of aged persons is steadily increasing. In 1945 there were approximately 10,000,000 Americans 65 and over. In 1960 the number is expected to be 14,000,000; and by 1980 it will be 18,500,000. This is an increase from about 7 to 9 to 11.5 per cent of our total population.

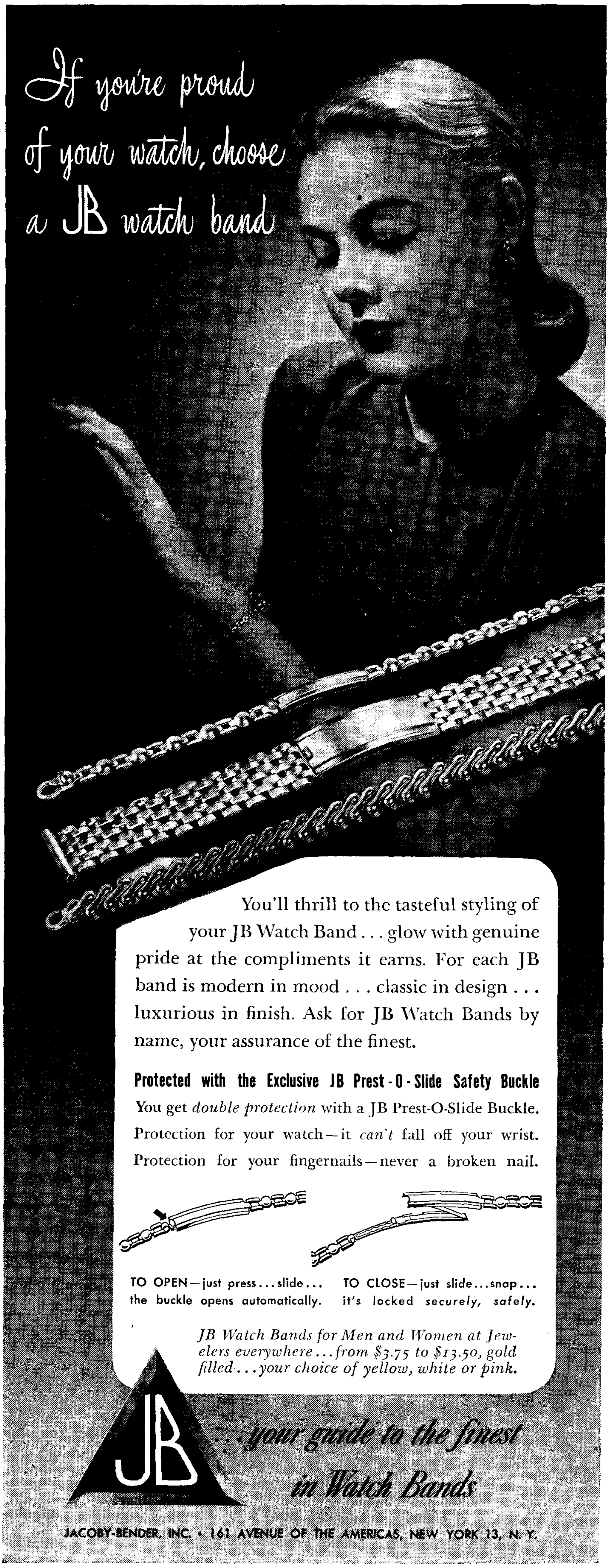
If, to this steady increase in the number of eligible aged we add those who might be thrown out of work by diminishing job opportunities, we have potentially a much heavier demand for benefit payments than we have at present

But that is not all that might happen to increase liabilities OASI benefit rates were fixed in a depression year, more or less in line with the pitiful subsistence standards of 1935. The present law sets the minimum sum for a retired worker at $10 monthly. The approximate maximum benefit—payable after ten years in covered employment at $250 a month—is $44 a month. If a worker's wife is living and also is 65, she will receive half as much as he, and the check comes to her, not to him. Dependent children under 18 years also receive checks, provided the total for an entire family does not exceed twice the worker's benefit, or 80 per cent of the average monthly salary, or $85 a month, whichever is least.

In 1946 the average worker's benefit is about $25 a month. The average widow of an insured worker receives about $20 a month, and the average surviving dependent child about $12. These benefit figures may have looked pretty good in 1935, but they look sick today. They are not high enough to achieve anything near the degree of Social Security anticipated when the law was passed, and almost certainly they will be raised within the next several years.

Today the wife of a covered worker does not become eligible for her part of the annuity until she, too, is 65, and neither does an insured woman worker. But there is much talk of reducing the retirement age to 60 for all women. I think the change is likely, and that's more liability in the making.

On any day of the year about 3,500,000 persons are suffering from disabilities that have persisted for six months or more. Of this number about 1,500,000 are between 15 and 65 years of age, and



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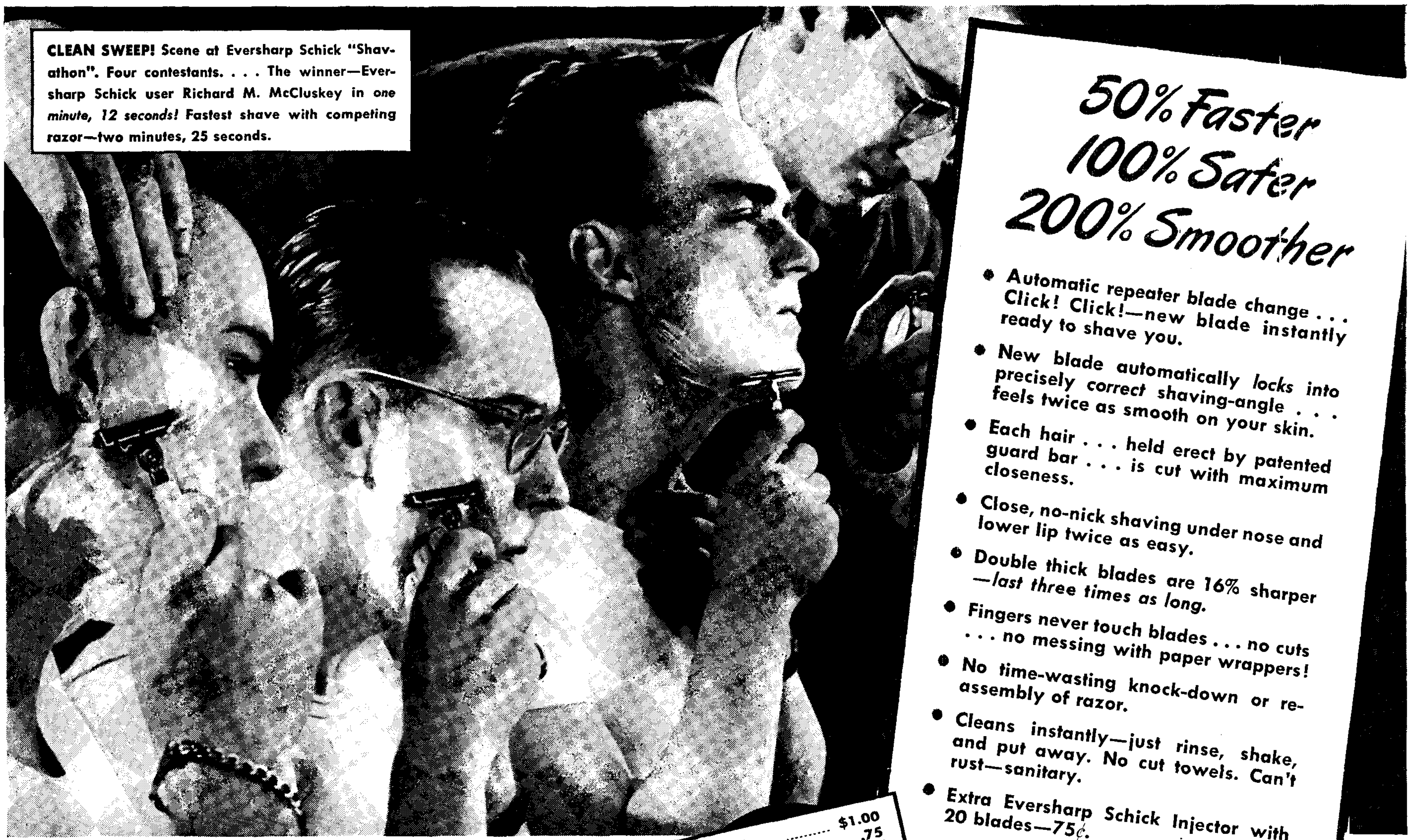

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certainly many of them have worked in covered employment. Should they be allowed retirement pay for permanent or extended disability just as if they had reached the normal retiring age of 65? I think probably they should.

A study made by the Social Security agency showed that in 70 per cent of the households where the head of the family was disabled, per capita income was less than $250 a year, or about one-fourth normal. This is a condition that almost certainly will be dealt with generously when it comes to common consciousness, and that, once more, will mean new potential withdrawals from Social Security funds.

I could go on, but that's enough to suggest that anyone who counts on maintaining the *status quo* of OASI probably is away off base.

There has been a lot of griping about the lack of business methods in government, and often I agree with the gripers. Generally, however, government and business are not identical in purposes or methods, therefore a strict comparison between them is fuzzy in its logic. But this old-age and survivors insurance program can be conducted on businesslike lines, and perhaps will be if—and I want you to get this—businessmen and groups will lay off their insistence that the one-and-one tax be continuously frozen.

Protect the System We Want

I am terribly afraid of a pay-as-we-go policy in this matter because the need for payments could go up sharply at any time without a corresponding increase in income, and that would call for scooping money out of the common treasury. That in turn would mean we had lost to some degree what we wanted —a true insurance system. The economic and social problems of this industrialized age cannot be solved—or more than temporarily eased—by shoveling money out of the Treasury. Emergencies may be met with handouts, but not prevented with them.

If my memory is accurate, nearly all the opposition to raising the one-and-one pay-roll tax has come from conservative business sources. The explanation, perhaps, is that business has been taxed so heavily it is fighting a general battle against all tax increases, an attitude easier to understand than to defend.

Over against this opposition, spokesmen for workers have asked for increased pay-roll deductions in order that benefits may be greater. In his testimony, one businessman expressed deep sympathy for "the hard-pressed workers" being required to make larger contributions if the tax was increased. But he was not speaking for labor, either organized or unorganized. Examine a few special retirement systems and you learn that workers are willing, if not eager, to make large contributions in return for increased benefits.

Railroad men participating in the retirement fund they have set up are currently paying three and one half per cent of salary up to $300 a month, with employers putting in a like amount. This is scheduled to go up in 1947. Federal Civil Service workers pay five per cent of salary gladly. Workers want security, and are willing to pay for it. Their leaders take this position consistently. In my opinion, the Congress could raise the pay-roll tax a half of one per cent, or even one per cent on salary up to $250 a month, the present limit, or up to $300 a month, with no protest from the workers.

What the Depression Proved

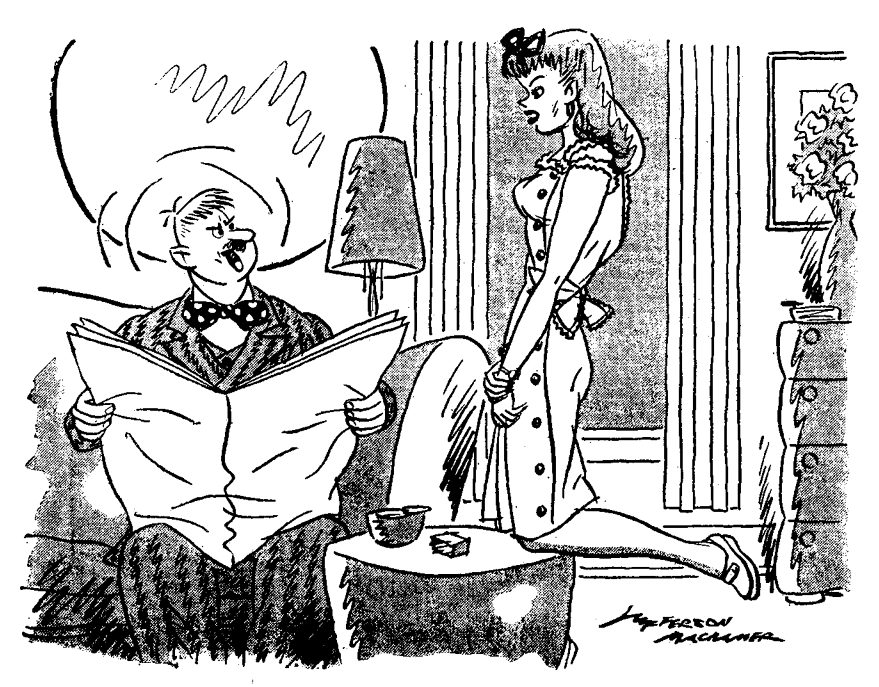
Why should business object? The depression proved we are all one people, economically. What is bad for a part is bad for the whole; and what is good for a part is good for the whole. Security for the aged, for dependent children and for the disabled will mean a safer economy for us all. Let's not run the risk of huge handouts from the Treasury in case of depression. Let's learn something from the experience of the past fifteen years.

Suppose the OASI reserve grows larger and larger for a time, what of that? We would merely be saving up for possible lean years when the surplus might be reduced to meet increased obligations.

The time will come—I do not know the year—when the Social Security system will reach maturity. We'll know then from experience how large the reserve should be, and how high the pay-roll taxes.

Today we cannot know these precisely. At the start of the programs we underestimated income and overestimated obligations. Today we seem to me to be in danger of reversing that miscalculation. The war boom upset the conservative or pessimistic estimates of 1935. If that boom ends, the optimistic estimates of today will be upset.

A huge reserve, some say, would be a temptation too juicy for political appropriators to resist, but I do not believe



"Daddy, how about boosting my allowance from twenty-five to a hundred and only giving me half of it?"

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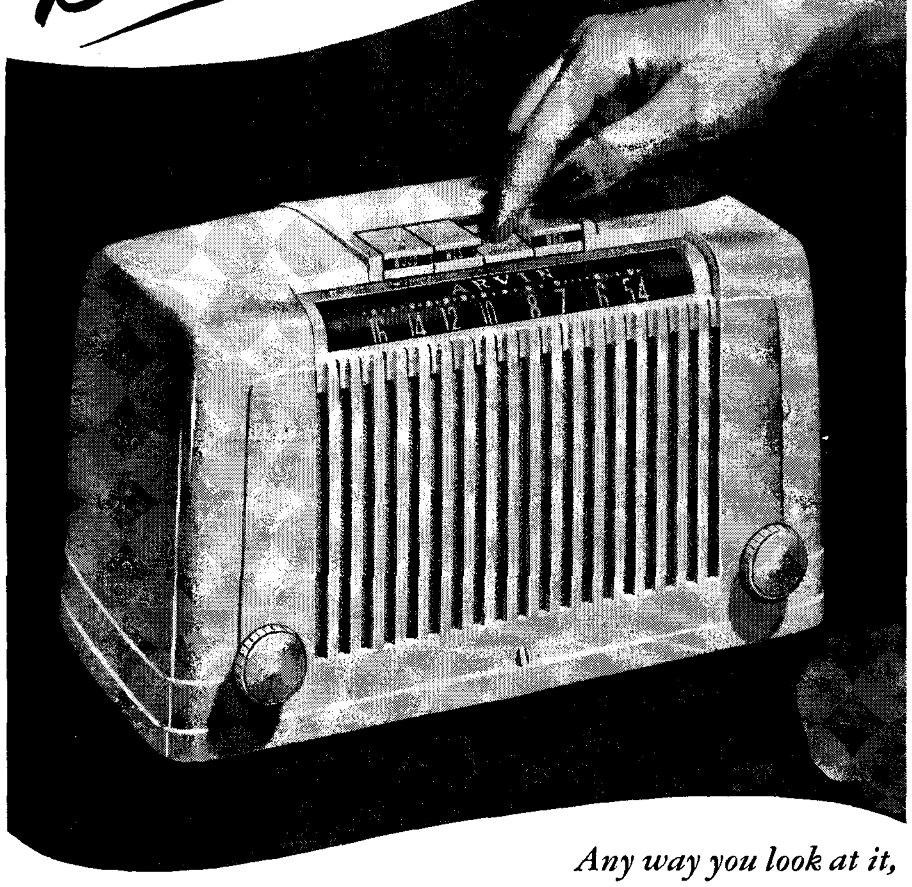
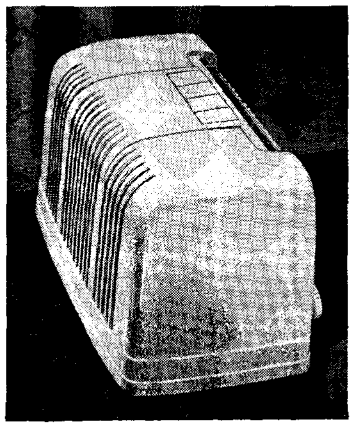


Any way you look at it,
from any angle, it's a beauty to see and a beauty to play . . . the new Arvin Model 555A in ivory plastic.



● **Touch-and-play "piano key" selectors** are smoothly contoured into the top of this beautiful radio for fast, easy finger-tip tuning of your favorite stations.

With its attractive appearance and new tuning convenience, this radio is equally pleasing in the excellence of its performance. You tune in programs so easily and clearly, on the "touch-and-play" keys or the modern, edge-lighted, slide-rule dial.

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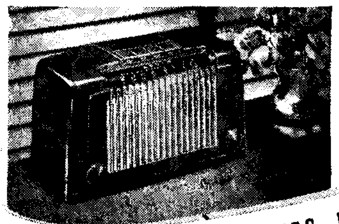

At left is the new Arvin Model 555 in walnut plastic cabinet. You'll marvel at the tone and power built into Arvin Top-Flight Radios at low prices everyone can afford.

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STOP FIRE
76% of all FIRES* start from 4 major causes

MATCHES and CARELESS SMOKING HABITS
30%

FAULTY STOVES, FURNACES, CHIMNEYS, ETC.
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THESE are the four principal causes of fires. They head the list. Today—they are putting people out of homes; putting men out of jobs—and taking thousands of lives, in the greatest increase in fire waste ever recorded.

Fires due to carelessness—recklessness, may cost this country 600 million dollars and ten thousand lives this year. No nation, in normal times could long stand such a loss. In *these* times—of scarce materials, clothing, furniture, food—fire has reached the stage of national emergency!

Do your share now to stop it! Be careful with matches, smoking materials, and all inflammable liquids. Check all electrical devices, wiring, stoves, furnaces, chimneys.

Check your fire insurance now. Consult your local insurance agent or broker about today's higher values. Don't let fire catch you under-insured. A phone call now may save you thousands of dollars.

**From a ten-year record of the known causes of fires*

that is necessarily true. The masses of Americans, including organized laborers, know or soon will learn that the OASI trust fund belongs to those who have contributed to it and the politician who might try to dish it out indiscriminately would be asking for trouble at the next election.

There is more real danger, as I see it, of the continued increasing of benefits without a corresponding increase in the pay-roll tax to support it. I have seen Congress increase benefits almost by unanimous consent. I think Congress will continue to do so as the need arises. There is always little political resistance to higher benefits where good cause is shown. The resistance comes always to the tax increase needed to pay for them. If you do not wish to see general tax revenue diverted to pay out these additional benefits which are sure to come, you should insist on the fund's being large enough to pay its own way.

I have faith in the common sense of Americans. I think they will understand that OASI is insurance, their insurance, and that so long as it is operated properly they will get more from their policies than would be possible for the same investment from any other source.

Next, consider the expansion of OASI to cover millions of workers now excluded from its benefits. These workers and their employers will pay premiums in the form of pay-roll taxes as coverage expands, and these premiums will be sufficient to carry the added liabilities if employment, wage and benefit levels remain as they now are. But, again, let's figure as the engineer does when he builds a bridge; let's make ready for maximum stresses and strains.

The Same Protection for All

The man who works in an unincorporated business, for a farmer, or is self-employed, or the woman who works in domestic service is subject to the conditions of our industrial age equally as much as is the covered worker, and should have the same *right* to *buy* old-age income.

Then why were so many left out from under? The answer, I suppose, is that back in the 1930s when Social Security was something new, neither the people nor Congress were ready to tell all these people they must keep records and make even tiny contributions toward a retirement fund for their helpers.

Just imagine what the housewives would have said if we had told them to keep records, and make deductions and contributions for the ultimate benefit of their household help!

Politically, that would have been impossible back in the 1930s, and probably it would have been impossible administratively. Now, however, the country has had ten years of experience with Social Security and we know a lot more about it than we did at the start. Administrative problems have been solved reasonably well. If insurance records can be kept on a million workers, they can be kept on a hundred million. Employers who swore they could not keep records on any such complicated system are keeping those records now as a routine part of their business. On three in five jobs, the system is clicking, and I think the time has come for covering those other two jobs.

These two out of five employees who are *not* covered are usually left—if they are in need—to the public assistance programs of the various states. They thus virtually go on old-age "relief" rolls, and receive meager handouts on a pauper basis.

If the OASI were expanded to cover them they and their employers would alike pay for their own retirement, and a good part of the heavy burden of state pension plans would be lifted from the general revenue funds of both the states and the federal government.

Whatever the difficulties in expanding coverage to farm laborers, domestic servants, the self-employed and to others, I think we should do it. Why protect only a part of the people if all or nearly all might be protected?

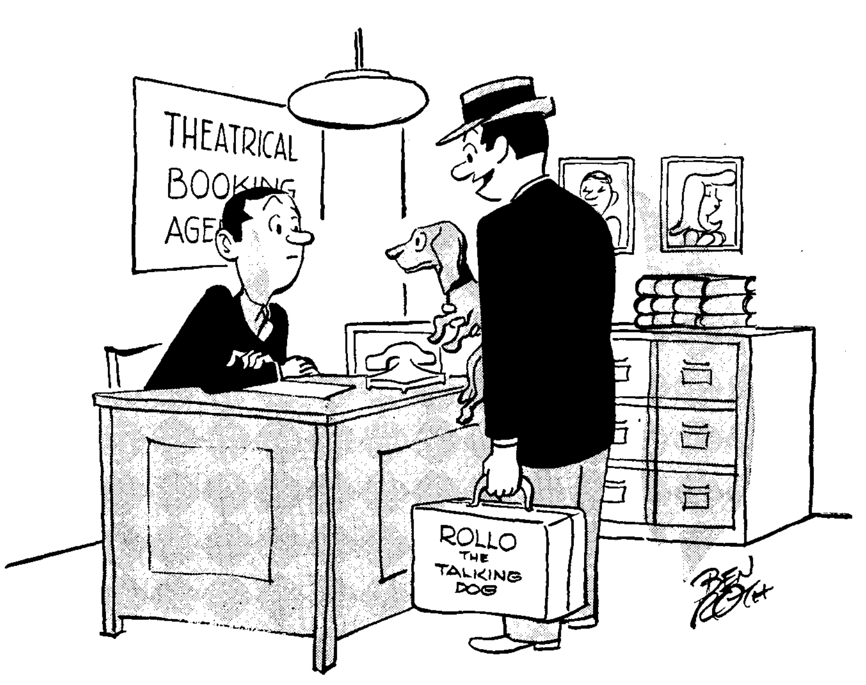
To me, it does not seem fair, necessary or sensible for a worker to be deprived of OASI protection merely because his job opportunities happened to come in uncovered fields. Nor does it seem fair, necessary or sensible that a worker who spends part time in covered employment, then moves to an uncovered job, should lose, as he may, the premiums he has paid in.

A worker should be free to follow the most attractive job opportunities open to him without sacrifice of Social Security status.

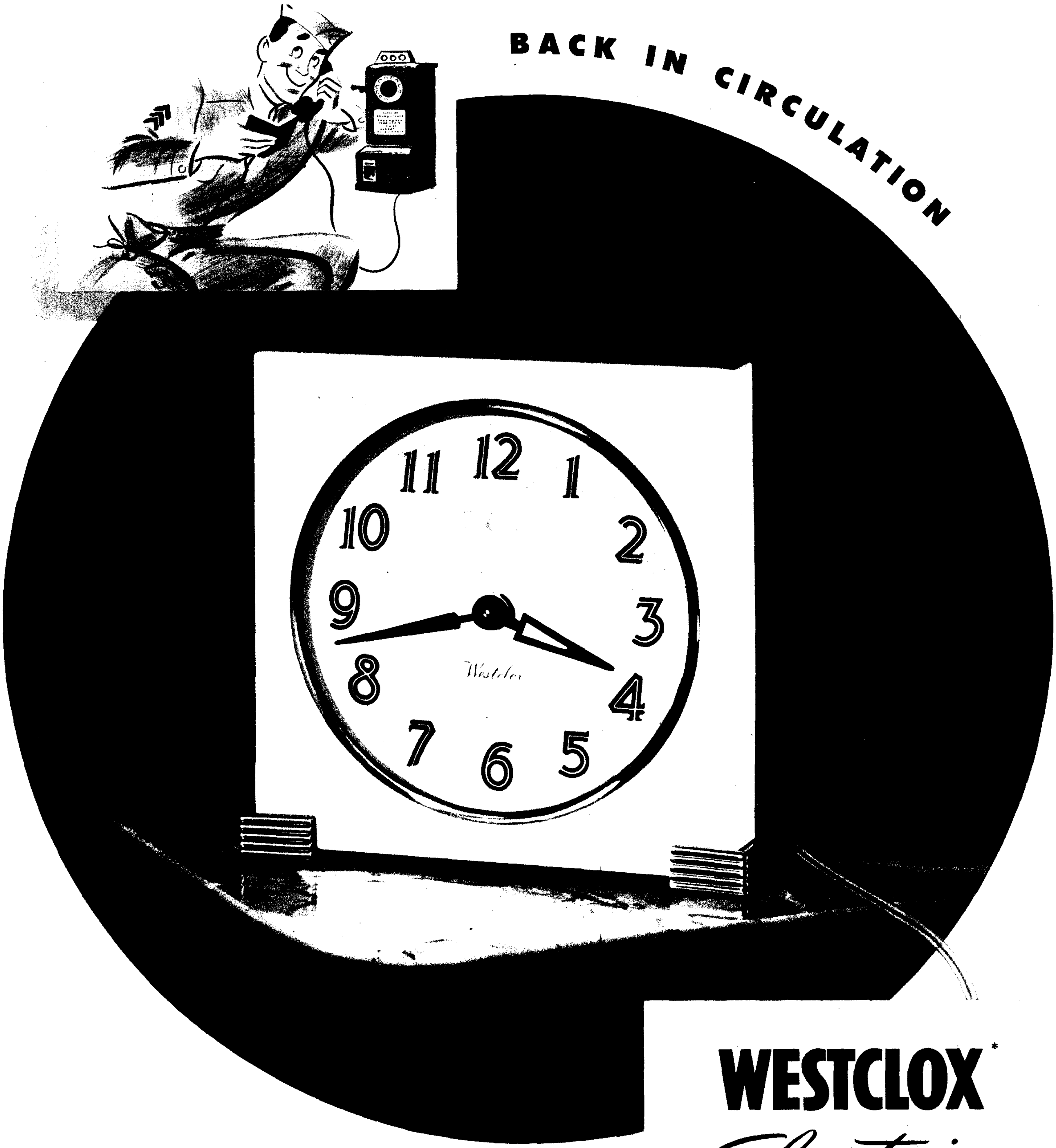
Three in five jobs covered is not enough. An average payment of $25 a month to retired workers is not enough.

As certain as day follows night, benefits will be expanded and increased. Therefore, we must make pay-roll taxes sufficiently high to carry the load. If we do, we'll have always an insurance system. If we do not, I don't know what we'll have if another depression should come.

THE END



COLLIER'S "He only barks when he gets so mad he can't find words" BEN ROTH



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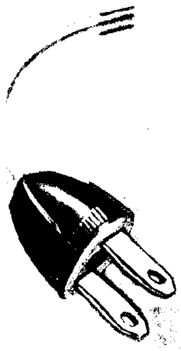

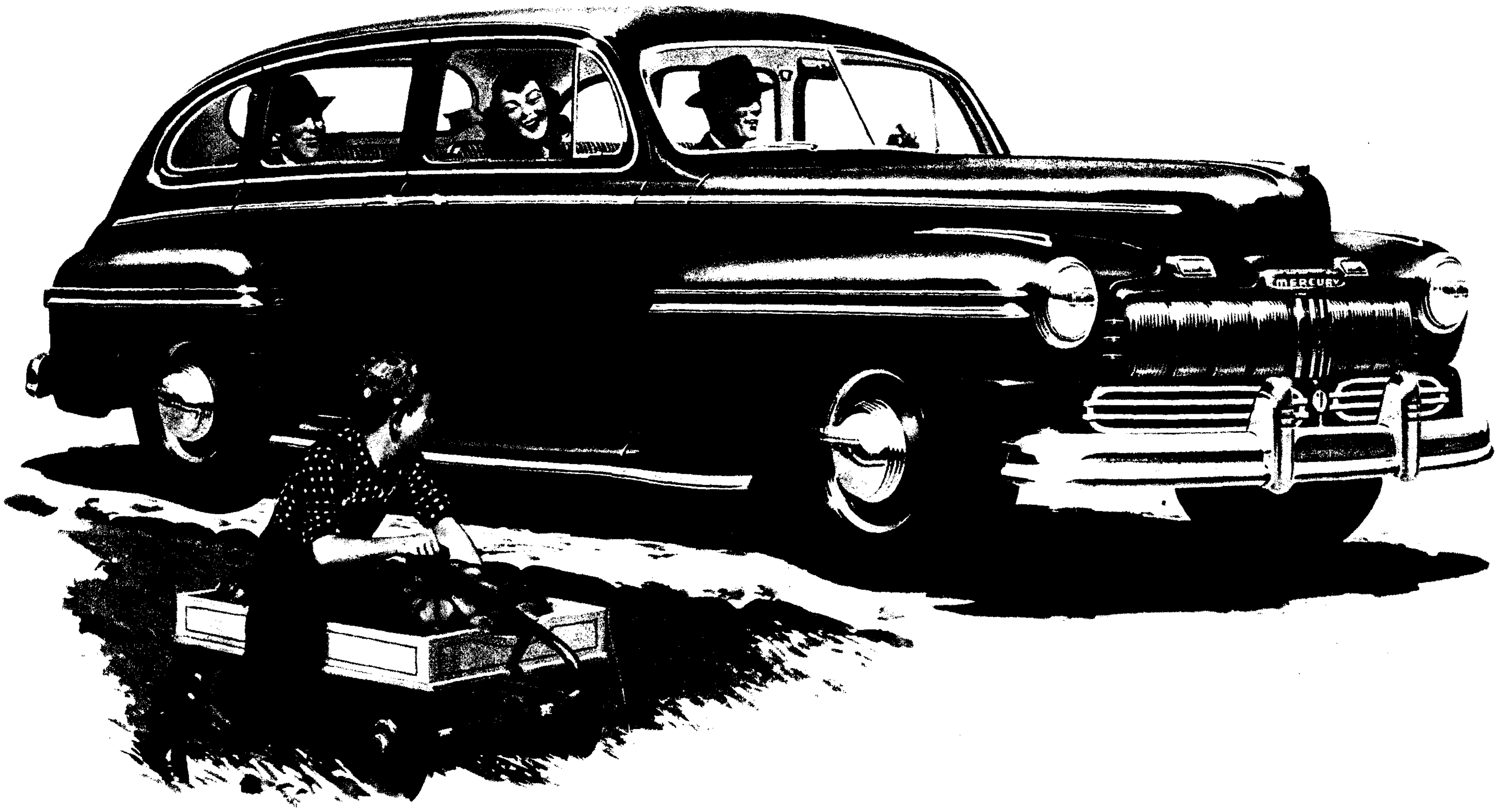

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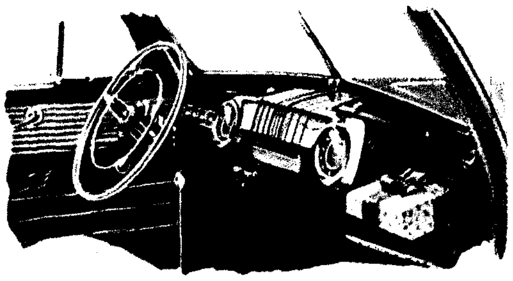

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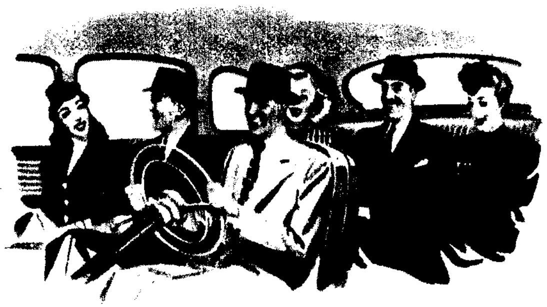

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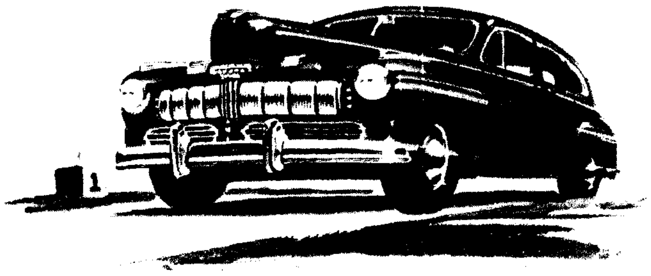
Room for six—and then some, in a Mercury! Room with *comfort,* too, because Mercury holds the road so well, smooths out the bumps, handles so easily it's a joy to drive and ride in.



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MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

THE OUTLAW OF MOPANG FOREST

Continued from page 20

"Any children?" inquired the one-eyed poacher.

"Yes."

Uncle Jeff said he liked children, and was grieved that any of them should be blessed with such a parent as Gid Andrews appeared to be. He added that he hoped the offspring were living with relatives, where their father's influence could not distort their characters.

"We are moving into the old Weatherbee house next Friday," replied the warden, coldly. Then he added with heavy irony: "In case you want to make us a call."

"Friday's the wrong day of the week," said the one-eyed poacher.

"Meaning?"

"Meaning," said the old-timer, driven to recklessness, "that I don't eat fish—and that by Monday, I will kill a deer in your district, and eat it, or else peddle it out."

"All right, Jeff Coongate. And by Tuesday you'll be in jail."

"You got to catch me first."

"Catching men like you is what I love."

Now, controlling his wrath, the outlaw of Mopang Forest drew himself up, and bowed with peculiar hauteur. While the awed listeners watched, he turned loftily to Sim Pease, gesturing with his great hands, and saying: "Sim, I'll have a box of forty-five seventy's, some salt pork, some batteries for my jack light, an' a bottle of Hernando's Fiery Dagger Rum—no, make it a jug."

The warden, smiling like death, turned slowly and left the store. When he had disappeared, Sim Pease said: "Jeff, you shouldn't of talked that-a-way. That Gid Andrews has got a bad eye."

"So have I!" replied the one-eyed poacher.

"You can't win," said Sim. "He'll get you, an' he ain't fussy just how he does it."

"I made my boast, an' I aim to carry it out."

The old woodsman gathered his purchases, charged them to his absentee friend, Zack Bourne, who, he said, owed him eleven dollars, and departed, sauntering proudly into the blue, chill sunlight of fall. Watching the gaunt figure, one would not have guessed that he realized how dangerously he had overplayed his hand. He remembered the merciless eye of the man he had challenged. And he longed for companionship on his boasted expedition.

At the lower end of the hamlet, he met Jumbo Tethergood.

"Jumbo," he said, in a confidential tone, "I know where there's a handsome buck, an' I aim to git him before the season opens."

"Can I come, Jeff? I'm hungry for wild meat."

Even in his increasing alarm, the one-eyed poacher could not refrain from savoring the drama of his plight. Taking a thoughtful pull from the jug of Hernando's, he shook his head.

"Jumbo," he said, "I've loved you since you was a little boy. So I ain't got the heart to take you with me when I git that buck. It's a dangerous thing, Jumbo. Your children, and Tessie would—"

"What they got to do with it? I got a right to go, ain't I?"

"Yes, yes, that's a fact. Jest wanted to warn you first. I told the new game warden I was goin' to kill a buck by Monday."

Jumbo Tethergood averted his eyes. He shuffled his feet. He had heard of the new scourge.

"Well, Jeff, I'd sure like to go with you. I ain't afeared of no new warden. I'd tell it to his face, too. But, fact is, I got to go to Mopang to buy hay. I jest remembered this minute."

AT THE public landing on the dark, forbidding lake, Jeff got his canoe and loaded it. He was about to shove off, when Zack Bourne appeared. These two old woodsmen were lifelong comrades, and at sight of Jeff, Zack whooped with joy. He smote his friend upon the back, causing a cloud of dust to arise. "Why, Jeff, you old polecat! I ain't seen you in weeks."

Uncle Jeff stood with eyes downcast, making no response. Zack stared. He was rebuffed and hurt. "What ails you? Where you goin'?"

"Goin' to kill one more deer."

"You talk like it was your last."

"Is—prob'ly."

Zack laughed.

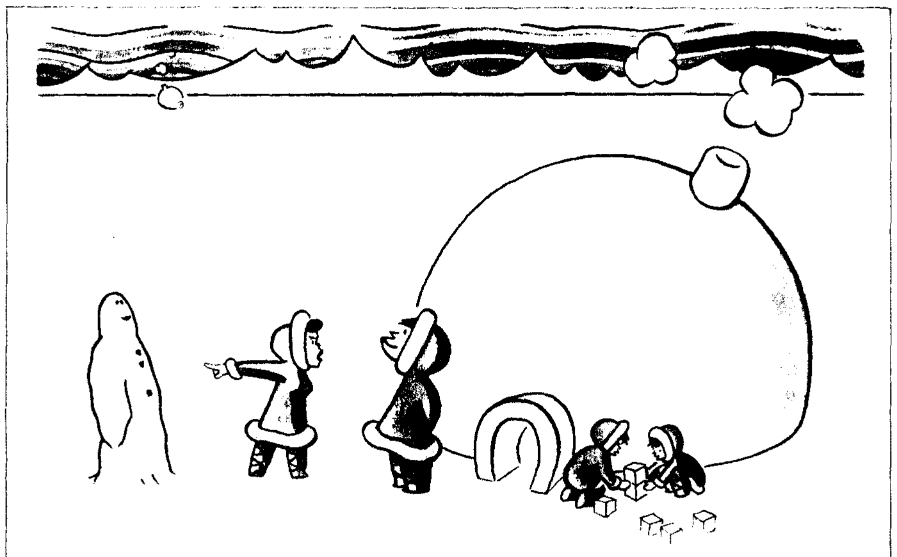
"That sure is good. Your last! Wait'll I tell Stumpy Coldwillow, an' them that knows you. And—say! I think I'll go with you. I told Sarah I mightn't be back tonight."

"No, Zack," intoned old Jeff, blinking away a dampness in his eye, "I want to be alone."

"You want to be *alone!* In your own *company?* Do you *like* to suffer?"

"No, Zack. It's just that you always been like a brother to me. I don't want no harm to come to you. I aim to make the supreme sacrifice, alone. This hunt is too dangerous."

"What in hell you talkin' about? Too dangerous! How about when we chloroformed them beaver on Sabio Deadwater? How about the time we doubled



"All right, so it's a fine snowman and you made it when you were a boy but I'm getting sick of looking at it!"

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7 A. M. "No house-hunting for me today," moans Mary, "even if those advertisements do sound wonderful." She's awakened feeling sick and headachy, due to the need of a laxative.

"Honey, we can't live in hotels forever," says her home-loving husband. "Let me fix you a glass of Sal Hepatica."

9 A. M. They discover a dream house—before anyone else does! Lucky thing they started so early. Good thing they thought of Sal Hepatica.

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Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again too.

3 out of 5 doctors interviewed in a national survey recommend taking Sal Hepatica—so next time you need a laxative why don't *you* try it?

ASK YOUR DOCTOR about the efficacy of this famous prescription! Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today, remembering this caution:—use only as directed.

Whenever you need a laxative
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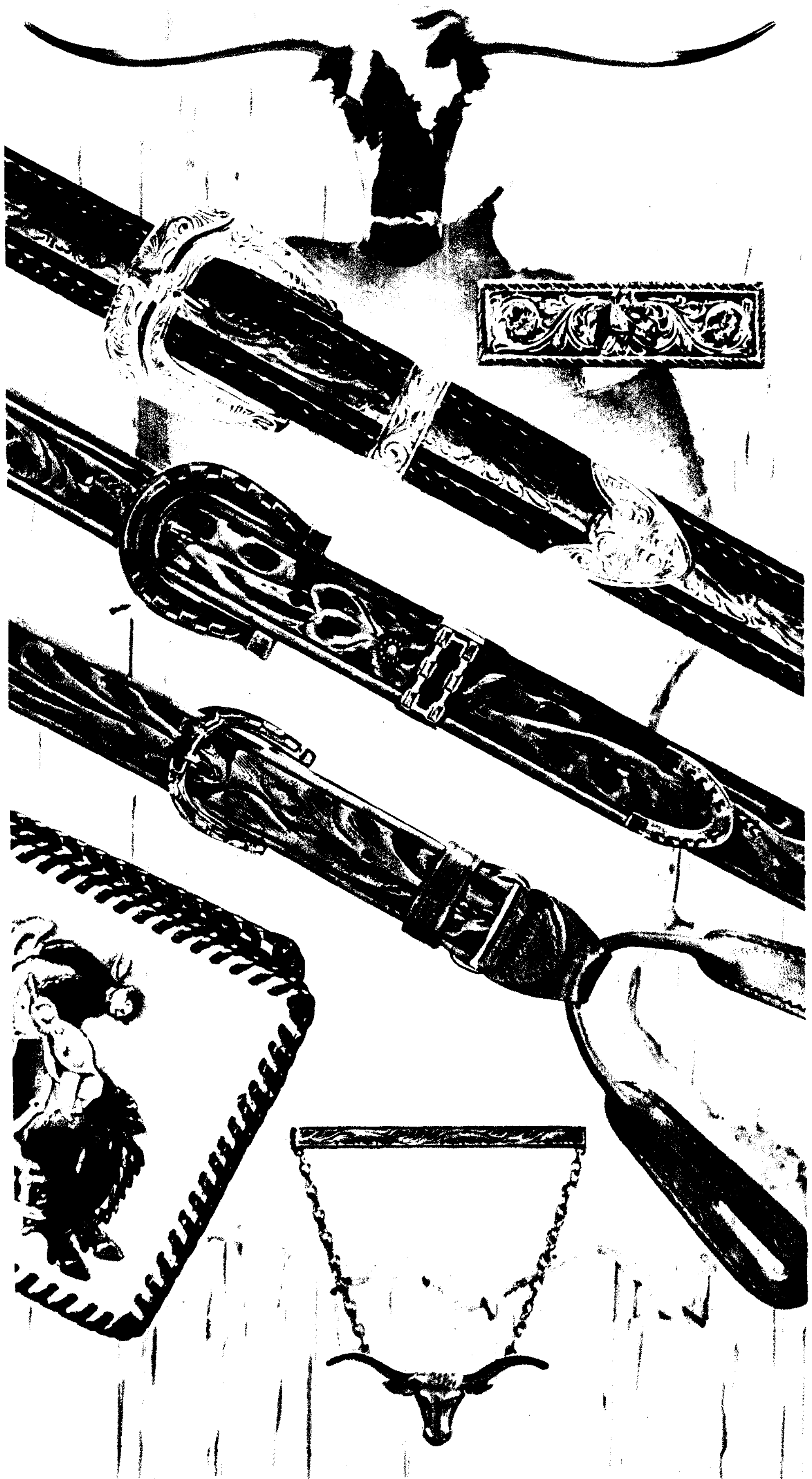

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on the Little Mopang Trail, with a hind quarter of moose."

Thomas Jefferson Coongate smiled benignly on the bewildered and angry Zack. There was a sad, lost look in the old poacher's eye as he informed his friend of the deadly news. "You see, Zack, I told this here new warden, this Gid Andrews, that I'm goin' to kill a piece of meat in his district by Monday."

"What!"

Uncle Jeff nodded solemnly.

"Jeff!" croaked Zack. "You mean to say you—why, don't you *know* about this Andrews man?"

"Uh-huh."

"He killed two men down in Jackpine County. Did you know that?"

"It was three men," corrected Uncle Jeff, who had heard nothing of the deed hitherto, "an' he wounded a small boy."

Zack Bourne licked his lips and stared off across the lake. Beads of sweat gathered under his hat. "Well," he said, limply, "I had really ought to git back uplake to Sarah tonight. I hadn't ought to leave her alone."

"No," said the one-eyed poacher, settling in the stern of his canoe and taking his paddle, "an' tell Sarah goodby for me, in case I—uh—don't see her no more." As he slid away from the landing, Uncle Jeff called back: "You can have my salmon spear, Zack. You know where I hid it. It's with the dynamite, an' you can have that, too."

Then the old-timer bent to his paddling and to the practical detail of his brazen adventure, pausing only occasionally to indulge in the delights of self-pity and persecution.

He caught two glimpses of Gideon Andrews during the next three days, and once found where the warden had built a fire the size of the bottom of a tea boiler. He thrilled now to the game of cat and mouse, his skill enchanting his ego, his every move a sly perfection. Early on the morning of Monday, he played his ace, a figurative card he had designed and developed himself. On Jim Brown sand beach, near the Black Lake Trail, where deer were known to be plentiful, he drew up his canoe, stepped out, and made stealthy but readable tracks into the bush. It mustn't be too obvious. He knew Gid Andrews already for a hound on his trail.

In the brush he circled, stepping on stones and roots, leaving no trace that a man might read. He came back out on the lake on a dry ledge, stepped off into the congealing, waist-deep water, waded up the shore till he caught the stern of his canoe. He dragged the canoe back into the water, climbed in, rounded White Otter Point, and poled up White Otter Stream for eleven miles.

THE one-eyed poacher was dead sure of his ruse. It had never failed, and Zack Bourne was the only man living who shared the trick with him. Gid Andrews would be searching for him clear over on Black Lake. At Simpson's Bark Landing on White Otter Stream, he lifted out the canoe and carried it over Mopang Ridge to Little Mopang Stream—and so on, safely, he thought, back to the very outskirts of Privilege.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, he lay in a spruce thicket bordering Stumpy Coldwillow's high mowing. The spot was an insulting and impudent mile from the very house where the warden lived! He had traveled twenty-one miles of hard going in six hours, and as he lay resting and priding himself, he peered through the thicket toward the old beech stump which he had so patiently salted for the past weeks. Closest to him lay his historic .45-70 Winchester, confiscated and redeemed innumerable times. Next to the rifle lay the jug of Hernando's Fiery Dagger, still half full. Beyond the rum lay the tattered knapsack, which had never held a legal trout.

That there Gid Andrews, with the mean eyes, thought Uncle Jeff, is layin' off in the brush on the Black Lake Trail, listenin' for a gunshot he'll never hear. I wonder how much I can git for that buck? 'Course, I'll save the loin for myself and maybe give Zack some.

He reached for the jug, drank, and drank again.

The salt lick was upwind and presently, as if by appointment, two does, a spikehorn, and a big buck stepped daintily from the shoulder-high spruces, necks stretching, nostrils distended. Their tongues eagerly caressed the enticing salt. In the dimming light, the one-eyed poacher watched them fondly. Soundlessly he cocked his rifle.

He didn't want the big buck. The animal was not fat. He selected the spikehorn, waited till he got a clear sight, squeezed the trigger.

THE sound of the discharge made the forest shudder briefly. The spikehorn lay still. The two does and the big buck had vanished. The old poacher lay where he was for a moment, then stood up and stalked to his game. He smiled, and tugged at his two stringy mustaches. No waste! His bullet had entered the deer's head just behind and below the right ear.

He dressed the animal in less than ten minutes, with a manual dexterity that would have pleased a juggler. He sectioned out the two loins, put them in his knapsack, and hid the paunch and hide. He hung the remainder high in a sprung sapling.

It would have taken a genius with two trained hounds to find an overturned leaf after Uncle Jeff finished his job. He shouldered his knapsack and started through the woods edging Stumpy's mowing, when the sound of footsteps froze him cold. He disappeared behind a giant beech, blending with the scenery, stone still, his rifle in one hand, his jug in the other.

Game Warden Gideon Andrews stepped into view not twenty feet away, walking slowly, beady eyes level. The old-timer quaked with consternation. Could it be that his tricks had failed? Was this sinister warden his match? Before he had attempted to answer these questions, a second warden stepped into view, almost on the heels of Gid Andrews. Uncle Jeff's surprise changed to astonishment as a third warden followed the first two. Next he was dumfounded, for a fourth warden appeared, then a fifth, until, in all—if he had counted right—there were *eleven!*

They were walking fast, single file, and they passed within those twenty feet of him. It was clear that they had not heard the shot which had been fired ten or twelve minutes ago. Eleven game wardens! The one-eyed poacher, after his first shock, was enchanted, then vastly pleased.

He saw the whole thing plainly, and it reflected nothing but the greatest credit upon himself. For the ordinary poacher, one game warden was adequate to the peril and problem thereof. But for Thomas Jefferson Coongate, not even the crafty Gideon Andrews would suffice. Ten more of the standard variety had been pressed into service in emergency. At last, reflected the one-eyed poacher approvingly, the state had paid him proper recognition. They had realized after the long, wearying years, that he was equal approximately to eleven minions of the law.

It was probably one of the happiest moments in Uncle Jeff's life. His pleasure disarmed him. Maybe, he thought, cat-footing along behind the wardens, and veering off at a ninety-degree angle from their line of travel, maybe they'll bury me one of these days amongst all them kings, an' sech—like they would of buried that Robert Hood, from that there Sherwood Forest.

Now, in the gathering dusk, through the mists of his self-esteem, the one-

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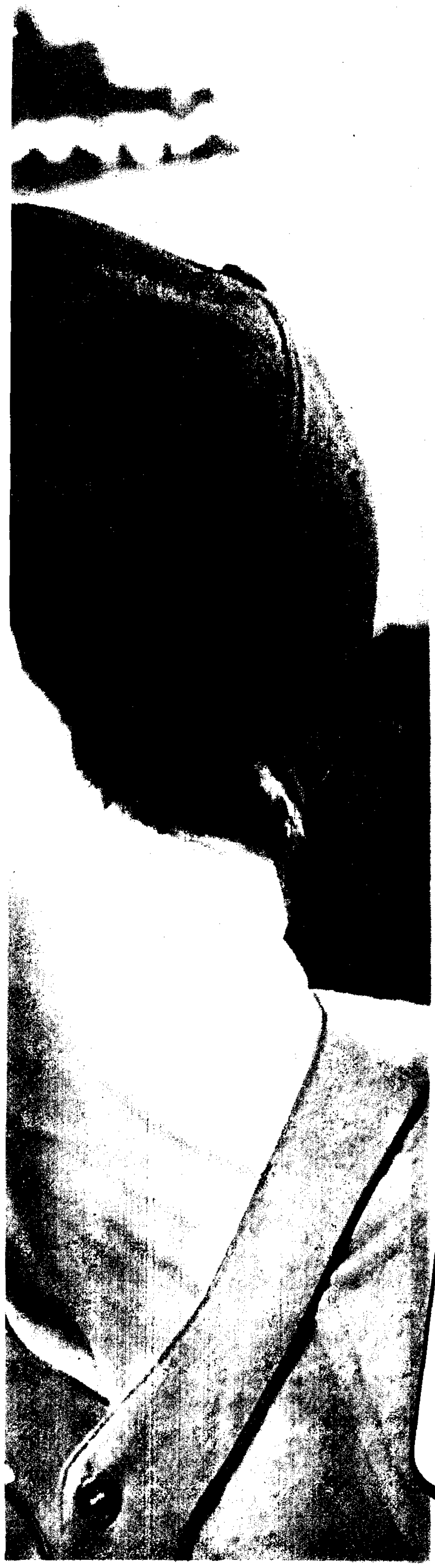

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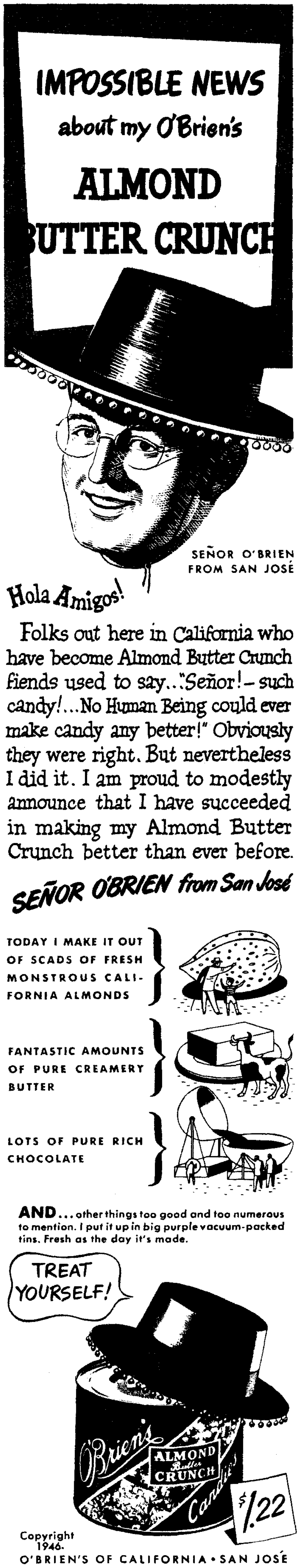

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O'BRIEN'S OF CALIFORNIA • SAN JOSÉ

eyed poacher's natural suspicions pierced him. Just how did the eleven wardens happen to be so close to town? Just how had his deceptive tracks at the Black Lake Trail been deciphered? Was there a living man—outside of Zack—who could unsnarl those tracks? No! It could not be. The new warden had simply given up hunting alone, and figured that eleven brains were better than one.

Uncle Jeff entered a dense cedar swamp, his moccasins soundless in the moss. He sat on a root and listened. The stillness hovered about him, having almost a texture like dark velvet. There was no step, no cracking twig, not even the drip of water. The old poacher built a tiny fire, sliced off a piece of loin and broiled it on a green cedar skewer. He ate and drank, and with his stomach comfortably filled and his skull pleasantly a-buzz with the fumes of Hernando's, he leaned against a cedar bole and slept till the gray of dawn.

He arose, stretched, and breakfasted on venison and rum. He carefully removed the evidences of his fire, then set off on a line which would bring him out on Mopang Lake above Leadmine Cove, near Zack Bourne's cabin. For a time, however, he zigzagged, in order to pick up the track of the wardens. But he didn't cross it. Thus satisfied, he settled the shoulder straps of his knapsack and made fast going.

At Allen Stream, a mile from the lake shore, a faint sound brought him up short. The sound was a feeble but plaintively high-pitched whine. This was no bird, no squirrel. Nor was it any of those curiously human noises a porcupine can make. Crouching, Uncle Jeff slipped his rifle under his arm and crept toward the sound. Stooping low, he peered through the undergrowth. There, before him, just across the stream, he saw a little boy!

THE child was perhaps six years old, pale, hollow-eyed, and very obviously lost. The blue saucer eyes stared wildly at the tall woodsman.

"Now jest you take it easy, little feller," said Uncle Jeff. His great hand eased out and touched the thin shoulder. "What's your name, little man?"

"I'm hungry."

"What's your father's name?"

"I'm hungry."

Uncle Jeff examined him more closely. In one skinny hand, the child clutched a cloth rabbit.

"Lemme see your rabbit," asked the one-eyed poacher.

The small fingers tightened with frenzied strength, but Uncle Jeff was nevertheless able to identify the toy. Aunt Sue Emmet had given it to one of Jumbo Tethergood's innumerable children. The old poacher stooped, picked up the child and rested the small head against his chest.

"You must be little Pete Tethergood," he said. "I'm hungry," the child said, faintly.

Uncle Jeff propped the youngster against a fallen spruce, built a fire, and, in the tin can he used ordinarily for tea, boiled some venison with an onion, salted it, and thus produced a broth both savory and sustaining. He cooled it carefully and fed it to the starving child. Meanwhile, he muttered soothing sounds. As he knelt by the lost urchin, he resembled in his tenderness a gnarled and fussy old grandmother.

"There, li'l feller, just you git that into your belly. That's venison broth, son. Shot practically in the new warden's back yard. It's got stren'th an'—wait a minute!" Instinctively, in his generosity, the one-eyed poacher had reached for the jug of Hernando's!

"Here, you are, li'l man. This here'll grow hair on the palm of a Chinaman's hand. Hernando's Fiery Dagger. Why, son, me an' ole Zack Bourne have drunk mighty near a—"

At this point Uncle Jeff remembered the tender years of his companion, and took a drink for both of them. Replacing the cork in the neck of the jug, he shook his head in sad apology to the child, and said, "There'll come a time, son. But I guess we better wait a few more years, till you're maybe ten or eleven. I never teched a drop myself till I was nine."

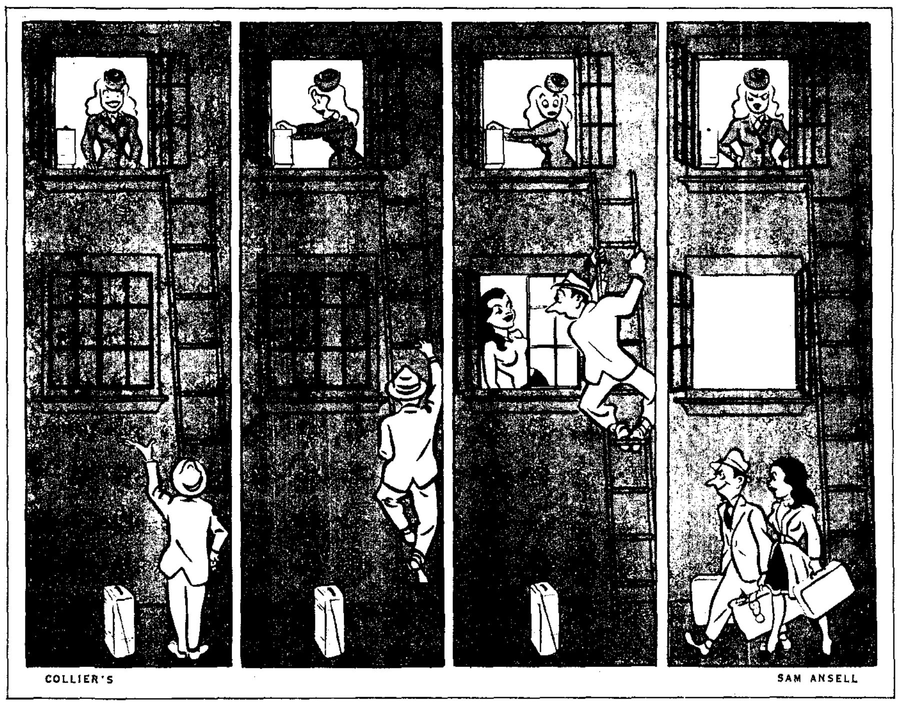
The tousled child had listened in a daze to these philosophies and restraints, and now the small lids drooped and shut. The child slept.

IT WAS about two hours later that Zack Bourne stepped from his cabin door and sighted the one-eyed poacher as he emerged from the back clearing. Zack promptly rushed back into the cabin to call his wife.

"Sarah! Come here! It's Jeff Coongate!"

Old Sarah Bourne turned from the stove at these disheartening words. The one-eyed poacher's visits to her cabin were invariably productive of intoxication, jack-lighting, game wardens and jail.

"Tell that varmint to go away an' not darken my door, Zack!" ordered Sarah. "When he's with you, I feel like I've lost a husband."



"Come out here an' look!" screeched the excited Zack.

Indeed, this was the first time in his life that the one-eyed poacher felt certain of a warm welcome by Sarah. He came bearing a prize, the gift of gifts, a ray of sunlight into Sarah's lonely and childless life. The prize lay sound asleep against the old man's shoulder, a small hand clutching the outlaw's wrinkled neck. With superb skill the one-eyed poacher played his trump for Sarah.

"Sarah," he said, "I found this little feller lost on Allen Stream. Beat out, he was. A matter of hours till the long death sleep come on him. An' I says to myself, who but Sarah Bourne has the warm heart and wise knowledge to take this li'l man in an' nurse him back. So I fed him some venison broth—just so happened I had some loin with me—an' he fell asleep, and I picked him up an' toted him straight to your door."

Before Jeff was through this heart-rending speech, Sarah's old eyes were streaming and her arms were stretched forth.

"Give him to me, Jeff Coongate! You'll soil him with them evil hands of yours."

"I didn't give him no rum," said the one-eyed poacher righteously. "Just the venison soup."

"Venison," snorted Sarah, folding the child to her bosom, "at this time of year."

"Season'll open in a week or two," said Uncle Jeff. "You might say that deer was practically legal."

"Practically legal indeed! You never did nothin' that was practically legal."

"That's right," acknowledged Uncle Jeff, pridefully. "I kep' my slate clean."

Now Sarah had discovered the cloth rabbit still clutched in the sleeping child's hand. "Why Sue Emmet made that herself. She give it to Jumbo's middle boy, Alton."

"Yuh," said the one-eyed poacher. "I reco'nized it, too. Jumbo'll be relieved."

But Sarah was unhearing. A great wave of motherhood had swamped her and she carried the boy into the spare bedroom, undressed him, bathed him, bundled him up and tucked him away.

She returned to the kitchen to find Zack and Uncle Jeff working happily on the jug of Fiery Dagger. Sarah had been less than an hour at her mothering, yet the two old cronies, always fast workers, had proceeded splendidly with the jug, and were complimenting each other in handsome terms on past triumphs over the law.

"'Member the time I shot the stern off Jim Baker's canoe?" said Uncle Jeff.

Zack didn't remember it because Jeff hadn't done it, but in rum there is reverie—and they had talked of doing it.

"Yes," said Zack, laughing mellowly, "an' that Jim Baker couldn't swim a stroke."

"An' us on shore, laughin', while he floundered," chortled the one-eyed poacher. "An' them two marten skins down our pant legs, an'—why, what's the matter with you, Zack?"

ZACK'S face, indeed, wore a strange look. It had turned a sort of chartreuse green. His mouth hung open as his eyes roved from one window to another of the five which let light into the cabin kitchen.

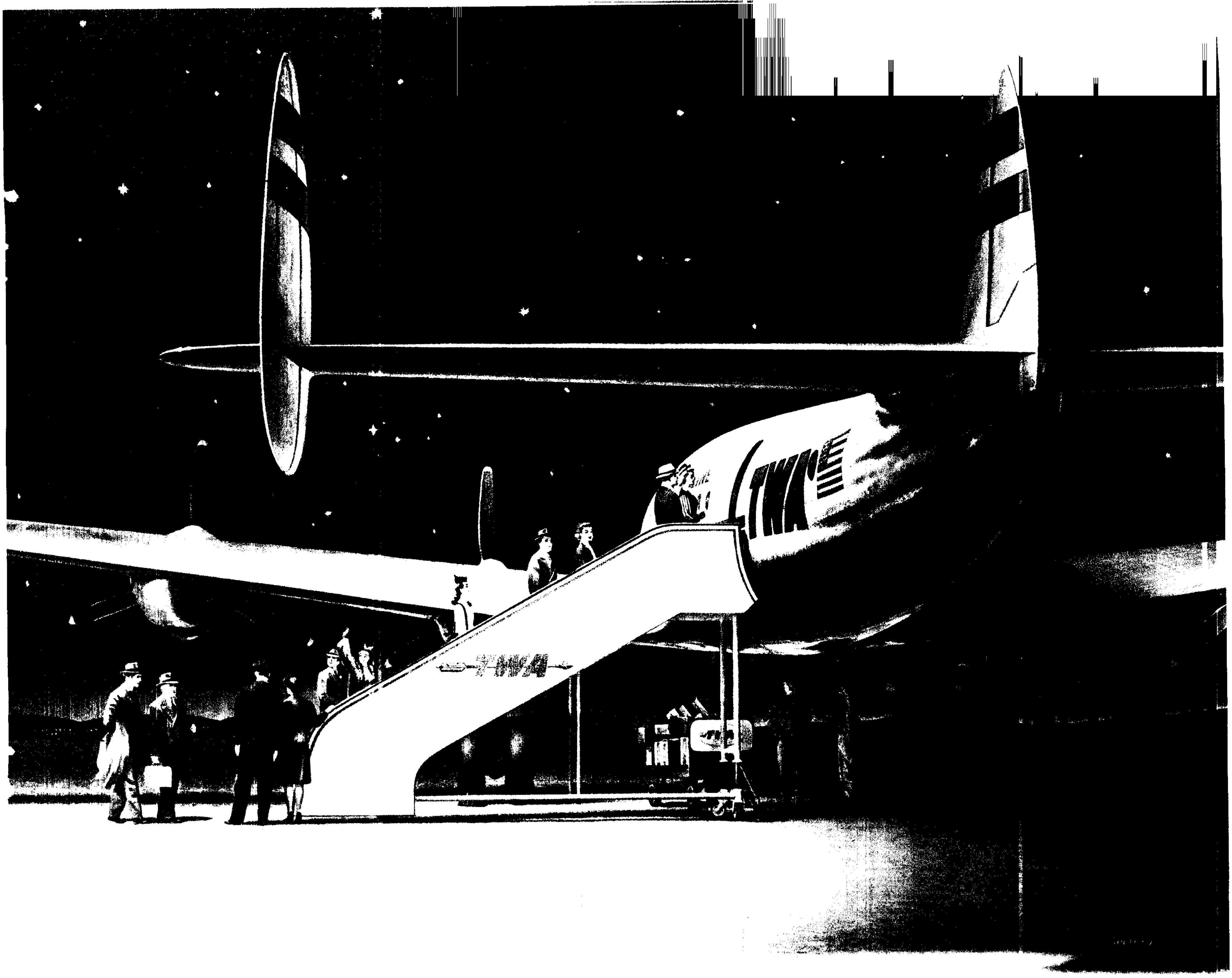
"Here, have 'nother li'l taste of rum, Zack. You ain't feelin' good."

Zack shoved the jug away. "Never again!" he choked. "Look in them windows, Jeff! An' tell me—no, Sarah, *you* tell me. Do you see any game wardens lookin' in? If you don't see any, I'm a goner! I'm a goner, hear?"

Sarah looked. So did Uncle Jeff. They saw game wardens—two peering through each of the five windows, and another, Gideon Andrews, peering through the door.

"How many you count, Jeff?" said Zack, hoarsely.

"Eleven," said Uncle Jeff Coongate, with considerable pride. "Five times two



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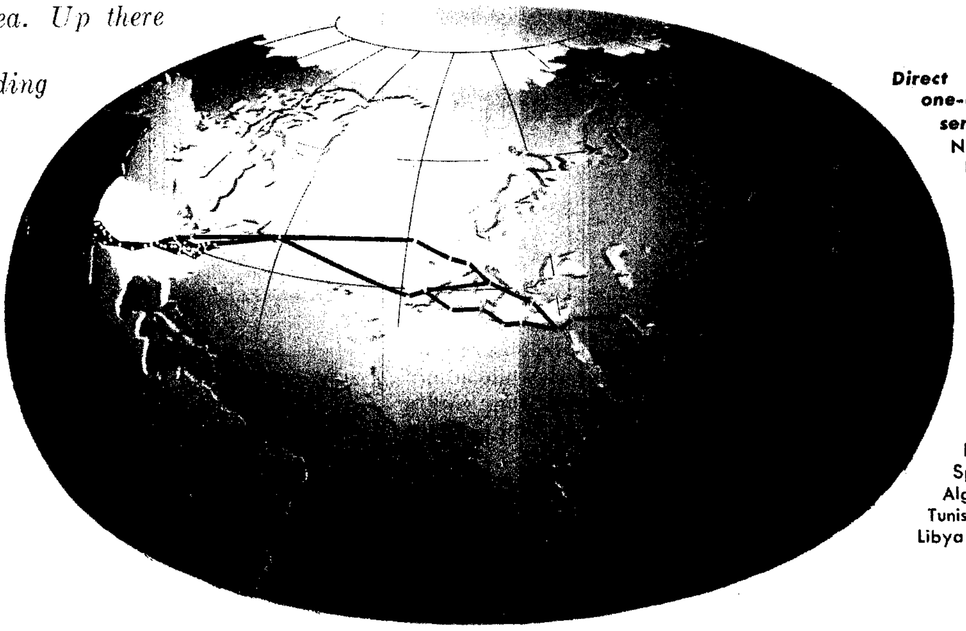

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is ten, an' one makes eleven. Come on in, boys," he added, gesturing grandly around the room. "Have li'l snifter. Warm you up."

Only one of the wardens entered—Gid Andrews, with gun drawn. He looked only at Uncle Jeff.

"I arrest you," he said.

"You do?" inquired the one-eyed poacher, with a luxurious yawn. He felt very safe and supreme, having thoughtfully hidden his knapsack with the contraband under Zack and Sarah's bed. He now reached for the jug, drank, wiped his lips with the back of his wrist, and said: "What's the charge, warden? Playin' cards on Sunday? Or, no—this is Tuesday, ain't it?"

"Kidnaping!" said Gideon Andrews, and the word sent a chill down under Jeff's spine.

Sarah Bourne gasped. Zack furtively reached for the jug. The faces of the other ten wardens remained silent and stony at the five windows.

Uncle Jeff Coongate, his brain dancing like lightning, found himself in a magnificent position. If only he could control Zack, he held the cards for the play of a lifetime. Zack, merely out of indignation, might give him away, but Sarah Bourne would naturally believe anything about him that was bad. With eleven pairs of hostile eyes staring at him, it was impossible to wink at Zack and get away with it. He leaped this hurdle by the simple expedient of bringing his heel down on Zack's instep, under the table. This brought a gleam of fury into Zack's face, and at the same time warned him of many dark people in the woodpile of Uncle Jeff's mind.

"All right, Warden," said Uncle Jeff, giving a fine imitation of a trapped convict, "I'll come quietly."

"You will, all right."

Uncle Jeff noted to his inner satisfaction that Gideon Andrews was trembling slightly. From fear, Uncle Jeff blandly decided. He was, however, wrong.

The warden's gun swung toward Uncle Jeff. "Where's the boy?"

"What boy?" said Uncle Jeff, stalling.

"*My son Amos!*"

It was only by a magnificent effort that the one-eyed poacher smothered his croak of amazement. Because of the lost child's toy, which had belonged to a Tethergood urchin, Jeff had believed the child to be a Tethergood. Now he divined that the warden's child had been playing with Jumbo's children and had lost himself on the strange road home. It was all working out wonderfully, as Sarah Bourne got in her word.

Pointing a rugged and accusing finger, glaring over her spectacles, the innocent old Sarah cried: "You, Jeff Coongate! Trial an' terror always follows in your wake! You told me you found that pore li'l child—an' you been in the woods, starvin' him."

"I only starved him a little mite," said Jeff, softly.

"You terrible man! You torturer. You might of killed him."

"No," said Jeff, "I wasn't goin' to kill him."

"Oh! Oh! An' you carried on so, about how you nursed him, an' loved him. Oh—I hate you, Jeff Coongate."

Zack Bourne, who was by now awakening to the beauty of the one-eyed poacher's scheme, tucked in a barb for good luck.

"All these years this man has claimed to be my friend," he told the warden. "Now his true nature comes out. He is a fiend an' a polecat an' a snake. Unbeknownst to me, an' my dear wife, he has used our own house, where we've fed and bedded him, to hide this kidnaped little boy."

Several of the other wardens had now come in and grouped around the repentant poacher.

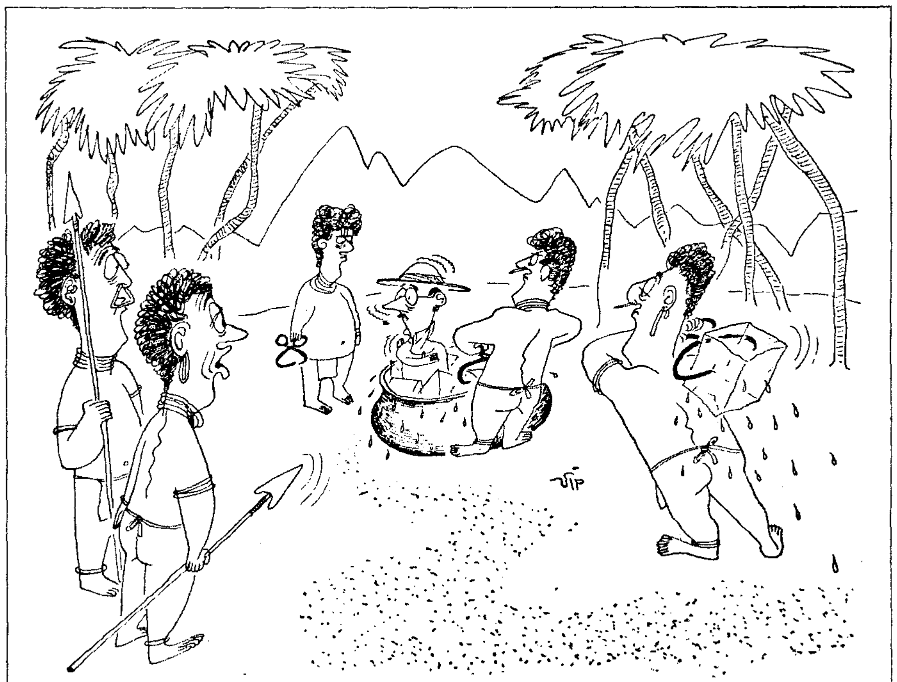
"Well, men," he said at last, "you got me. My sins has overtook me. The boy's in the spare bedroom."

IT WAS then, according to legend, that the bedroom door opened and the little boy appeared, sleepy-eyed, fogged by his experience, and dressed in one of Zack Bourne's red undershirts. Dazed by the light, he followed the voice which had last spoken, remembering it as friendly and soothing. In fact, it was all the one-eyed poacher could do to keep little Amos Andrews from sitting on his lap.

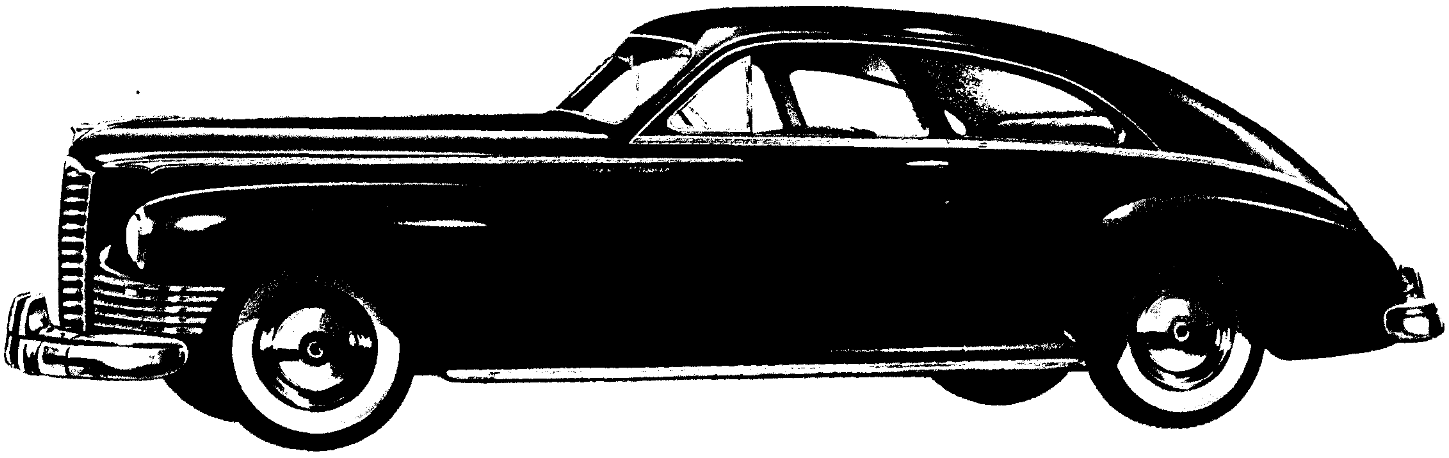
"Go away, boy," he said gruffly. "Your father's over there—him with the green eyes."

The child reached out and touched Uncle Jeff lovingly on the shoulder and then dashed for his father. And there the scene ended, with the wardens filing away, five ahead of Uncle Jeff Coongate, five of them behind. . . .

The trial was held at Mopang Courthouse, Judge Beeswater presiding, Simon Scanlon prosecuting, and Thomas Jefferson Coongate the attorney for his own defense. It was a great and hilarious trial, even as back-country trials are considered. Prosecution showed—or attempted to show—through the vengeful Gideon Andrews how the boy had been playing with Tethergood children, had wandered off, had fallen into the hands of the defendant, who had held him captive in the woods for four days; how



COLLIER'S "Not cold cuts again!" VIRGIL PARTCH



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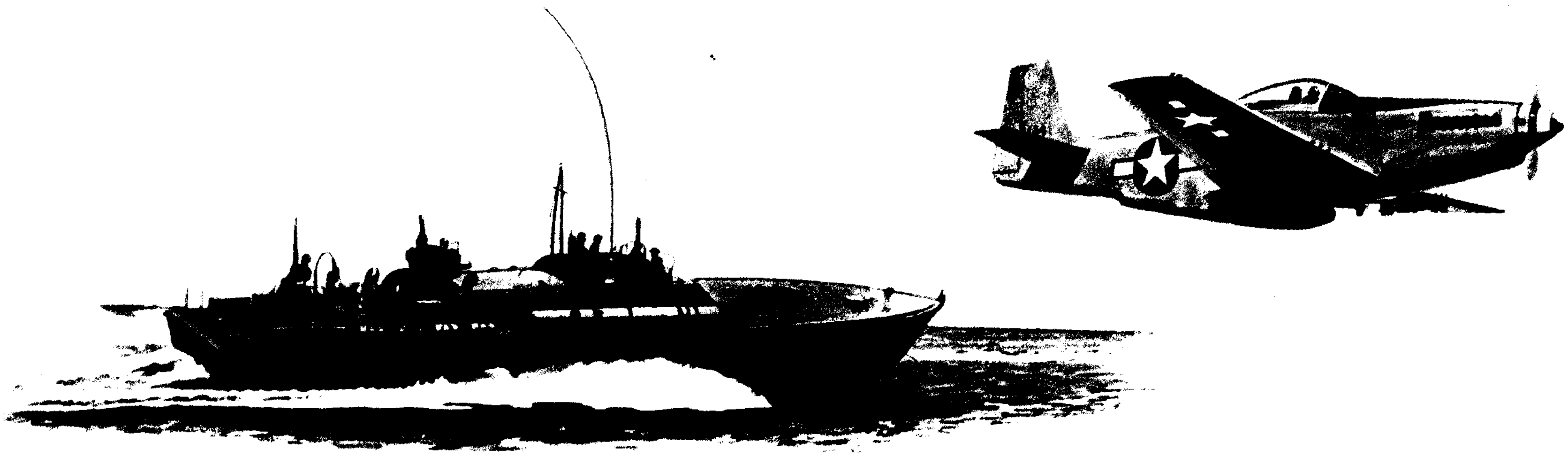

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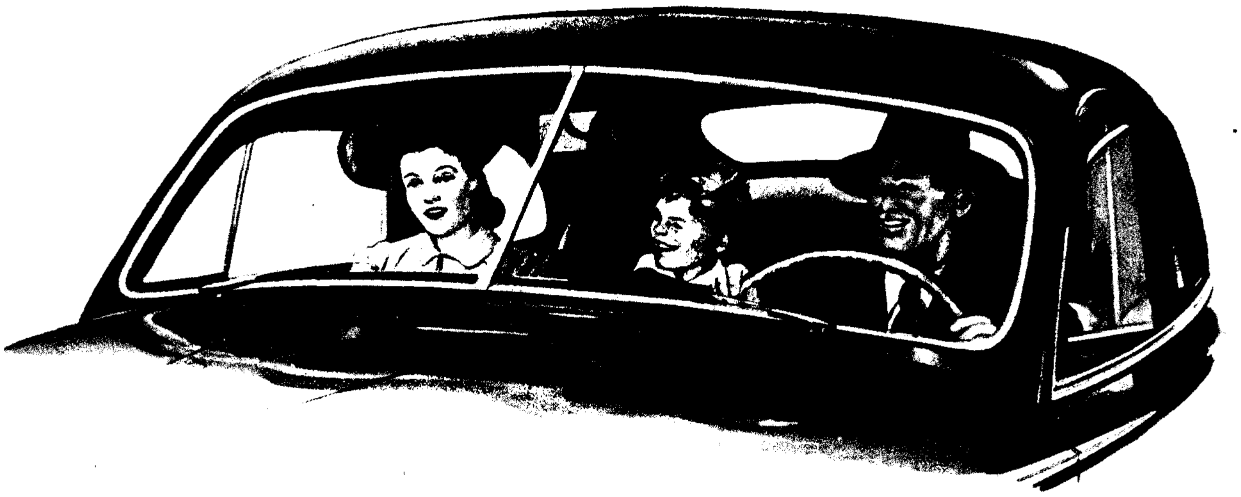

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the desperate and harassed father had returned from dogging the foot tracks of the defendant and found his child missing; how he, the father, had enlisted the services of fellow wardens for the search, how they had started out on that Monday afternoon, lain all night in the swamp, finally picked up the signs on Allen Stream where the defendant and the stolen child had eaten, and thence followed them to the Bourne cabin.

Jeff Coongate called the child himself as the first witness. "Little feller," said the one-eyed poacher, "tell 'em the truth, just like it happened."

"I told my daddy," said the child. "He won't believe me."

"I always thought he looked like a man as wouldn't trust his own son," said Uncle Jeff, patting the child's knee.

"Objection!" barked the prosecution.

"Order!" yelped Judge Beeswater.

"I woke up," said the boy, his round eyes filling with wondrous admiration as he stared at Uncle Jeff, "an' I saw you there. In the dark woods, by the water."

"What did I do then?" asked the defense attorney, preening his mustaches and coyly eying the jury.

"You gave me some soup. It was wonderful soup."

"You're dang' right it was. I made it myself, out of"—Uncle Jeff gulped, and retracted hastily—"out of an onion."

"It had meat in it," the witness persisted, warming to the memory.

"Yes—an' ole piece of pork I happened to have. What did I do then, little boy?"

"You held me in your arms. Your whiskers pricked me."

Uncle Jeff frowned at this candid exposure of his softer nature.

"And then?"

"You took me to the cabin where the old lady put me to bed. Sometimes I walked. Sometimes you carried me."

IT WAS by now clear to the court that, far from kidnaping the child, the culprit had saved its life. It was even clear to Warden Gideon Andrews, who looked mystified and sullen.

Judge Beeswater stated that the charges were preposterous. He made a ringing apology to the one-eyed poacher, who accepted it with sorrowful resignation like one who long has been unjustly accused and maltreated. Three old ladies wept noisily, and inwardly promised to bake chocolate layer cakes for the apparently dejected prisoner.

Then Judge Beeswater grandly freed the prisoner and told all concerned to go about their business. They all started to obey when, in a chilling voice, Game Warden Gideon Andrews rose to protest.

"Your Honor, I want to ask my boy a few questions."

The good judge frowned but granted the plea.

"Amos," said Gid Andrews, "you said there was meat in the soup the man cooked for you."

"Yes, Daddy, there was."

"Did the man say what kind of meat it was?"

"Yes, Daddy. He said it was venison."

"What?"

"Venison—deer meat—you know, Daddy."

The game warden smiled craftily. As the towering Jeff Coongate, face crimson with wrath, descended to the floor of the court, Gid Andrews clapped a hand on his shoulder and arrested him for killing a deer out of season.

The warden was, of course, within his rights. But he had overplayed his revenge. In the fastest trial for game-law violation ever held in Mopang County, the one-eyed poacher of Privilege was convicted as charged.

Judge Beeswater, tight-lipped and stern, looked Warden Andrews fair in the eye while he imposed sentence on Uncle Jeff.

"I sentence you, Thomas Jefferson Coongate, to thirty days in jail and a fine of forty dollars and costs. Both fine and jail sentence are hereby commuted, and shall be stricken from the records of this court. Court adjourned."

Within a few days after this, a tactful State Department transferred Warden Gideon Andrews to a less rugged part of the state where there was only pheasant shooting and perch fishing. And shortly thereafter, in the same mail with his Spanish War pension check, the one-eyed poacher of Privilege received an envelope containing, to his horror and chagrin, a formal-looking paper.

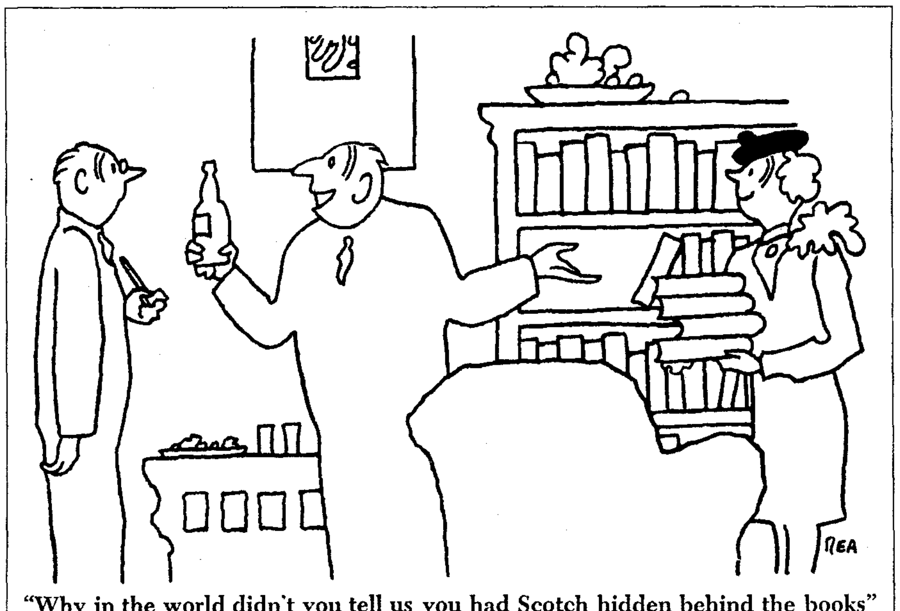
"Zack!" he said, brokenly, "see what they done to me!"

Zack took the document and regarded it thoughtfully. "Why, hell, Jeff! That's a huntin' license! They give it to you, free, for savin' that boy an' to kind of apologize for what that Gid Andrews tried to do to you."

"I don't want no apology. Nor least of all do I want no huntin' license. They've insulted me, Zack! An' they've fixed me so if I shoot a deer, it'll be legal. It ain't fair—after me savin' that li'l boy."

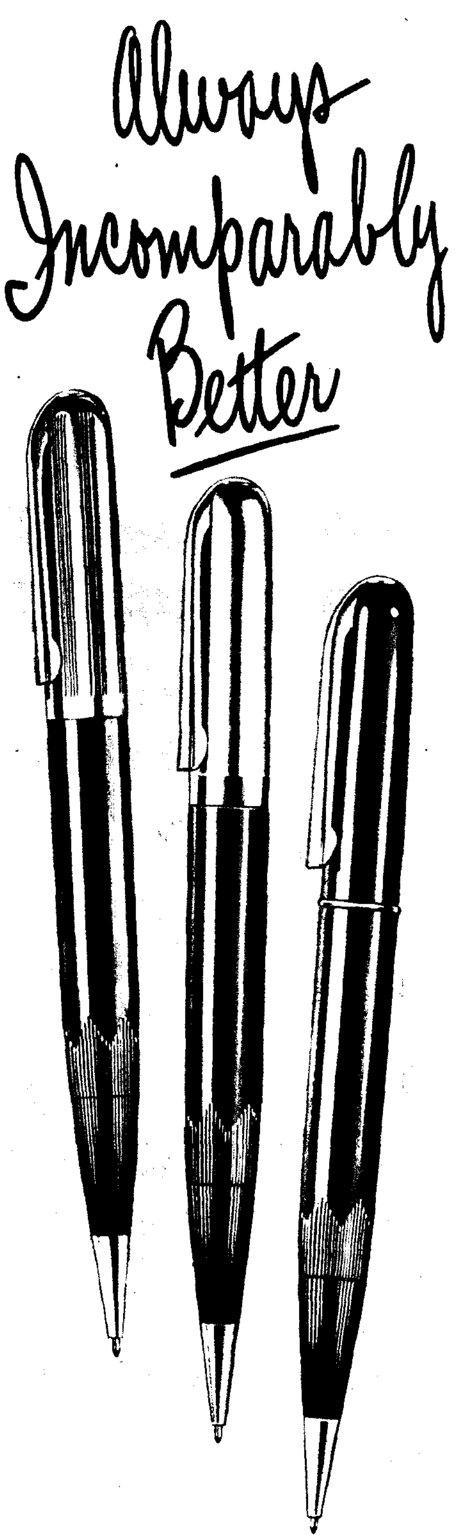
Uncle Jeff smiled as he thought of the boy. "He was a cute little feller, Zack," he said. "My, but I loved him. Trusted me, he did, an' laid his arms 'round my neck. It's a downright pity an' shame that he should have to be raised up with a game warden for a father, right in the house with him." As he spoke, the one-eyed poacher dreamily tore up his hunting license and scattered the fragments in Sim Pease's sugar barrel. "Let's us go out now an' kill a small moose."

THE END



"Why in the world didn't you tell us you had Scotch hidden behind the books"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

DEAR EDITOR: The Navy's treatment of the Guamanians (The Navy at Its Worst, by Harold L. Ickes, August 31st) is a blot on American ideals. For the want of bases, the Army and Navy have long dominated too many peoples. The wonderful record of the citizens of Guam during the past war certainly entitles them to free self-government.
JAMES REILLY
Ann Arbor, Mich.

DEAR EDITOR: Mr. Ickes' article deserves high praise. Anyone within the Navy who cries for democracy is quickly bound in gold braid, wrapped in the American flag, weighted with brass hats and tossed over the side.
R. CHESTER MASON
Ex-Sailor
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: That last salvo from Mr. Ickes was noisy, but was it well directed? The record couldn't be as bad as he makes it out.

Fact is, I'll bet it compares favorably with the Department of the Interior's handling of Puerto Rico.
J. A. DARE
Lt. Cdr., USN
Quincy, Mass.

DEAR EDITOR: Heroines On Horseback, by Dorothy Miles (August 31st), is the most fascinating article I have ever read in your magazine.

I like everything in Collier's, especially The Week's Mail and the cartoons, which I always read first.
PEGGY NOLES
Winter Haven, Fla.

DEAR EDITOR: Thomas McKee's plan to install mirrors on all blind street corners (The Week's Mail, August 31st) is doomed to failure. Who will keep the ladies (pedestrians) from obstructing the view?
F. M. CROSS
Rifle, Colo.

DEAR EDITOR: Mirrors placed at intersections would reflect sunlight and glare as well as oncoming traffic.
ROBERT F. JAKEMAN
Salt Lake City, Utah.

DEAR EDITOR: I think The Week's Mail is tops. I especially like the comments by the editor.
(UNSIGNED)
Long Beach, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR: Your Madame Perkins has fixed up the memory of F. D. R.—but good! It is like taking Santa Claus away from a child.
GEORGE RAFFALOVICH
New Orleans, La.

DEAR EDITOR: Do you not think the country is entitled to a rest from Roosevelt, his good points, manifold failings, family, etc., etc.?
FRANK SULLIVAN
San Gabriel, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR: I am proud of Collier's for publishing the first important account of F. D. R. which already seems to me just, unprejudiced and strongly appreciative.
ELIZABETH N. HEPBURN
New York City.

DEAR EDITOR: WHY couldn't you let him stay dead? I might have been able to endure one, or even *two* issues, by turning pages fast, but having to shuffle *six* issues is not very funny.
LILLA C. NORMAN
Seattle, Wash.

DEAR EDITOR: I suggest a follow-up article, The Perkins I Knew, by Eleanor Roosevelt. A few more suggestions: The Eleanor Roosevelt I Knew, by Henry Wallace; The Wallace I Knew, by John L. Lewis.
REGINALD A. BRETT
Tegucigalpa, Honduras.

DEAR EDITOR: I am sitting in a gloomy hotel room, deep in despair. I have been house hunting as my husband has been transferred to another town. My three little girls and I are anxious to join him. So far all I have found is a 3-bedroom house for $18,000.

I pick up Collier's to take my mind off my troubles and what do I turn to?—Dowager Queen! Fifteen automobiles, houses galore and a $25,000 chef.
MRS. G. H. LEEGER
Albany Hotel, Albany, Ga.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In The Week's Mail, August 3d, W. N. Simon of Columbia, Mo., chided us for publishing so many pictures of lovely ladies. "Why," he wrote, "don't you run a picture of a handsome man—myself, for instance?" So, here's Mr. Simon and one of the beauties he abhors, cinema starlet Kristine Miller (page 14, this issue)

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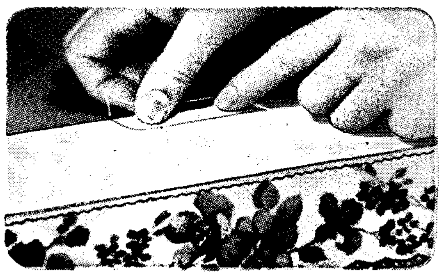

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FALSTAFF OF THE FIFTIES

Being a dissertation upon the noted restaurateur, Toots Shor, who insults only those he likes and grosses over a million a year

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

THE many friends of Toots Shor are concerned these days. Mr. Shor is getting to be such a celebrity they are afraid that he may soon stop patronizing his own tavern. Although Mr. Shor insists, with rare modesty, that he is nothing but a saloonkeeper, the facts to some extent contradict this claim.

Mr. Shor is a patron of the arts; he stayed through all of Maurice Evans' Hamlet to see how it came out. Mr. Shor is a friend of the great political figures of our day and is often called upon by them for advice. Mr. Shor practically runs Hollywood by remote control. Mr. Shor gives advice (strictly unsolicited) to baseball magnates as to what players they should buy and now much they should pay for them. Mr. Shor is an important (nonprofit) figure in the prize-fight industry; he practically singlehanded convinced Billy Conn that he could beat Joe Louis.

And then above all, Mr. Shor is the acknowledged No. 1 fan of the New York Giants, who has to attend every home game at the Polo Grounds, replay the game verbally later on and have a convincing alibi ready on the too-too frequent occasions when the Giants get their collective brains knocked out.

To do justice to all his interests he should of course stay out of his own tavern, because his tavern is the greatest time-waster in our town. You only have to sit down at a table and make a casual remark that maybe Carl Hubbell was not the greatest left-handed pitcher of all time and you are apt to find yourself in an argument that may last several days.

But so far Mr. Shor has shown no tendency to desert his own restaurant in favor of places that might be more in keeping with the dignity usually associated with men of great affairs. In fact, when an unorientated visitor thought it would be nice to ask Mr. Shor to dine with him at his club, Mr. Shor exploded.

"Jiminy crickets," he said, "me go somewhere else to eat? You out of your mind? Where else can I get such good food as in my own joint, and besides all my pals hang out here."

Toots Shor has become an institution of sorts. His life story is inspiring enough to invite imitation. Tavernkeepers in a dozen cities are attempting assiduously to copy the freehanded, highly informal methods he employs in running his bistro, which last year grossed $1,400,000.

But his methods do not lend themselves to imitation. Hard work, diligence, thrift, abstinence, respect for one's elders; these are the essential qualities in any traditional American success story. Mr. Shor, alas, has shown scant respect for any of these undoubtedly desirable qualities.

Mr. Shor is the first man since Falstaff to make a virtue of his rudeness, but like Falstaff he reserves his insults for royalty. Falstaff could say to the Prince (Henry IV, Act I, Scene II), "There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee . . ." Mr. Shor could (and did) say to a four-star general, "Look, Gen, how about tellin' those two-star generals of yours to keep out of my joint? I don't want a lot of crum bums with only two stars on their shoulders eating my good food."

Falstaff could again say to Prince Hal (Henry IV, Act II, Scene II), "Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters." Mr. Shor, seeing the eminent Thespian Charles Chaplin waiting impatiently for a table during the dinner rush hour, could (and did) yell to him, "There are about twenty people ahead of you. Listen, you creep, you're supposed to be funny. While you're waiting, make the people laugh."

"But I never insult anyone I don't know or don't like," Mr. Shor says indignantly, when queried on this attitude of his character. That is quite true. Ego-inflated sales executives often bring out-of-town customers to Shor's Tavern, hoping that Mr. Shor will unloose the fine fire of his invective at them—a sure sign that the recipient of such abuse is a real big shot. But Mr. Shor invariably sees through such pretense and he will overwhelm such a character with meticulous politeness—to him the highest form of insult.

From the day just 42 years ago when he opened his baby-blue eyes in the City of Philadelphia, all sorts of things have been happening to Mr. Shor. His fond parents hung the horrible monicker of "Bernard" on him. (Proud Father Shor was an admirer of the then sensational George Bernard Shaw.) Not even Toots knows how his nickname started, but it quickly replaced the Bernard. Poppa Shor who was a product of the University of Vienna, owned a cigar store in Philadelphia and made a good living. His sister, Helen, once paid him a visit. "You with your great educa-

Celebrities are pals of Toots' (right). Here are DiMaggio, Colonna, Paul Whiteman, Jinx Falkenburg, her tennis-star brother Bob, and Actor Paul Douglas

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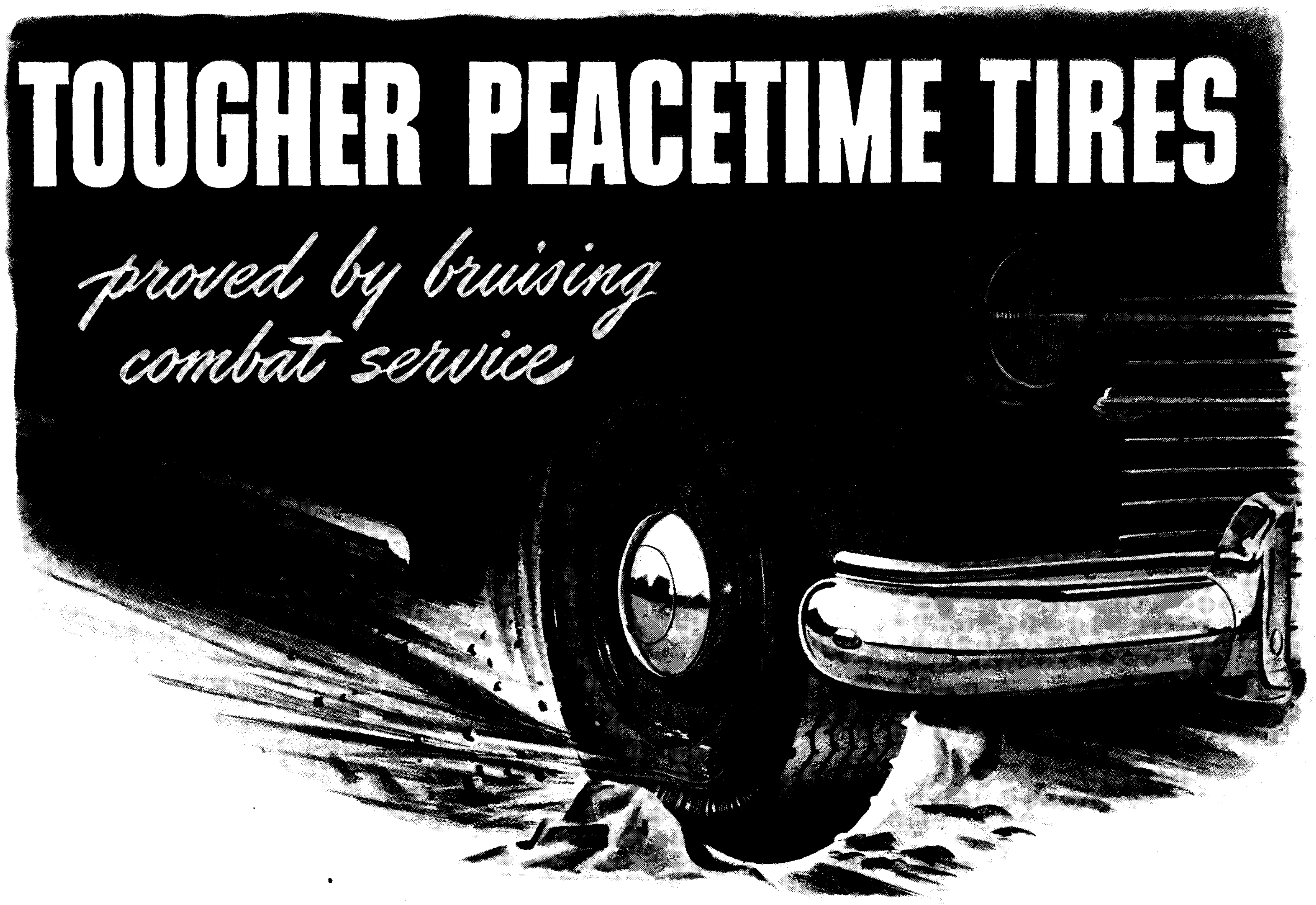

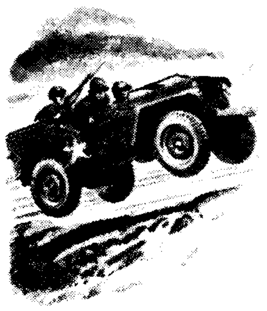

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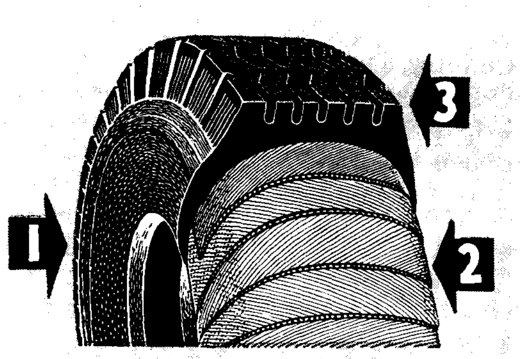

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To...

....

....

tion," she said scornfully, "I expected by now you'd be mayor of Philadelphia, and look at you selling cigars."

"I put my education in my shoes and I'm walking on it," Pop Shor said, laughing.

Life with Momma and Poppa Shor was an exciting and rewarding experience. Poppa Shor was as gregarious as his son was to be later on. Momma Shor never knew until the last moment how many there'd be for dinner or how many lodgers she'd have that night. The little red brick house on Wharton Street on Philadelphia's South Side held the same warm spirit of conviviality and shouted exuberant friendliness that you'd now find in either Mr. Shor's 51st Street Tavern, or his Park Avenue apartment. Without knowing it, young Toots was learning how to grow up and he was learning lessons of tolerance from his completely American parents.

As a kid Toots couldn't understand why his pals in the neighborhood went to different churches. "Don't let that worry you," his father said serenely. "Say you were walking over to the North Side of Philadelphia. Well, there are a dozen ways you could get there. It's like that with these different religions. They all lead to the same place and which is the best road there nobody knows because nobody ever came back to tell us."

For Toots school was easy; he had an off-center kind of mind that couldn't bother itself with rules of grammar or punctuation but that could eat up long division and addition. He could look at a column of figures and without going through any torturous mental gymnastics, blurt out the results. It is a trait that has remained with him, and today, although Mr. Louis Sobol, columnist, Mr. Nicky Blair, night-club owner, and Mr. Mel Ott, Giant manager, occasionally dispute his title as the gin-rummy champion of Broadway, no one disputes the fact that he has no peer at keeping score.

After school Toots sold newspapers. In the Horatio Alger tradition he had to fight for his corner and it wasn't long before he wound up with a regular post at 15th and Wharton, about the choicest spot on the South Side.

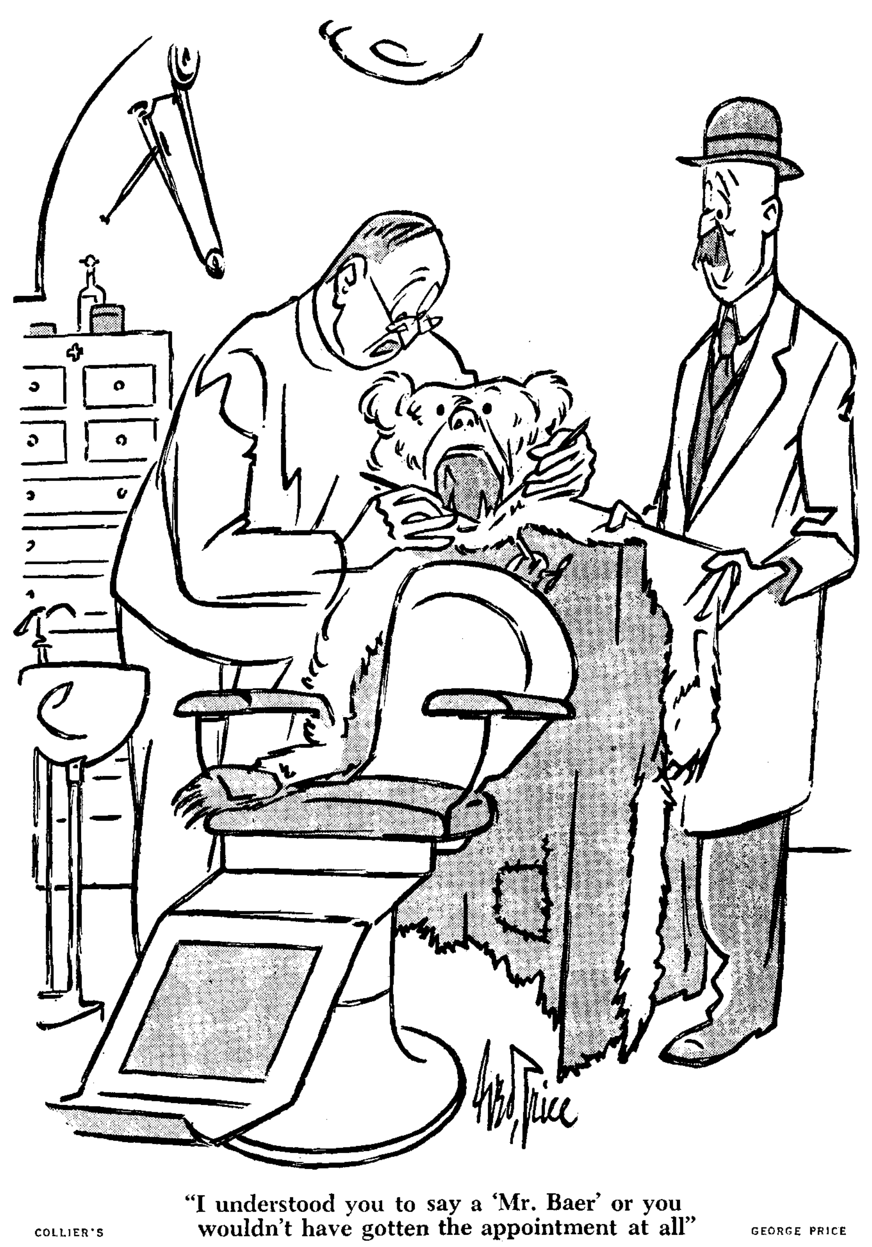
Many Boyhood Heroes

Those were good days if you were a kid in Philadelphia. You had your pick of heroes—there were Lew Tendler and Tommy Loughran and the great Grover Cleveland Alexander, who won 30 games for the Phillies one year, and there were the Athletics of Connie Mack.

It was a joyous rollicking boyhood, the kind that millions of us enjoyed and were none the worse for.

And then when Toots was fifteen the world stopped for a moment. His mother was killed in an automobile accident. Toots quit school to help out in the cigar store. The laughter had gone out of his father's life now, and then five years later the breath went out of it too, and now it was just Toots and his two sisters, Bertha and Esther.

Toots was twenty. He went to work selling men's underwear. He had the eastern Pennsylvania territory, Wilkes-Barre, Allentown, Pottsville and such places. He had a good product (which even now he'll rhapsodize over) and he sold plenty of merchandise. By the time he was 23 he was making $10,000 a year. But his feet were itching. So Toots persuaded his cousin, Dewey Kaufmann, to



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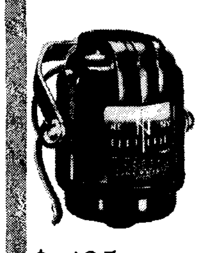
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give him a job. Dewey ran a night club, the Beaux Arts, in Atlantic City, and he gave Toots a job as bouncer. Life really began for Toots then. He was right at home in a smoke-filled night club rubbing elbows with Georgie Jessel and Eddie Cantor and Irving Berlin.

It was inevitable that Toots would find New York. He was made to order for the raucous, blustering, two-fisted Prohibition Days. He worked for Big Frenchy LaMange at the Club Napoleon as inside doorman. Toots never admitted the wrong people. Now in one of New York's flashiest speakos he really got to know celebrities.

Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien were two of his greatest heroes. To him they represented everything that was virile and tough. His amazement was great when, after ushering them to a ringside table one night, he heard the tough guy Cagney of the films order bananas and cream in a soft voice. Cagney and O'Brien left just before the floor show. Toots suggested that they wait awhile, Helen Morgan would be going on in another ten minutes.

"She's terrific. You don't want to miss her," Toots urged.

"We don't want to miss two o'clock mass at the Cathedral," Pat O'Brien said calmly. "That's more important."

Toots blinked. Until then he hadn't realized that celebrities were like other people; they weren't all drinkers and hell raisers.

Marries a Ziegfeld Girl

Toots moved from place to place during the early thirties, winding up at Leon and Eddie's as doorman. It was here that he became fast friends with Mark Hellinger, now a Hollywood producer, then practically a boy prodigy, writing one of the most widely read newspaper columns in America. Hellinger was married to Gladys Glad, one of the loveliest of all Ziegfeld girls. It was only logical that Toots marry another Ziegfeld girl, blond, blue-eyed Marion Volk, who weighed 90 pounds, and who is called "Baby" by all who know her.

He was made day manager at Leon and Eddie's and the future looked secure, but security was a word that had less than an academic meaning for Toots. He turned his back on Leon and Eddie's to manage Billy LaHiff's Tavern on W. 48th Street. This was the hangout of the professional sports characters, the fight managers, the fighters, the ballplayers, the football coaches, the sports writers. By now Toots had thrown all of his loyalty to the New York Giants. Let anyone in the Tavern hint that maybe Dizzy Dean and the Cardinals would beat the Giants the next afternoon and Toots was out of his seat with a roar and a handful of bills.

A lawyer once kidded Baby Shor, "If you ever want a divorce from Toots you can get it easily enough. You can just name the New York Giants."

"The trouble is," Baby answered sadly, "that now he's gotten me to be as big a Giant fan as he is."

One day Pat O'Brien and his wife Eloise were talking to Baby about Bermuda.

"It's a terrific place, Baby," Pat enthused. "You and Toots ever been there?"

"Are you kidding?" Baby said, with scathing sarcasm. "The only time I'll ever get to Bermuda is when the Giants train there."

Toots' life is so bound up in sports that he even thinks of family anniversaries in terms of baseball games or fights or football games. He'll never forget the day his daughter Bari Ellen was born. "That was the day Beau Jack beat Fritzie Zivic at the Garden—a good fight. That was a great day, all right. So was the day we had Bari Ellen christened at St. Patrick's. The Giants had just traded Connie Ryan to the Braves. And what happened? Connie put on a Boston uniform and hit a home run off Schumacher to beat us (the Giants are always 'us' to Toots) 6 to 5. The lucky bum."

A year after Toots had been hired to run the Tavern, he owned it, and he should have spent the rest of his life counting the substantial profits. But he had no time. In the summer there were the Giants. He had to watch them and bet on them. In the fall there was Lou Little's Columbia team. After all, Lou was from Philadelphia; that was reason enough to bet on Columbia. And how about Steve Owen? A great guy, the coach of the Giants football team.

Sure Toots had to bet on them. What kind of a guy were you if you liked a team and didn't bet on it? So Toots kept dipping into the cash register to bet on his favorites, regardless of whether they had a chance or not. Toots bet with his heart, not with his head, and one day he woke up to find himself broke, with no Tavern, no job, no future, a thirst for expensive living, and a lot of friends.

For a year and a half Toots was a bum. But he was what Broadway calls a classy bum. To show his sympathy, Bert Lahr sent Toots a case of champagne. Toots could have sold it but instead threw a champagne party. Orson Welles was then having a go at Shakespearean repertory with his Mercury Players down in Philadelphia. Word came to New York that Orson was having trouble; he couldn't meet his weekly pay roll and his actors were from hunger. Toots heard about it, scrounged around Broadway, borrowed $2,500 and hurried to Philadelphia where he dropped the cash into Orson's lap. Welles knew that Toots was as flat as a six-hour-old cheese soufflé and he turned the money down.

"Only time I ever had an argument with Toots," Orson says now. "I had an awful job making him take that money back."

But Toots, who was always good at lending, found it hard to borrow. Toots always knew how to buy a drink graciously; he never learned how to accept one if he didn't have the money in his kick to buy two back. So, instead of borrowing, he lived on credit.

"I don't want to be a millionaire," he'd gag. "I just want to live like one."

Realizing a Dream

His one dream was to open a place of his own. He never doubted that his dream would come true, and one day along came Leo Justin, and he made the dream come true. He and his partners put up $200,000 with the understanding that Toots would get half the profits and Leo and his partners the other half. The new place opened at 51 W. 51st Street on April 30, 1940, and it's been the clubhouse for the sporting and theatrical world ever since. Toots calls it The Store.

On the night it opened Toots, after supervising the last-minute details and seeing that the paint was dry, went home to change. His doors were open at six o'clock. For the first time in his life Toots was nervous. Would anybody come? At five-thirty he phoned the place to talk to his captain, Jack Barry. But an unsympathetic phone company had turned his phone off.

He had seven cents in his pocket and he walked to the new restaurant. He stood outside for a moment, admiring the red brick façade and the big white sign, "Toots Shor Restaurant." Then he tossed the seven cents into the gutter and walked in. He would start from scratch. The rope was up already. The place was jammed. Everyone he'd ever known was there and those who weren't had sent wires. It's been like that ever since.

THE END

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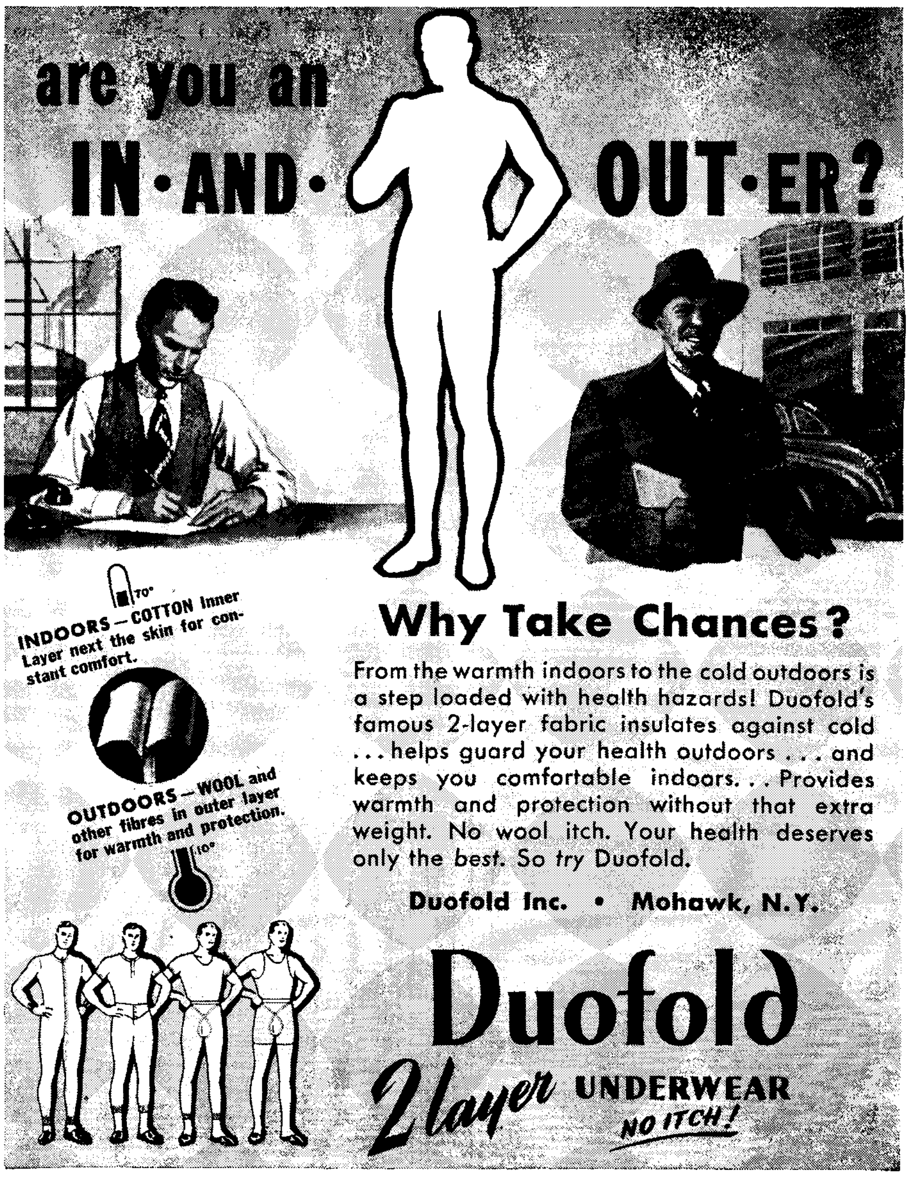

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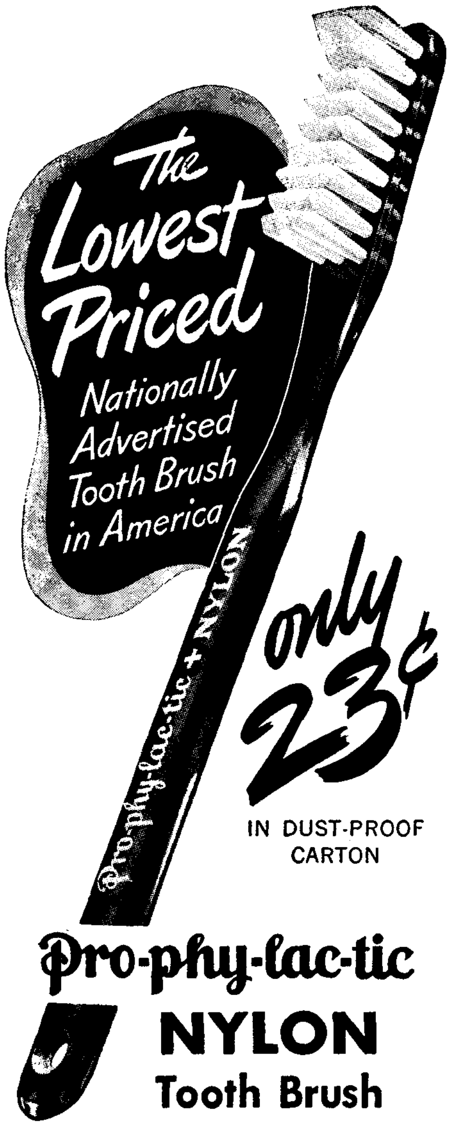
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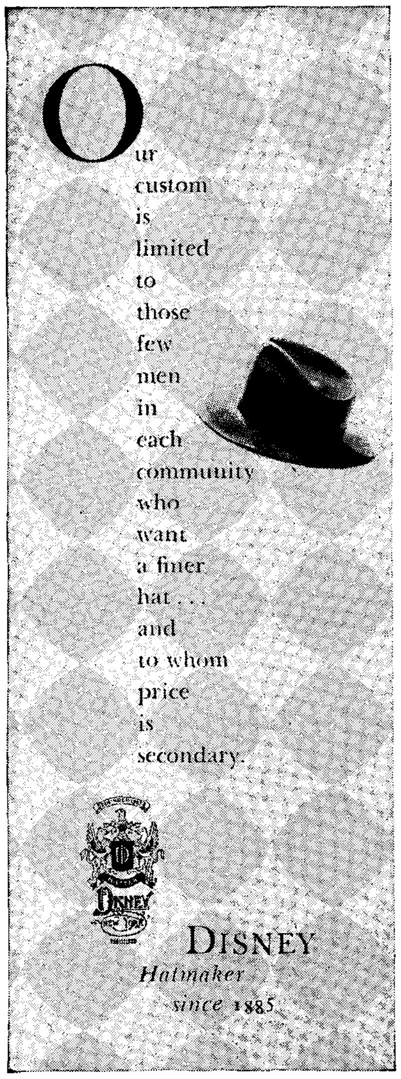
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UNRRA: FIRST GRAVESTONE OF PEACE

Continued from page 24

expended by the governments to purchase further world supplies and to complement their budgets.

UNRRA cannot go into any country and extend assistance unless it is specifically requested by the government of that country, which must then sign a formal UNRRA contract. Once UNRRA supplies are landed dockside they become the property of the nation. The function of the UNRRA mission from that moment is purely advisory and supervisory. UNRRA technical experts help arrange the country's related internal activities; regional personnel watch for abuses and suggest corrections in distribution, prices, sales, and decisions as to those who should get free aid. UNRRA has authority to suspend further supplies if misuse goes unremedied. UNRRA further has the power to determine what kind of relief and rehabilitation, and how much of each any country will get.

UNRRA early found out that it was not easy to give help on the basis of strict control in the fiercely torn politics of Europe. Some countries—notably those within Russian influence, like Poland—revealed an indifference to human needs of food and comforts and were most eager to push industrial redevelopment first. UNRRA has to insist upon a more humanitarian balance. In many countries the venality of officials and their links with black markets have been a source of anxiety. In this, totalitarian Yugoslavia has been an outstanding exception. Tito liquidates black marketeers.

In other countries, runaway inflation is a grave menace to the UNRRA plan. For one thing it increases the number of people who must receive things free and thus cuts down the tonic revenue to the government. In all countries, but especially in zonal ports like Trieste, there has been thievery. Much less, on the whole, than you might think; in proverbially light-fingered Italy it has been only about 5 per cent.

Not all the tribulations of UNRRA concern larceny. Some add to the fun. Near Levadeia there is a village where Nazi raids became so frequent during the war that a 24-hour watch was kept from the church steeple, and the bell rung whenever they were seen approaching. Then all inhabitants would gather their goods and livestock and beat it to the hills. Now the church bell cannot be rung while UNRRA community activities, such as clothing or food distribution, are in progress. The village goats, sheep, donkeys and cows got so into the habit of stampeding for the mountains every time they heard the bell that they still do it—and all hands rush to head them off.

Riot Over a Dollar

In an UNRRA-supported town in Italy a citizen found a dollar bill in the donated pants he received. Instantly, every other villager assumed there should be a dollar bill in his gift breeches, too; and somebody must have stolen it. There was a nice riot, with caribinieri and bricks and the UNRRA workers lucky to get away unskinned.

The heaviest plague on UNRRA's smooth operation has been the shifting political tempests. The minister you dealt with yesterday isn't there today. In Greece since the original UNRRA pact was signed, Buell F. Maben, the American Chief of Mission, has had a civil war—with bullets zipping through office windows—and nine different cabinets to contend with. Spurgeon M. Keeny, of Pennsylvania, head of UNRRA's Italian mission, has not had so many total upheavals to adjust himself to, but he took over when Italy was still partly warbound and he went through the noisy change-over from monarchy to republic.

Maben has to battle continuously to make the British-nominated Greek Royalist government hew to the line of UNRRA impartiality. That people with views opposing those of the party in power should get work or food is a wacky foreign oddity to Greek politicians. While I was there Maben had to bring the cabinet to heel on one scheme to cut off UNRRA supplies from certain villages where "conditions were unsatisfactory"—bluntly, villages a majority of whose inhabitants are not in favor of a monarchy.

Here are two of the many ways in which UNRRA's food may be dishonestly applied for political pressure:

Rations vs. Weight

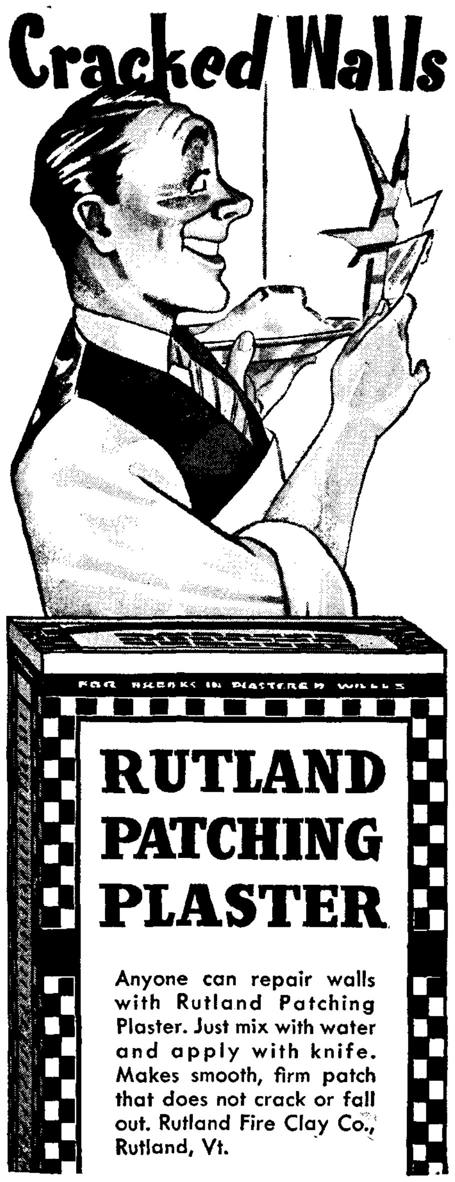
One is the Russian system of classifying workers' rations in categories according to whether their labor is heavy, medium, or light, which is in vogue particularly in Soviet-dominated countries like Yugoslavia. Stanch party members all get onto the heavy category. A heavy worker of dubious thinking is switched to a light category job. UNRRA is helpless, unless it can make out and prove specific cases.

The second method, widely practiced, is the padding of indigent rolls. UNRRA has been unable to make the successive governments revise old and inaccurate Greek indigent rosters, for example. Estimates of true indigents range from 30 to 75 per cent. Some 2,000,000 Greeks are receiving UNRRA food free or partially free, which seriously hampers the plan of having food sales brace the national budget. For UNRRA staffs in Greece and Italy to check the honesty of each indigent would be as difficult as for a reform candidate to count all the graves in Philadelphia cemeteries of long dead but still active voters.

Against such churlish, giddy and disquieting backgrounds, in view of such complexities and such apparent ingratitude and selfishness, it might appear reasonable to write off UNRRA as not worth its bother. Yet great measures of good are inherent and enduring in that background. Helping people to help themselves never has been always just a bed of gifts. A few moth holes don't make a wool blanket any the less warm. And UNRRA has indubitably helped those it was meant to help—the little, weary, heartsick people.

It is in child-welfare programs that UNRRA is seen at its most heart-warming. An adult can be just as hungry, but you can rationalize about him. There is no defense against the appeal of a half-naked child, with vermin in its hair and sores on its papery skin; rachitic, chestless, belly swollen and shiny and hard as glass, bloodless lips, a shrunken face in which the quietly staring eyes are the only sign of clinging life. You can lift one of these hungry kids as easily as you would a pencil—and with no more of either acquiescence or resistance from the child.

If the farm crops of Italy and Greece were equivalent to their bedroom crops, these would be the lushest of nations. A third of the population of Greece is children; more than 1,250,000, between the ages of 6 and 14, are identified by UNRRA and receive special food, medical and other care from it. Italy—smaller than New Mexico—has 14,000,000 children in her 45,000,000 population. All UNRRA experts agree that the evils of the war have focused on the children. Thousands have been brutalized. UNRRA doctors say their bone struc-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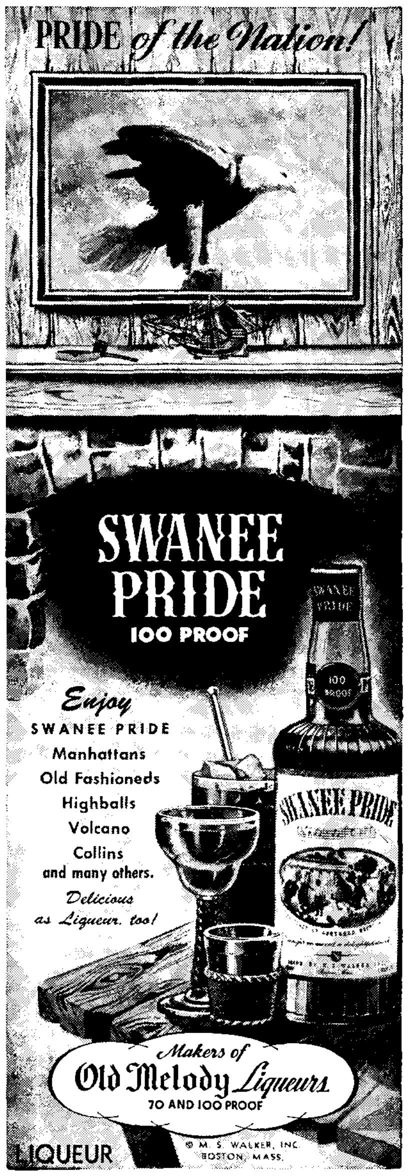
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SKAN
EXPOSURE METER

ture has been retarded by as much as three years. The incidence of tuberculosis in Greece is 14 times higher than in the United States. Among Italian youngsters, it has doubled since the "peace." Three in four Greek kids suffer advanced malnutrition.

Some UNRRA workers estimate that 100,000 Greek children are homeless and unprotected. It is believed that of Greece's 2,000,000, about half—*one million*, mind you—have been left without one or both parents, yet the most that can be cared for in orphanages is 9,000. And Greek orphanages are filthy, shocking, medieval: UNRRA is striving to clean them up. The situation in Italy, while pressing, is not so bad; partly because of the abiding solicitude of the Catholic Church for children and the superlative care by nuns, and partly because under Mussolini there was modernization of child-welfare services.

The worst problem of all in Greek childhood is the unknown numbers that have gone "wild"—like those in Russia after the Bolshevik revolution. Unlike the Russians, they cannot be rounded up. They have the advantage of incredible mountain fastnesses, and in their blood is the old Greek tradition of brigandage. Immune to kindness or faith, small boys and girls have banded together, dwell like animals in hill caves and forest burrows, confirmed in the habit of living by theft and crime as they had to do under the Nazis for self-preservation. The faint but only hope is that UNRRA's child-feeding program will tempt some in.

Under this program, in addition to 500,000 who get supplementary rations, 750,000 are given one prepared meal each day. It is these children, who line up daily for their hot cocoa and jam and bread and K-rations, secure and trustful in the kindliness of UNRRA's women, who will remember UNRRA longest and with fewest reservations. UNRRA child feeders live in mingled satisfaction at the check they have seen the program give to malnutrition, and despair because of its inevitable resurgence when the program ends.

Since both Italy and Greece have predominantly agrarian civilizations, agricultural rehabilitation is the most compelling obligation for UNRRA.

Almost 100,000 Greek peasant families are still homeless, despite UNRRA's importation of 50,000 tons of shelter material. Some Italian provinces in the heavy fighting zones lost every village and farmhouse and building; hundreds of thousands of the best Italian acres, tens of thousands of farms, are still mined, flooded, pocked with shellholes that have thrown up sterile undersoils. In both nations, consequently, masses of peasants live as in cave-man days.

The Axis killed or stole 500,000 of Greece's farm and draft animals, or about 40 per cent; as well as serious numbers of poultry, sheep and pigs. Italy lost 35 per cent of her animals. Total war loss to Italian agriculture was, in terms of prewar money rates, two thirds of the gross value of its annual production.

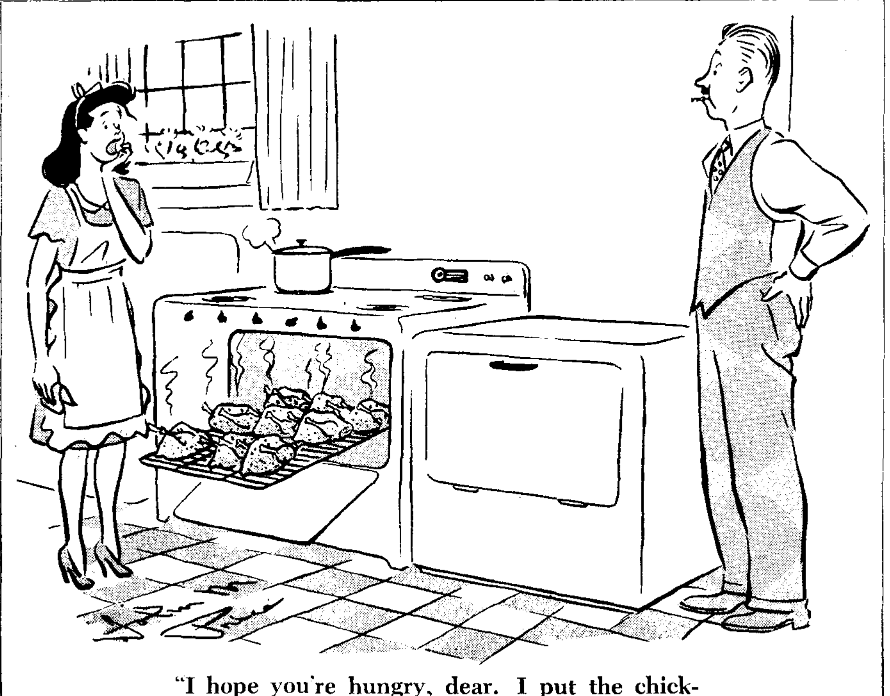
This measure of havoc should keep you from being astonished—even if you made the usual mistake of considering UNRRA chiefly as an international soup kitchen—to find that the list of UNRRA's aid reads like a mail-order catalogue. Beehives, paper bags, gunny sacks, binder twine, poultry fencing, milk cans; thousands of plows and harrows; hundreds of rakes, mowers, cultivators, tractors, farm trucks; more than 100,000 farm hand tools; scores of thousands of tons of seed, fertilizer, pesticide, veterinary supplies and livestock feed; cork and twine to make fish nets; nearly a third of a million tons of agricultural materials in all, besides 20,000 head of livestock—including horses, mules, heifers, donkeys, bulls and special breeding chickens. That, into Greece alone, in UNRRA's first year.

No Feed—No Animals

A breakdown for Italy would be similar in items, higher in figures. More animals would have been given to both, except there was no local feed or grazing for them. Indeed, seriously upsetting the rehabilitation program, the seed wheat and potatoes were often eaten instead of planted by the hungry people.

That summary represents only the sinews that will enable the beaten-down peasantry of Greece and Italy merely to stir again. A clue, however, to the underlying purpose of UNRRA, in its Rooseveltian conception, may be gathered from the insistence of Directors Maben and Keeny that the governments arrange community use of tractors, combines, trucks and other large mechanization. UNRRA's teams of experts steadily nudge governments and peasants alike toward a glimpse of principles that, to us, are fundamental if farm life is to be happy and secure, if farm production is to be useful to the national economy.

Crop rotation, controlled grazing, chemical fertilizers, farm bureaucrats who actually understand farming, sanitation in handling milk and other perishables, food preservation, sharing of experience and knowledge through official bulletins—most of these familiar West-



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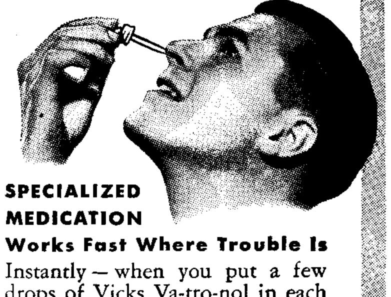

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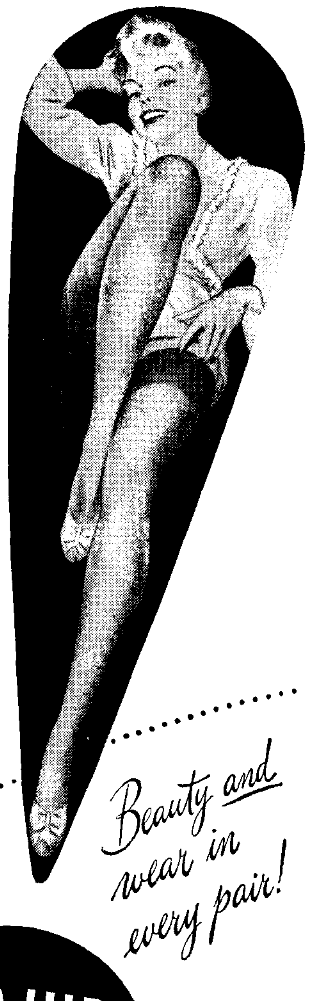
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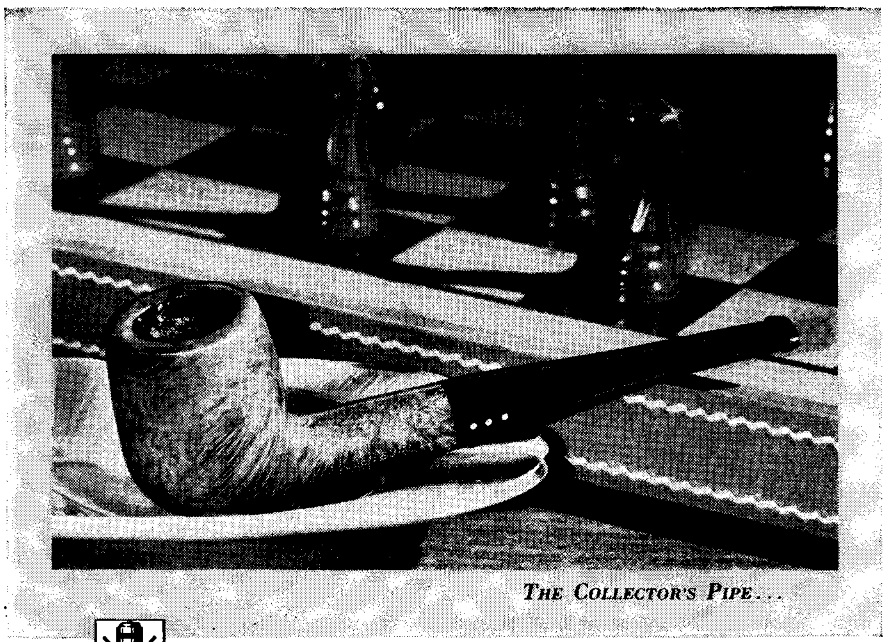

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ern things have never been heard of here.

It is infinitely slow pushing. But if the pressure is lifted before steps begin toward at least some of these goals the peasantry—even now suspicious there is a catch to the instruction and hope that UNRRA fieldworkers bring them—will subside into their old pauperism. And that would disserve the cause of international stability.

Success in resuscitating countries like Greece and Italy holds importance exceeding their possible worth as recovered units of world economy. For it may well be the decisive factor in keeping them on the Western democracy side of the demarcation line in modern affairs. More political thinking is done, more loyalty is gained with stomachs than with brains. The Russian present of wheat to France before the spring elections is a reminder that Europeans know this fact of life better than Americans.

This much is certain: There is a high and reckless game being played now with the question of UNRRA's life span. The stakes behind it are far more important, the secret diplomatic gambling is far more furious and intricate than you would ever guess from UNRRA's statistical tables and progress reports.

Food is a world political weapon. But so is decency.

It would seem merely good business sense that if UNRRA was worth starting, it is worth finishing. Why, then, are its chief sponsors abandoning it?

This is the inside story.

The United States, Canada and Great Britain, archangels of UNRRA, have been irritated by the attempts of the Soviet Union to curry special credit through gifts over and above UNRRA; for instance, that of wheat to France, plus regular help to countries within the Russian orbit including Bulgaria, Rumania, Finland, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia—while she appropriates food from desperately poor and hungry, but recalcitrant, Austria.

They were more annoyed because she wrapped up secret exclusive trade agreements with her satellites, freezing out the Western powers; and most annoyed because, while officially a member of UNRRA, she refused contributions to its wheat pool, although she is one of the biggest growers of wheat, is known to have had an excellent harvest, and certainly seems to have surpluses enough for political favorites.

Reasons for Lost Confidence

In addition, they have been thoroughly browned-off by events concerning UNRRA, and sullenness toward its missions, in receiving countries behind the iron curtain: by sporadic Polish charges against UNRRA of politics, by reports of Tito's pictures being pasted on UNRRA crates in Yugoslavia; by use of UNRRA trucks for military purposes in Albania; by confidential advices of UNRRA vehicles being used to run Soviet guns from Yugoslavia and Albania to Communists in northern Greece; and further advices that Russia used UNRRA for espionage.

Consequently, they believe their contributions through UNRRA received neither gratitude nor recognition commensurate with their size; and that our largess to some countries is not only thrown down the political drainpipe, but actually hastening the economic welding of the Soviet economic bloc. In Washington this feeling was strongest in the State, Agriculture, and War departments. None wants to cease all aid to "friendly nations"; all want to substitute "direct" aid for UNRRA to those friends. They believe direct aid will have security advantages, because only our own nationals will be employed in dispensing it; and diplomatic advantages, because it will leave no doubts as to the sources of help, and will be a weapon to keep friendly nations in line and perhaps to win over dubious nations.

The Soviet Union, meanwhile, was aware of these sentiments and developments. She did not want her chicks and herself to lose the economic benefits of UNRRA. But knowing the inevitability of that loss, she made the most of the propaganda chance to put—from behind the scenes—the West to scorn; to hold it up as an instance of Western bloc building; to stir public resentment in the recipient nations against the principal givers. So Russia used Poland, her Charlie McCarthy at international conferences, to raise the first loud, embarrassing yelps against UNRRA's termination.

Thus, finally, the unheavenly twins of secret diplomacy and power politics infiltrated, poisoned and withered the first successful international co-operation, so nobly conceived by Roosevelt and launched by all these same nations.

There is a reverse side to this background which in their own interests the average citizens of the United States should consider, for in the long run they will foot the bill, in money and worry and perhaps blood.

Food: A Political Weapon

"Direct" aid is open admission of the merits and usefulness of food as a political weapon. Direct aid will cost us more. It will be in the beginning wasteful and inefficient, because each donor nation will have to build from scratch its own organization, equivalent to UNRRA. For without on-the-spot control and supervision much of the aid would never sieve past venality and privilege into the hands of the needy.

Direct aid is confession of the failure of international co-operation and foreshadows ill for the United Nations. UNRRA proved that men of all nations can work together. Direct aid proves the nations themselves cannot.

Direct aid will, saddest of all, melt and brush away all traces of the first and only true international civil service. This was the ultimate, maximum utility of UNRRA, in the cause of peace and brotherhood, that can't be repeated too often or recognized too clearly. For UNRRA men and women—*and for them only*—the iron curtain was a myth, through which they traveled freely, in Byelorussia and the Ukraine as in Italy. In some missions people of as many as 15 different nationalities and languages worked at neighboring desks.

Perhaps the distress and problems of the unimportant little people with which they dealt, the worm's-eye view they got of the individuals that make up the masses, was the catalyst that fused UNRRA's personnel of 48 nations into one harmonious team. It's a thought for the United Nations organization to consider when it looks down upon the top of big issues from its high rostrums.

An ideal date for the official ending of UNRRA, one in keeping with the nobility of its founding and with the practical investment of good will, money and products in it, would have been that day on which modern, decent lives were secured for the peoples of the aided nations; and on which absorption of UNRRA's immeasurable experience into the United Nations was assured.

But personally, when I look forward now to the end of this year I can't think of it in terms of a holiday season. I think of it in terms of children in Greece and Italy moving up the line for their hot cocoa and bread and jam and K-rations. I remember the look in a kid's eyes when he was twentieth from the head of the line; when he was fifth; when he "got there"—and when he hurried off to find a pile of rubble where he could sit down and eat. And I wonder what the look in his eyes will be on January 1st, when there is no line for him to wait in.

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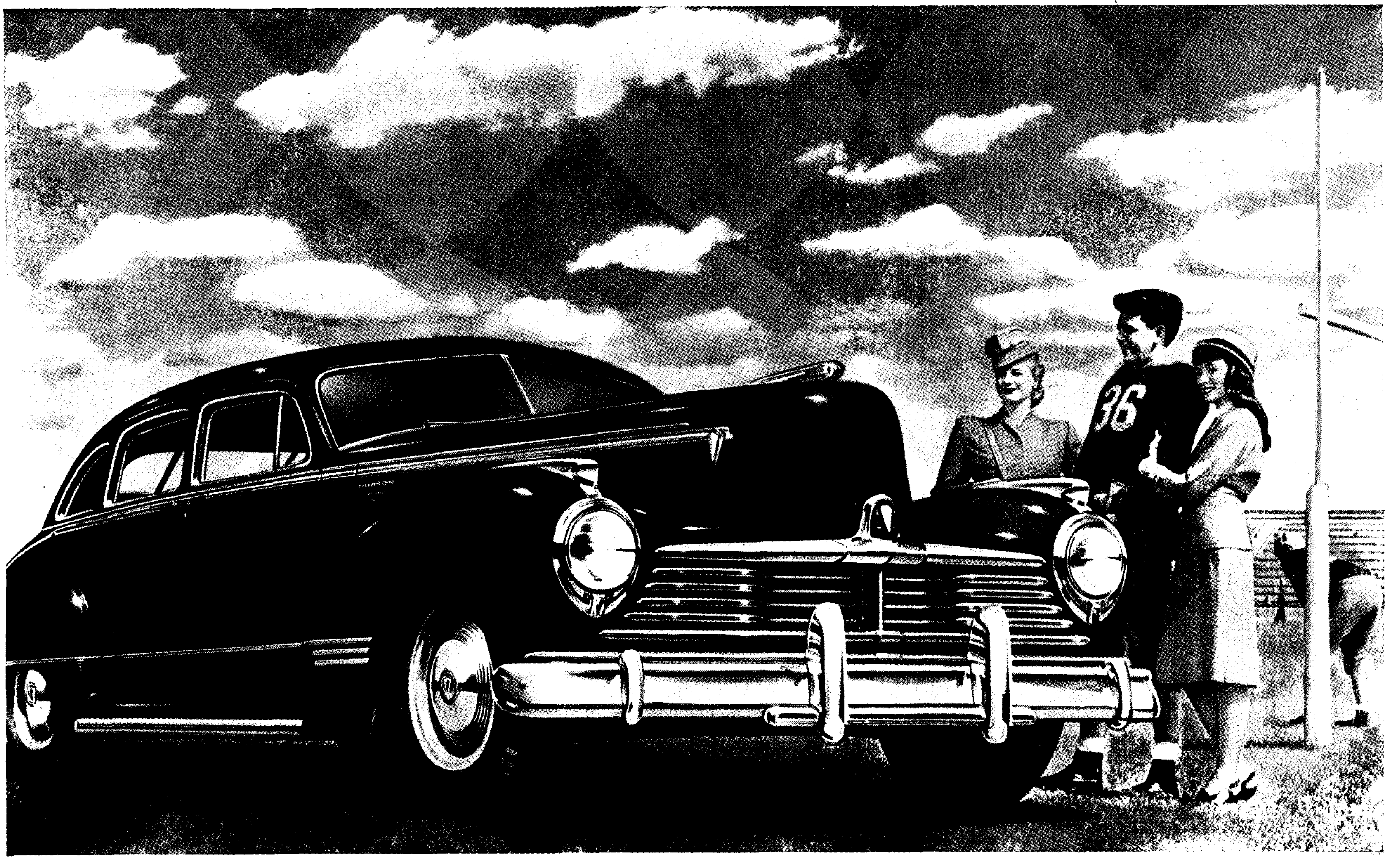

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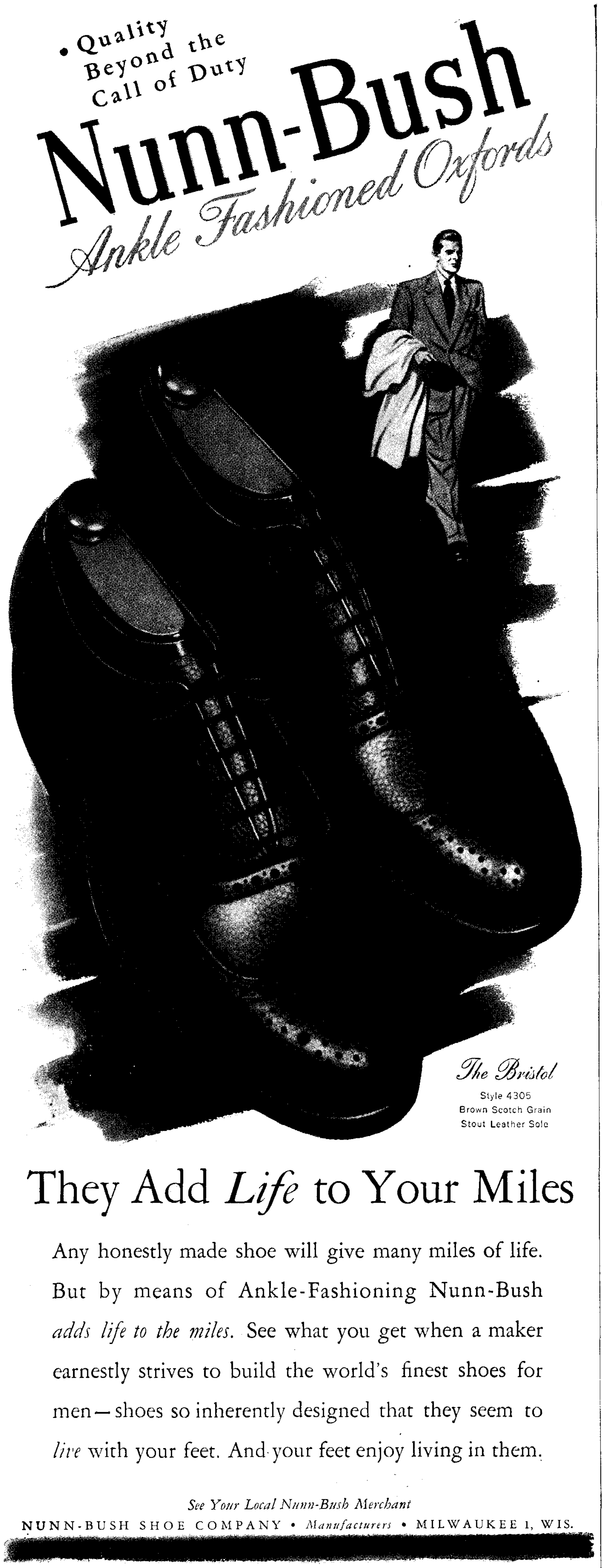
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NONE, THEY SAY, HAVE I

Continued from page 42

them right back to Ashtabula, or Minneapolis, to marry girls there and get nice jobs, and stay away forever, sending your offices plump checks every year, and sending their pale, round-eyed little boys back to repeat the process. But you never keep your souls; you never let Cambridge have a chance at them. You are intended to be their bright dream for years to come, and most of them don't even dare to come to twenty-fifth reunions for fear of breaking it.

"Or else there are graduate students," she began.

"That's John Harvard," said a quiet voice beside her.

"I know it," she said without turning. "I know it too well."

"What did old John ever do to you?" the voice inquired, with a suggestion of a laugh.

"There aren't any men," she answered; "he eats them." She turned then, and had to look up in order to see his face. He had little drops of mist in his dark, ruffled hair, and his eyes were gray-blue under straight bars of eyebrows. He was smiling a little, but he had a face that was sad, because of the deep lines in it. She had no idea how old he was.

"He does indeed," the man said. "Very few people know that. Why are you one of the elect?"

"If I'm anything, it isn't one of the elect. I'm his original stepchild."

"You either live in Cambridge, went to Radcliffe College across the Square—" Tod winced slightly at the accuracy of the "went"—"or are a professor's daughter"

"All three," Tod said heavily. "What's it to you?"

"Nothing much. But you were talking to him, and he happens to be an old friend of mine. He was about to introduce us, I think. I am Zant Peck. Short for Alexander."

"My name is Tod," Tod said a little reluctantly. "It's all I ever got from my mother's relatives. She died when I was born."

"You're still one up on me," said Zant. "I don't even have a father who is a professor."

Tod had a sudden impertinent thought. "You're a lone wolf?" she asked, impolitely.

"That isn't a ladylike beginning." He wasn't amused.

"It's so long since I have talked to anyone who wasn't either a dried-up graduate student, or a freshman trying to get me to sneak into Pop's study and change his marks, that I've lost the art."

"You have friends, haven't you?"

"Of course. There are several dozen of them, all ecstatically happy, and married, and living in minuscule apartments where I can go and visit them on foggy evenings, and feel more than alone."

HE SAT down on the steps, and absently motioned Tod to sit beside him. She huddled there like a wet pigeon, her knees under her chin.

"Do you do anything useful?" he asked.

"Very. I work in Widener Library. My knowledge of several languages," she said primly, "makes me most valuable."

"I'm sure it does." She looked again for the laugh. But he was staring thoughtfully straight ahead at the asphalt path that led to the brightly lighted Square. "You lead a dull life, I should say," he said finally.

"That's terribly astute of you," she said. "Were you about to ask, 'Well, why don't you *do* something?' "

"Yes. Why don't you?"

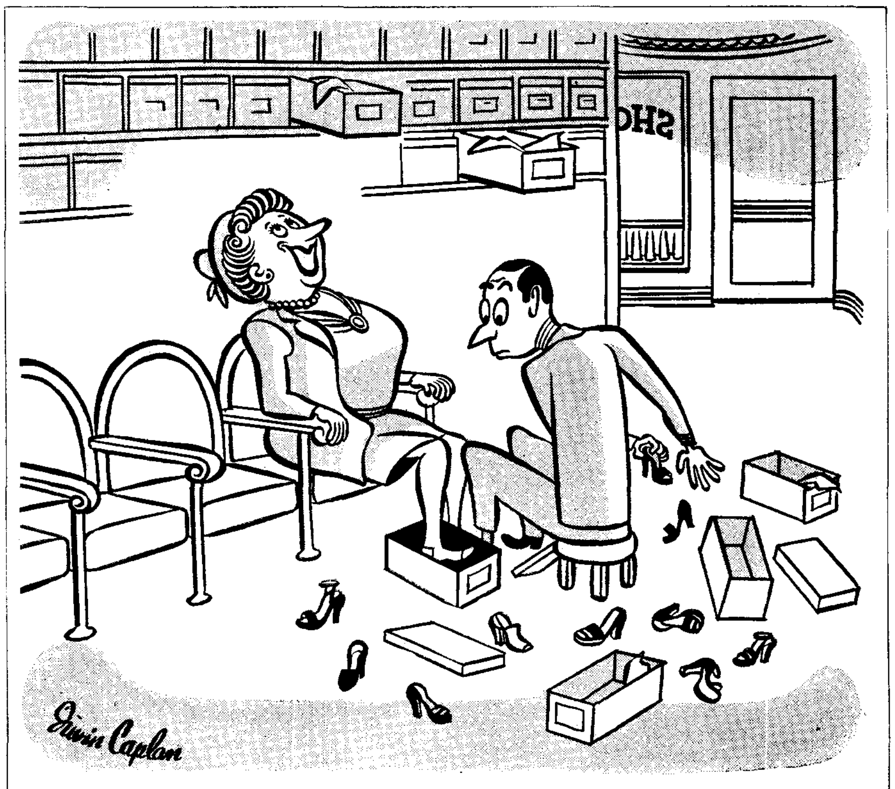
She spoke very slowly and carefully. "What I want is to meet some people. Some people who aren't all married and settled, and who aren't all unmarried and settled. Some people who are still alive, and who aren't going to leave forever for home at the end of the next term, or the one after that."

He looked at her calmly. "What have you to offer these lovely people? Are you alive? Aren't you rather settled, yourself?"

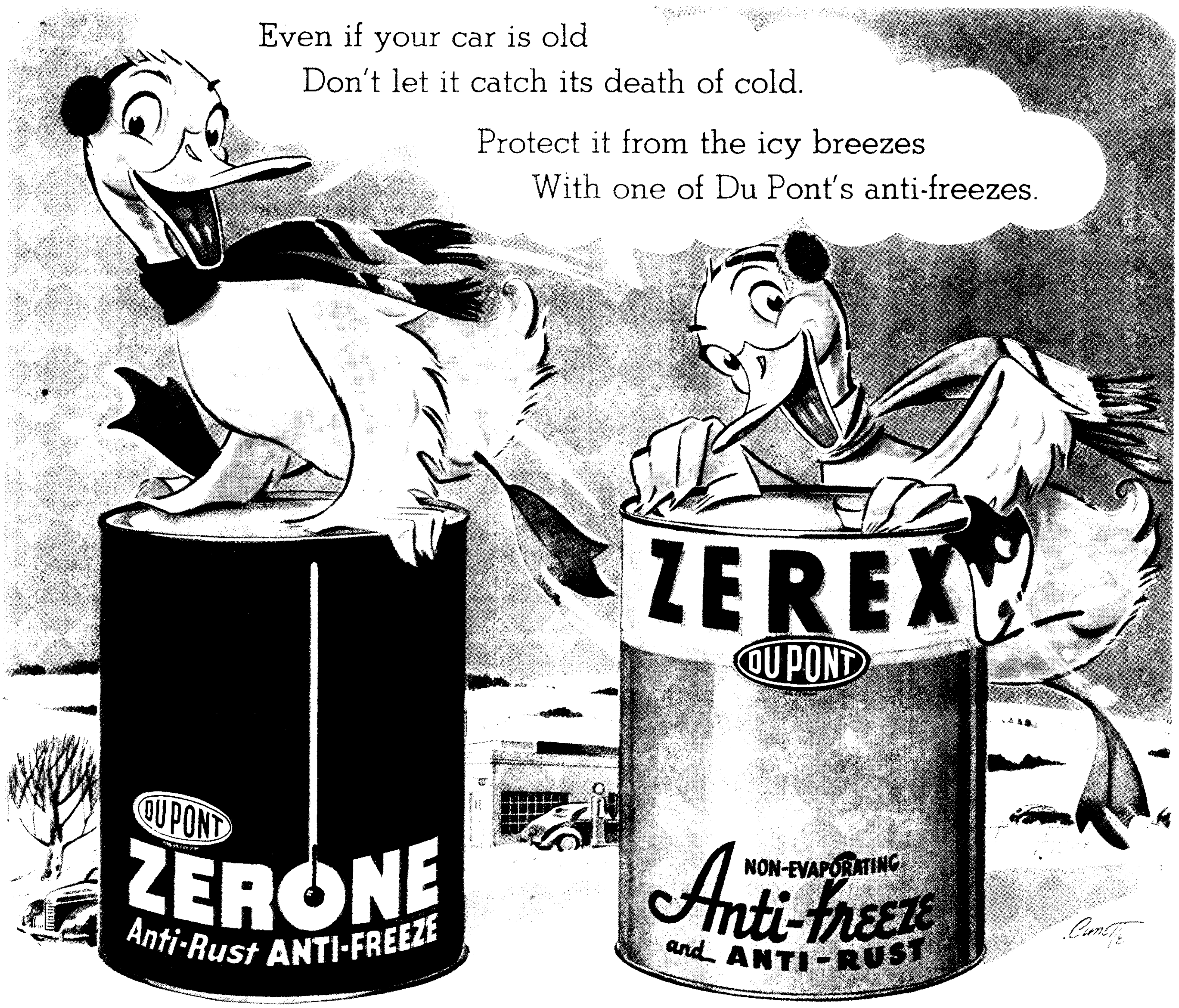
She sat up straight. "I have plenty to offer. I am intelligent, and I can cook, keep house, and all that sort of thing. I'm not too homely, and I—" she stopped.

"Is that all? Or are you waiting for me to make some pretty remark?" His voice sounded a little tired. Tod began to be annoyed.

"Isn't that enough?" Her voice was



COLLIER'S "Ahh, that feels more like it!" IRWIN CAPLAN



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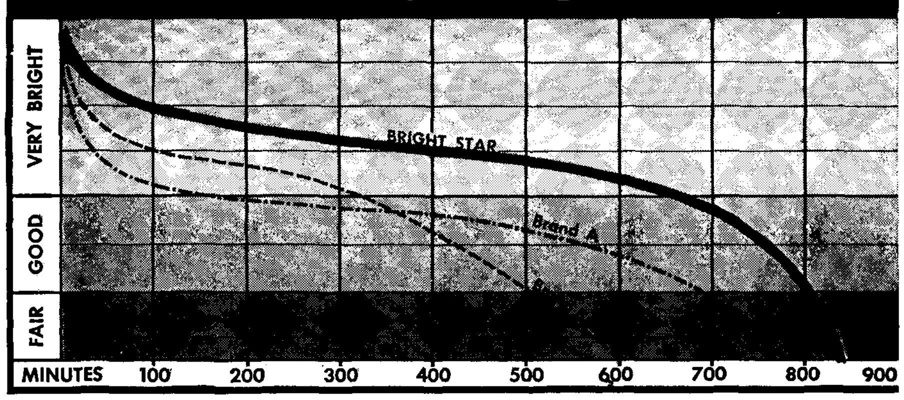

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sharp and unpleasant in her own ears.

"Enough for a dusty graduate student, I suppose. But it isn't positive enough for the sort of person you want. What do you look like when you're dressed up?"

Tod scowled at him, hard. "I look fine. My hair is up, and I look like a lady, and I am sweetly feminine. What do *you* look like when you're dressed up?"

Zant grinned, and the lines in his face deepened. "I look ruggedly masculine."

"I bet you don't look like a gentleman," Tod said. She stood up. Zant stood up, too. He looked down into her eyes, still grinning, and said, "Going home now to be miserable alone?"

Tod's eyebrows lifted involuntarily. It was exactly what she had been thinking.

"Good hunting," Zant Peck said. He swept an elaborate bow, turned away, and strode off toward the Square.

Tod stood beside the John Harvard statue with her mouth slightly open, but only for a minute. She closed her jaws hard, and marched back toward Kirkland Street, in the opposite direction from Zant's almost vanished figure. She was very, very angry. Her thoughts churned. What business is it of his what I do, or how I do it, or how important it is? I'll show him. And then she slowed down again. How can I show him? I'll never see him again, and even if I ever did, what can I show him? That I have a couple of smooth evening dresses that I only wear to Glee Club affairs and symphony concerts? That I am indispensable to Widener Library? A treasonous small voice in the back of her head said, "Are you quite sure you're indispensable?" and its tone was that of Zant Peck.

Very quietly she sneaked into the house, and slid past the study door without looking in. She couldn't face Pop to be asked if the walk had been successful, or something equally as kind. She climbed the stairs swiftly, and shut her door behind her. She took off her shoes and her dress and sat in front of her mirror. Well, I'm not homely, so there. Not beautiful, perhaps . . . "Why not?" said Zant Peck's voice inside her head. She looked harder, and then brushed her hair out and did it a new way, with a regal coronet of soft, golden-brown braids. She put on lipstick carefully, and a little rouge. Better and better. She got up and looked in her closet. Yes, there was a dress. She'd bought it for a faculty tea, and had never dared to wear it; it didn't look like faculty teas and Victorian parlors. It was the color of tomato bisque, warm, orange-red. She pulled it carefully over her crown of hair, and looked into the mirror again. There, Zant Peck, I am beautiful. Really beautiful. She stared into the mirror for several minutes, and then sat at her desk. In her neat, librarian's hand, she wrote a note. ". . . *This is to give notice of my resignation* . . ."

NEXT morning, she put on the red dress, and carefully did her hair in the coronet braid again. She spent nearly half an hour putting on make-up, smiling a pleased smile at the result. Downstairs she found that Pop had made breakfast for both of them, and was eating his as he corrected the last papers. He looked up and smiled.

"Don't tell me I've forgotten your birthday, Tod! Or are they having a garden party for the overworked library staff?"

Tod smiled happily. "I am going to look for a new job today."

Pop put down his pencil. "Three cheers! I've been patiently waiting for lo, these many years for you to do that. It seemed to me you were getting into a rut. Not that you can't get into a rut anywhere," he added.

"I've been jolted out of it. By a friend of John Harvard's," Tod said, pouring cream on her cereal. "He told me I was sorry for myself. At least I think he did. I don't remember now what he told me and what I thought out for myself."

"Great guy, John," said Professor Corning. "Has wonderful friends, too."

"You old turncoat," Tod said. "Only last night you told me . . ."

"Last night was last night, as I think you agree. Now it's morning."

"It is indeed," Tod said.

Her high heels clicked across the Yard as she went to Widener Library to give them her note. "I'm taking the day off," she said quickly, handing it to the woman in charge of her division.

"Have fun," said the woman wistfully. Tod smiled and tap-tapped swiftly out into the sun.

SHE smiled at people in the subway. Everyone seemed to be smiling at her, too. The elevator man in the employment agency building opened the door for her with a courtly flourish.

The interviewer was a man, with hair thin on top, and getting gray. He didn't look at her at first as he asked the routine question. "Reason for leaving present job?" he said, eventually.

"Zant Peck," Tod said without thinking. The man looked up. Tod's face became hot.

"What?" said the man.

"I had been in a rut too long," Tod said majestically.

The man kept on looking at her. Tod looked steadily back.

"You don't look like the kind of person who has a chance to get in a rut, if you'll excuse my saying so," he said. "You may have trouble finding a job because you're so good-looking. Women don't want to hire beautiful women, and men are always afraid that they will lose them quickly."

"Lose them?"

"They get married."

"Oh," Tod said. "Well, I'm willing to risk it."

"That's fine, if anyone else will."

"Let me try, anyway," Tod said, feeling inward elation.

So he gave her the names of five places which wanted various types of glorified secretaries.

It was true. The first person she saw was a woman, who gave Tod a disapproving frown, asked her qualifications, and said doubtfully, "I shall let you know. I don't think this is quite the job for you, however."

The second was a man, who leered at her, asked absent-minded questions, scratched his head all through the interview, said, "You're fine." Tod said she guessed this wasn't quite what she was looking for.

The third and fourth were both men who asked her if she wanted a *permanent* job, and apparently didn't believe her when she said yes.

After lunch, feeling again adequate to any situation, Tod went to the last address. It was in a new building, with clean, wide halls, and bright metal on the elevators. She found the office, and walked in. The secretary sitting on guard in front of the inner office door looked harried.

"Will you please wait?" she asked Tod. "Mr. Peck is busy."

"Mr. *Who?*" Tod gasped.

"Mr. Peck. Alexander Peck."

"Never mind," Tod said, and rushed out of the office.

She stood waiting for the elevator. That was a silly thing to do, she thought. It isn't going to make you feel any better to have muffed the thing entirely. You might at least go in and talk intelligently about the job. Maybe—the idea dawned with radiance on her mind—maybe he won't even recognize you. She clicked back to the office. The secretary didn't seem to have noticed Tod's absence.

"I think Mr. Peck will see you now," she said, and opened the door.

Tod took a deep breath and sailed in, her head high. She stopped just in front of the desk and looked down. And then for a second, she didn't breathe at all. Alexander Peck wasn't Zant!

He was a handsome middle-aged man with a shock of iron-gray hair, blue eyes, and a nice smile. He rose to his feet, and Tod noticed how tall he was.

"Won't you sit down, Miss Corning?" he said, offering her a deep chair. He returned to his seat behind the desk.

"This is a good job," he said. "I'll tell you about it. I presume you wouldn't be here at all if you didn't have the usual secretarial background. "I want someone who speaks both Spanish and Portuguese."

"I do," Tod said.

"I want a secretary who can write letters in those languages and who can meet visiting South American customers and agents of my company. She must be attractive, and highly intelligent, able to talk to people and put them at their ease—in any of three languages. Including English, of course." He asked her a few more questions. He nodded to himself. "This is a job where you meet people. All the time. Do you like meeting people? Do you get along with them?"

"Yes," she said, with one mental reservation.

"Well, let's try it, then," he said, as they both rose. "Come in to report for work whenever your resignation from the library is effective."

Tod shook hands and left. She beamed at the elevator man, and she smiled at the scraggly shopgirls on Tremont Street. She smiled at the cross woman who gave her change in the subway, and she smiled all the way home.

She flung open the study door when she came into the house.

"I'm a new woman, Pop," she cried.

Professor Corning winked at her. "Perhaps *I* had better visit the magic statue, and become famous. Or does it take a rude young man, too?"

"Did I tell you about him?" Tod asked.

"You mentioned him in passing, this morning. Is he going to be impressed?"

"He'll never know. He didn't ask my last name, and I'll never see him again."

"Oh, the pity of it," said Pop unsympathetically. "I'm sure he was a bounder, anyway. He didn't even walk you home from the scene of the crime?"

"No," Tod said. "He was an unmitigated boor. Not bore, you understand. Boor."

"Or oaf," Pop added helpfully. "I'm sure you can live without him, anyway. He was probably a grad—"

"Don't say it, Pop! He couldn't have been a graduate student, whatever else he may be. I said horrible things about graduate students, and he didn't object. Of course they were true, but . . . no. He couldn't be a graduate student."

"Now that you're a new woman, to change the subject slightly, could you stand some bride's cooking and an evening of cozy bliss?"

"Where?"

"That little Nancy creature who married the Geology lab man called up, and wanted you very specially to come to dinner tonight. I was going to eat at the Faculty Club anyway, if I could get rid of you—"

"Why Pop, you ungallant man! And after men have been scrambling over each other all day to be nice to me."

"I am highly susceptible to your charm myself, Tod. But I think you're going to have a chance to use it on a new young man tonight. Nancy mentioned a fourth for supper."

"Ah, a graduate student in geology! I shall charm the eyes right out of his head—and give them back to him at the end of the evening." Tod ran upstairs to get dressed.

She looked in the mirror. I look fine the way I am, she decided. This makes me feel attractive. I shall charm circles around this unwary man, whoever he is. She put on earrings and a bracelet, added a touch of her best perfume, and went back down the stairs like a queen.

Her father watched her admiringly. "Don't break the young man's heart," he warned. "You're almost too beautiful."

"Serves Nancy right for offering him up to her spinster friend," Tod said, and set off for Nancy's.

The autumn air put color in her face, and she was pleasantly astonished as she caught sight of her reflection in the glass of the apartment house door. She thought: What do you look like when you are dressed up, indeed, Zant Peck! I look beautiful!

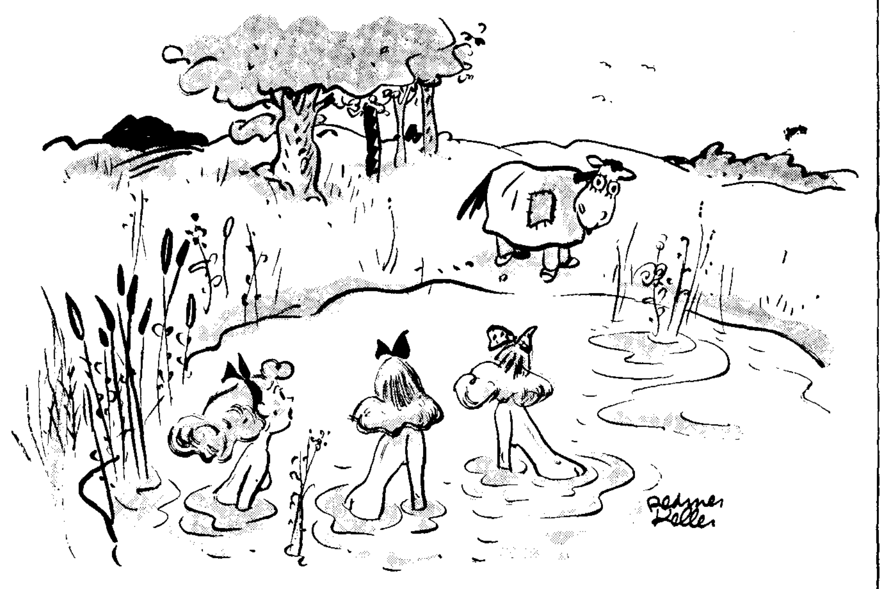
TOD rang the bell, then waited for the buzzer to open the inside door. She walked in dignity down the hall to the apartment. The door opened as she approached.

"Miss Corning?" asked a quiet, nice voice. Tod's heart stopped. She looked up and saw Zant Peck holding the door open for her, a welcoming smile on his face—and what she could swear was a gleam in his eye.

"How do you do?" she said in her most ladylike voice.

"I am Nancy's welcoming committee," he explained as she entered. He looked at her as if she were a perfect stranger, an attractive stranger. He took her coat and hung it up.

Bob, Nancy's husband, came out of



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the living room into the hall. "Tod," he said in a hushed voice, "Tod, my domestic life is at stake, from this moment on! How do you get to be so beautiful?"

Tod smiled a big smile. Nancy came bustling out of the kitchenette.

"Do I hear you are breaking up my happy home, Tod? Why, Tod!" she exclaimed as Tod came into the lighted living room, "your hair! You're all different!"

Tod just smiled again. Bob sat down opposite her and stared. It was fun. Zant Peck sat down beside her and said, "I have been hearing so much about you, Miss Corning, from Bob and Nancy. It seems you have been hiding your light under a card index file."

Tod looked puzzled for a moment. Then she decided to play the game, whatever it was.

"And where have you been hiding yours, Mr. Peck?" she asked sweetly.

Zant looked startled for a moment. "I am a graduate student," he answered gravely.

"Aren't you a little old for that sort of thing?"

"I am one, really. I can't help it if I look like—whatever I look like."

"A lost undergraduate," Tod said immediately. Zant didn't smile.

"I suppose," he said slowly, "that is exactly what I am. It's been a long time between years, though."

AND at that interesting point, Nancy announced supper.

Tod was gay, reckless, witty, all through the meal. Bob, looking groggy, followed Nancy's hearty endorsement of the mood. Zant was rather quiet. He watched Tod's face, and her color became high, and stayed that way. She felt as if she were living in an odd, but almost logical dream.

They moved to the living room. Nancy served coffee absent-mindedly, with her eyes on Tod. I suppose, Tod thought, she is afraid to tell an "eligible male" what a change she sees. Tod helped herself gracefully to sugar.

"You said you were a graduate student, Mr. Peck," she said in her best undergraduate-tea hostess manner. "What is your field?"

"Old Russian," Zant said, looking at her firmly.

"How interesting! Are you working for a doctorate?"

"A master's degree first; I have just begun studying again this fall."

"Were you a Harvard graduate?"

"Oh, yes. My field was Slavic languages then, too," he offered.

So he probably knew her father, Tod thought. Her chin lifted slightly.

"Let's not talk about Fair Harvard any more," she said. She took a breath. "I am leaving her in the lurch with few, if any, regrets."

Bob and Nancy looked as if, without warning, Vesuvius had erupted about a hundred yards ahead of them.

"You are?" they said together. "When?" Nancy asked.

"In a week." Tod tried to look unconcerned, even slightly bored. She had to hold her breath to do it. She glanced at Zant from under her eyelashes. His face was noncommittal. But she could swear he was trying not to smile. "I just decided to leave," she went on. She didn't dare look at Zant now at all. "So I went in town, and got another job. Very simple."

"I'm sure it was," Nancy said with slight irony. "After all those—" she stopped. Ah, the eligible man, again!

"Years," Tod finished for her. Nancy fidgeted in her chair. Tod put her coffee cup down.

"I assume," Bob said smoothly, "that you will waste the light of your countenance somewhere; where are you going to waste it?"

"On a delegation of gallant South American *señores*. In the employ of a man named Mr. Alexander Peck."

Zant finally came to life. "It sounds like my uncle and his airline. He's an old wolf," Zant added. "He isn't married, either. Do you think you will be safe there? The average office life of one of his secretaries is awfully short. They get married to someone else in self-defense."

Tod was about to say dryly that she was safe anywhere, and then remembered her image in the mirror.

"I'm a big girl now. I can take care of myself." She gave Zant a seductive smile. He grinned back.

"Yes," he said with feeling, "I guess you can."

Somehow Nancy made the conversation more innocuous, and the evening went by. At eleven, Tod arose.

"I must be off," she said. "I told Father . . ." This was a lie. She just couldn't stand being watched by Zant Peck one minute longer. All evening he had just sat and watched. She would have given a year from her life to know what was going on inside his head.

Zant stood up immediately. "May I take you home?" he asked. One eyebrow was raised slightly in mockery.

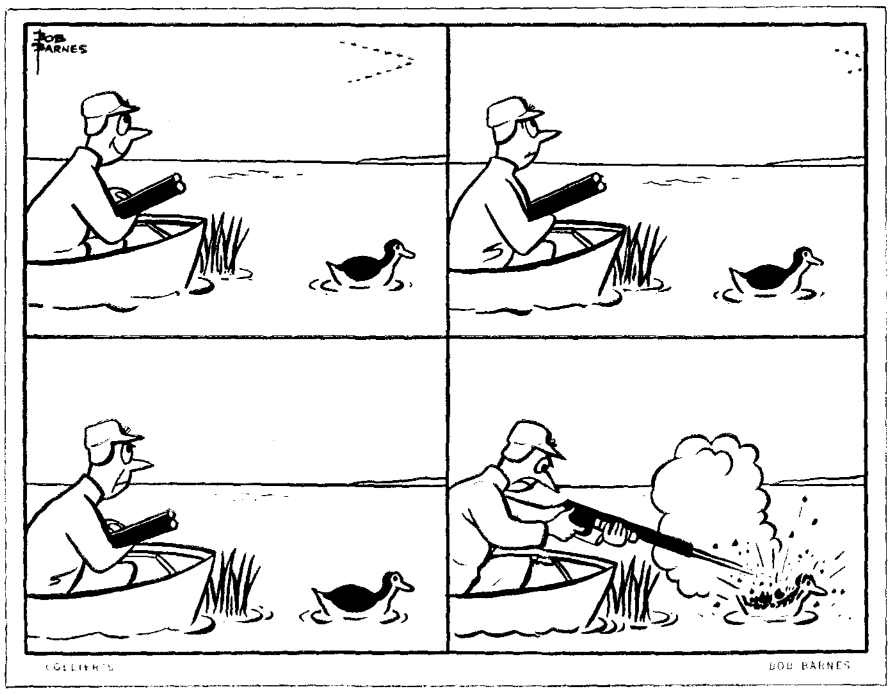
"It's a very little way," Tod said in her best grand-lady voice.

"I shall walk with you, then," he said with decision.

They said the correct things to Bob and Nancy, and shut the door. Neither of them said more until they were outside.

"Well, well," Zant said.

Tod looked up at him sideways. *1*



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shall not get mad. I shall pretend I'm this person he doesn't know. "What did you say, Mr. Peck?"

"You may call me Zant, if you like."

"My name is Tod." She glanced up at him again.

"And if you keep looking at me that way," Zant said, "I won't answer for any consequences."

"Indeed?"

"Absolutely. It is reminiscent of the look you used to give the unwary freshmen as you handed them their tea."

"How do you know?"

"I was there."

"Why didn't you tell me so?"

"In front of those gabbling helpful friends of yours?"

"Aren't they friends of yours, too?"

"Yes, in a way. I don't know them well, and I seem to be just a useful man to throw at Tod Corning's head, anyway."

"That was obvious, wasn't it?" Tod felt relieved. She sighed very quietly, but Zant heard her.

"Sigh no more, ladies. Zant Peck has been trapped. He is going out of circulation."

Tod was furious with herself because she felt so disappointed. "You ought to tell Nancy, so she will stop doing this to you."

"Yes, I ought to. Tod, how long have you been serving tea to ungrateful undergraduates?" He asked this with a sudden interest.

"For the last million years. Why?"

"Did you ever remember any of them, after they go out of the door?"

"Not for long—oh—"

"Never mind, *I* always remembered. You were so gallant, Tod. You were very young, and obviously a little scared. And yet you were so sweet. I wanted to come back again, and get to know you. I never could figure out how, and then I had to leave college, fairly soon after I had seen you."

"I don't understand you at all," Tod said, looking straight at him. "You aren't trying to tell me that you went through five or six years with the golden image of me pouring tea for undergraduates in my gloomy parlor? Because I don't believe you."

"I did, Tod, I did! I was far away, and it was a long time, and I kept saying to myself, 'That's what you are still looking for,' and it was you, with your soft voice, in your gloomy parlor."

"How did you happen to come back? Did you think that everything would be the same?"

"Oh, I don't know." Zant ran his hand over his head. "I hoped you were happy, and out of the dull life, and yet I really would have been heartbroken if I hadn't found you still here."

"Is that why you were so horrid to me in the Yard last night?"

"I suppose so," he said slowly. "One hates to see one's dream unhappy. I wanted you to have waited—"

"Not knowing I was waiting, of course," Tod said crossly.

"Oh, it was silly, and it's very hard to explain. Are you still angry with me?"

"No. I don't think so. No, I couldn't be. Look what you did for me."

"Tod," Zant declared solemnly, "if you knew what a night I spent, and how I felt all day, you'd be merciful. I talked to you like a brute, and I left you there, and I went for a long, bitter walk. I realized that I'd met the girl I'd been in love with for years, and had been terribly rude to her, and I could probably never see her again, and she wasn't happy, either, and it was all an awful mess. And then Bob and Nancy gave me another chance and I didn't know quite what to do with it. Then you arrived looking so lovely . . . For a minute I wondered if you were the same girl I had been sorry for the night before. Then I pretended—I don't know why—that I'd never heard of you before. You were practically a different person, anyway. So—here we are. Look, can we start all over again?"

THEY were almost at the walk in front of Tod's house. She half turned toward it, and he caught her sleeve. His hand, through the cloth, was very strong and insistent. She turned back to him, and looked up at him.

"Tod, if you look at me like that, I shall put this on a different basis immediately." His voice was tight. She looked away. He put his hand under her chin, and lifted it. "Please look at me like that again, Tod," he said. She raised her eyes, and he promptly kissed her.

"Trapped," he murmured. "Withdrawn from circulation. Would you be willing to accompany me on a short pilgrimage to the Yard?" I have to thank our old friend Johnny."

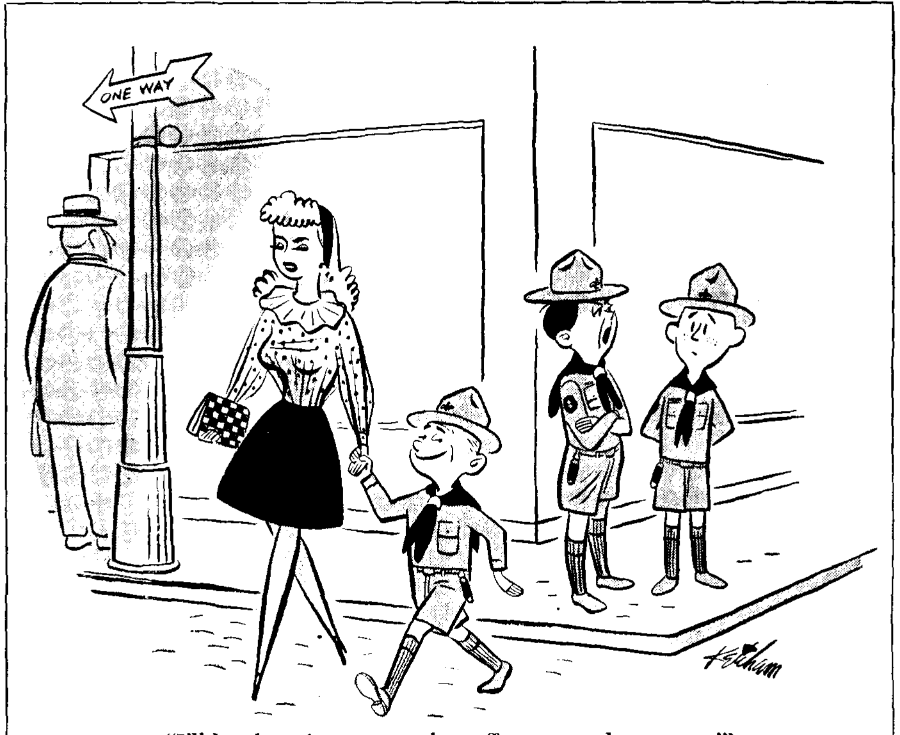
"Johnny?" Tod asked, puzzled.

"Johnny Harvard."

"By all means," Tod said.

She tucked her hand through his arm, and they set off together.

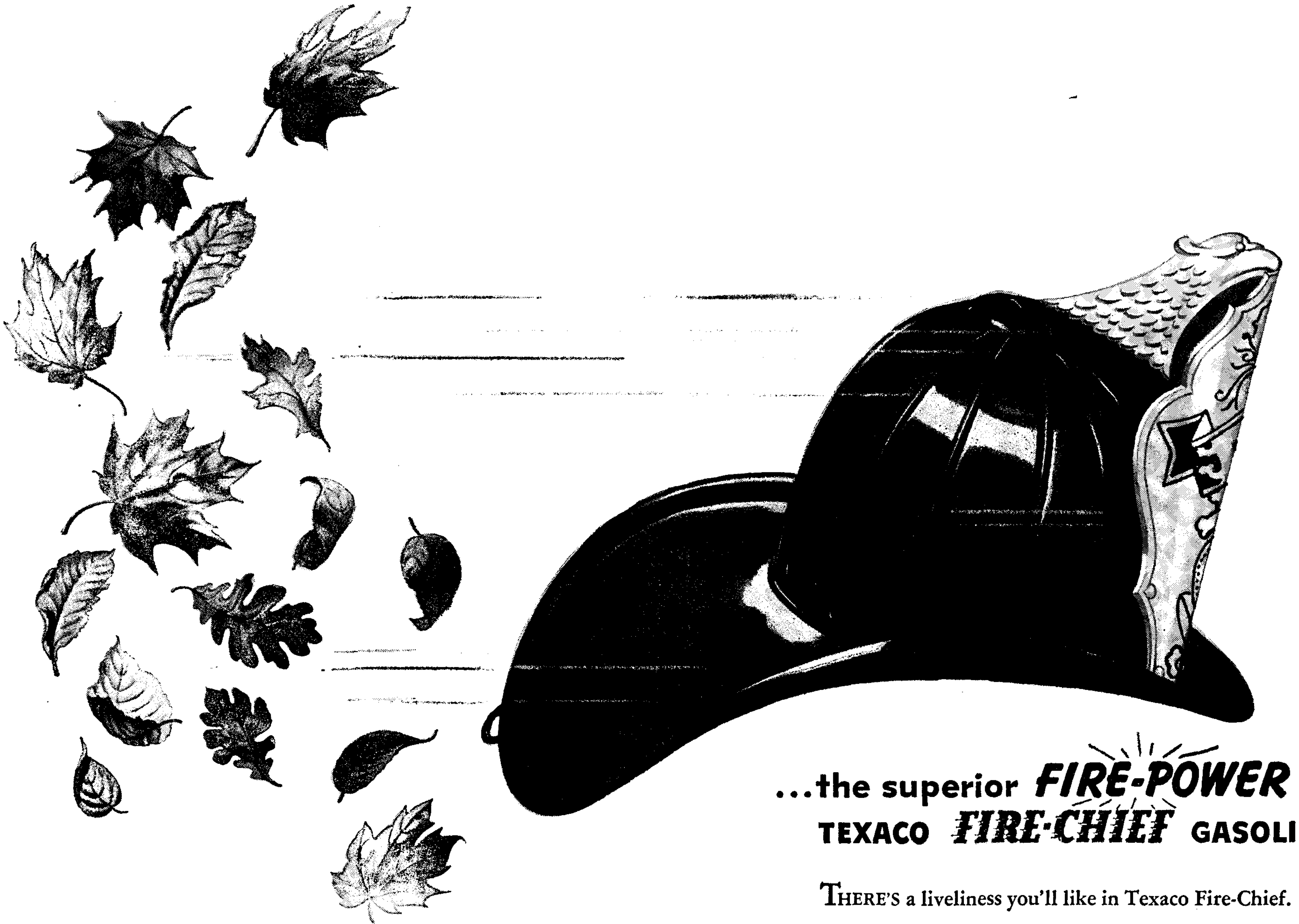
THE END



"I'll bet he tries to pass that off as a good turn, too!"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Brisk as an Autumn breeze . . .



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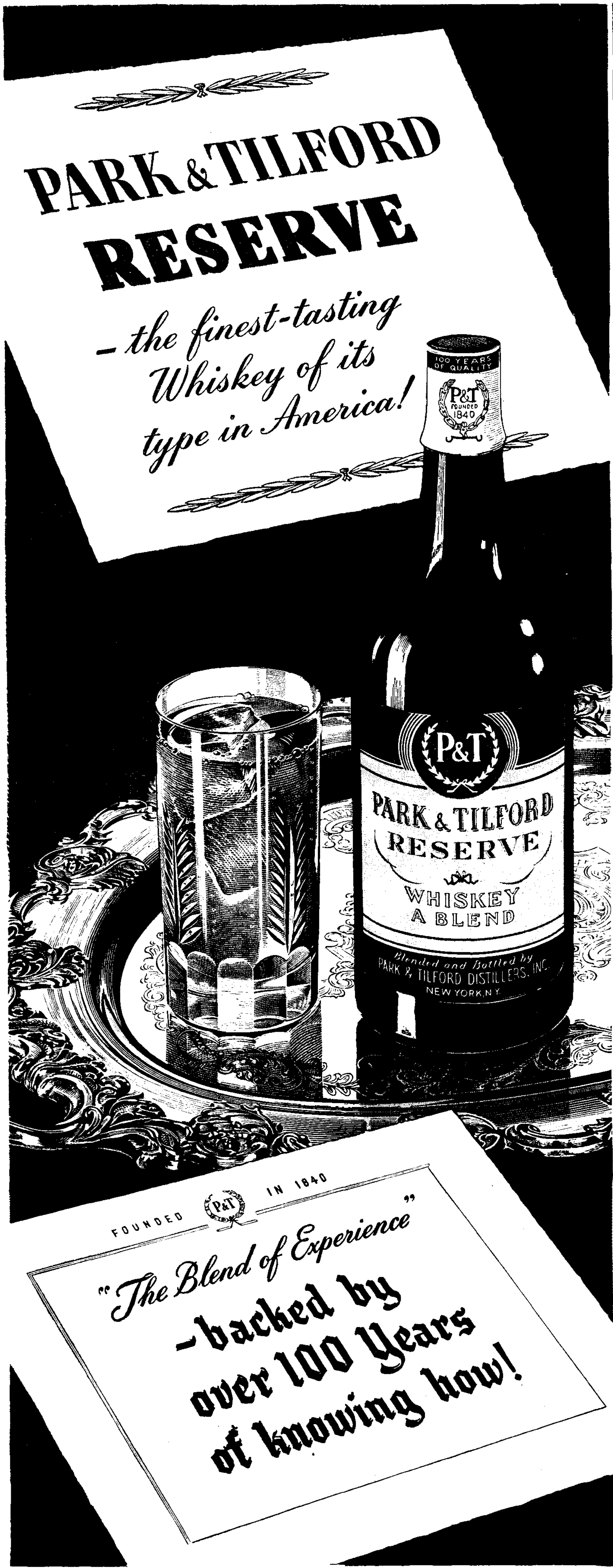
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LIFE IN A GLAMOR FACTORY

Continued from page 14

Reluctant Drag-on," explained the publicist. Everybody went out for a drink of water. The questioning went on:

"What's that ring you're wearing?"

"It's just a friendship ring from a special pal up in San Francisco. . . . It's come in handy, though—at times."

"If you ever fall in love you'll let us know, won't you?"

"Oh, sure I will. I'll bring him around and introduce him."

"Where do you live?"

"Well, I'm in a boardinghouse with six other girls who are just starting. It's up on Sunset; they call it The House of the Seven Garbos. We get along fine, except that there's only one telephone. There's a swimming pool, though. It's hard to get to the studio. I have to take three busses."

"Did you ever do much acting?"

"Well, I was first in some high-school and college plays. My first stage appearance was in a little French farce, in Denmark. Then I did lots of plays with the Theater Arts group in San Francisco."

"Ever work at anything besides acting?"

"Yes, I was a professional nurse for a time; and I did some modeling."

"That'll make it easier for me," said Whitey. "And while we're on it, when you come to the still studio to pose, forget the make-up. Just soap and water and lipstick. Remember?"

"I'll remember."

Another publicity man asked, "Are we going to make her a Danish girl, or play up the South American angle?"

"How about a South American blonde?" said Ken. "That's exciting. . . . It's true, too," he added defensively; "she was born in Argentine and she's blond, isn't she?"

"First thing you'll have to do is pose for Christmas art," said Whitey. (It was 94° in the shade.) "All bundled up in furs . . . then along about Christmas we have to start making the bathing-suit and playsuit art out of doors."

"I heard about the winter climate," said Kristine. "What is it they say? 'Many are cold, but few are frozen'?"

Everybody looked at her with great respect.

"Will you stand up a minute, Kristine?" asked Whitey. "I want to get the over-all picture."

"Overalls!" screamed someone. "With a figure like that?"

No, said everybody, not overalls with a figure like that.

"Incidentally," said Mr. Seltzer, remembering, "you can't call her the Viking Girl. Wrong sex. Maybe the Viqueen Girl. . . ."

"I'm glad her figure's good," Whitey said. "I won't have to bother so much about camera angles and lighting—like I have to with some people I could name. Curves all in the wrong places. Seven-degree curves where they should be one degree. In where it ought to be out. . . ."

He gazed at Miss Miller approvingly.

"You mustn't be surprised if you read in some column that you've been dining with some male star you never even met," somebody else explained. "It's all just part of the build-up."

"Of course, at times we'll probably assign you to lunch or dine or go to a preview with somebody," explained Mr. Seltzer. "To make it real," he added.

"It'll be all right with me," said Kristine.

"Well," said Mr. Seltzer, "that'll be enough for now. Main thing is when the publicity department wants you, try to be punctual."

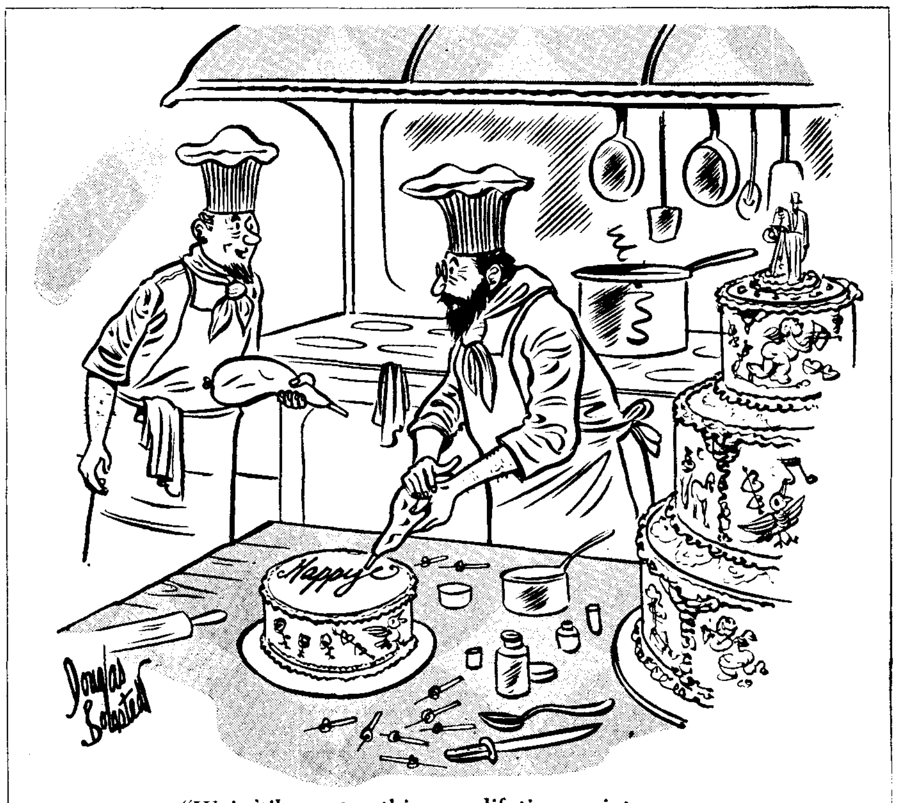
"I'll try," said Kristine, "if I can just figure out the schedules of those three busses."

She went away for more diction lessons and costume fittings, and the publicity boys and girls went into a huddle: Bathing-suit pictures Wednesday, playsuit pictures Thursday. Maybe a trip to San Francisco for background shots. She ought to have a car, not depend on busses. . . .

"We'll need some baby pictures of her for the fan magazines," said Miss Durand. "We'll get in some resort clothes for the fashion magazines," said Miss Roach. "Bathing suits for the newspapers," said Mr. Sarno and Mr. Seltzer.

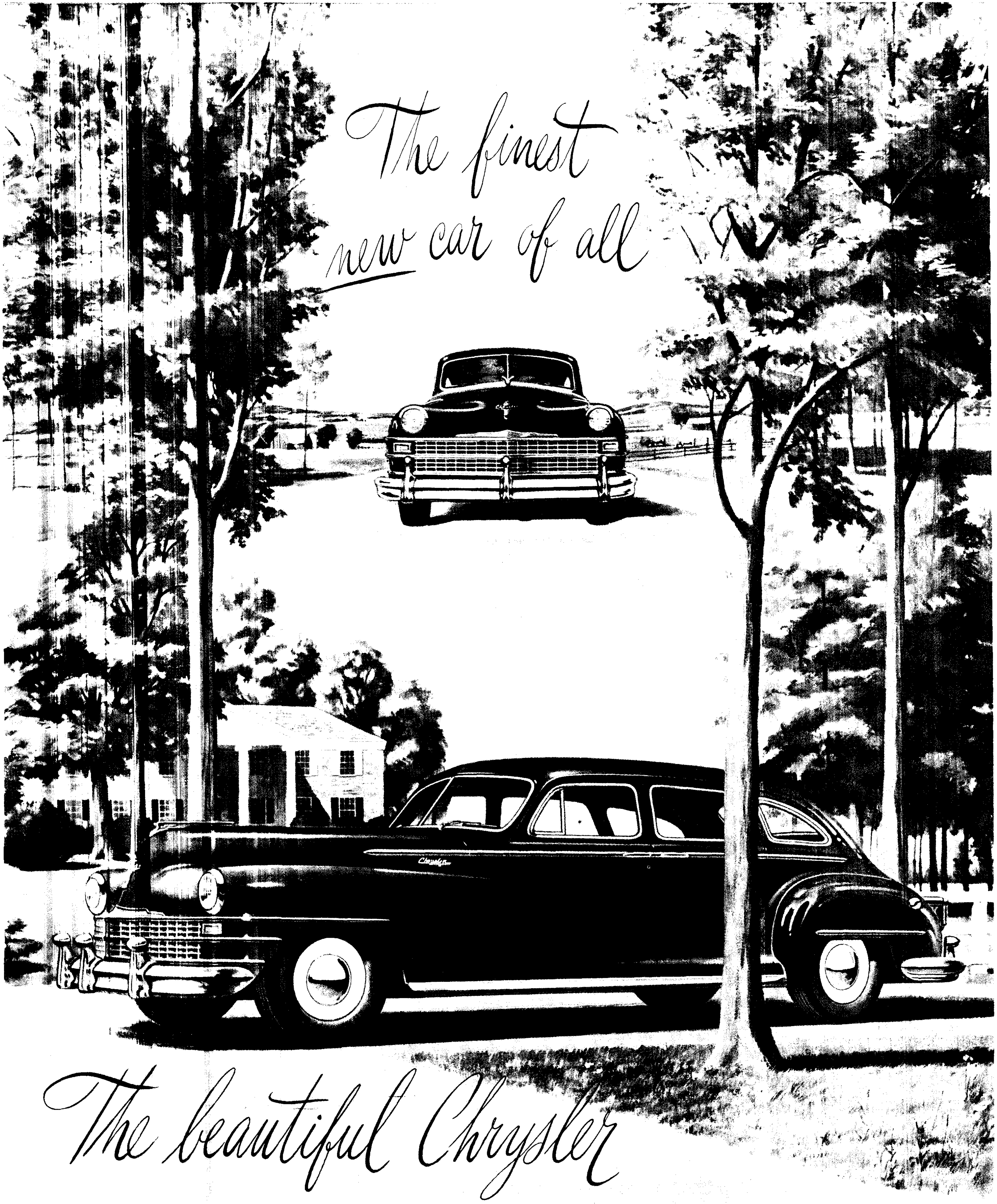
Up at Sunset and Vine the new starlet was waiting for the westbound bus—just like any other working girl.

THE END



"Wait 'til you try this new lifetime point, guaranteed to write 12 years without refilling!"

COLLIER'S DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT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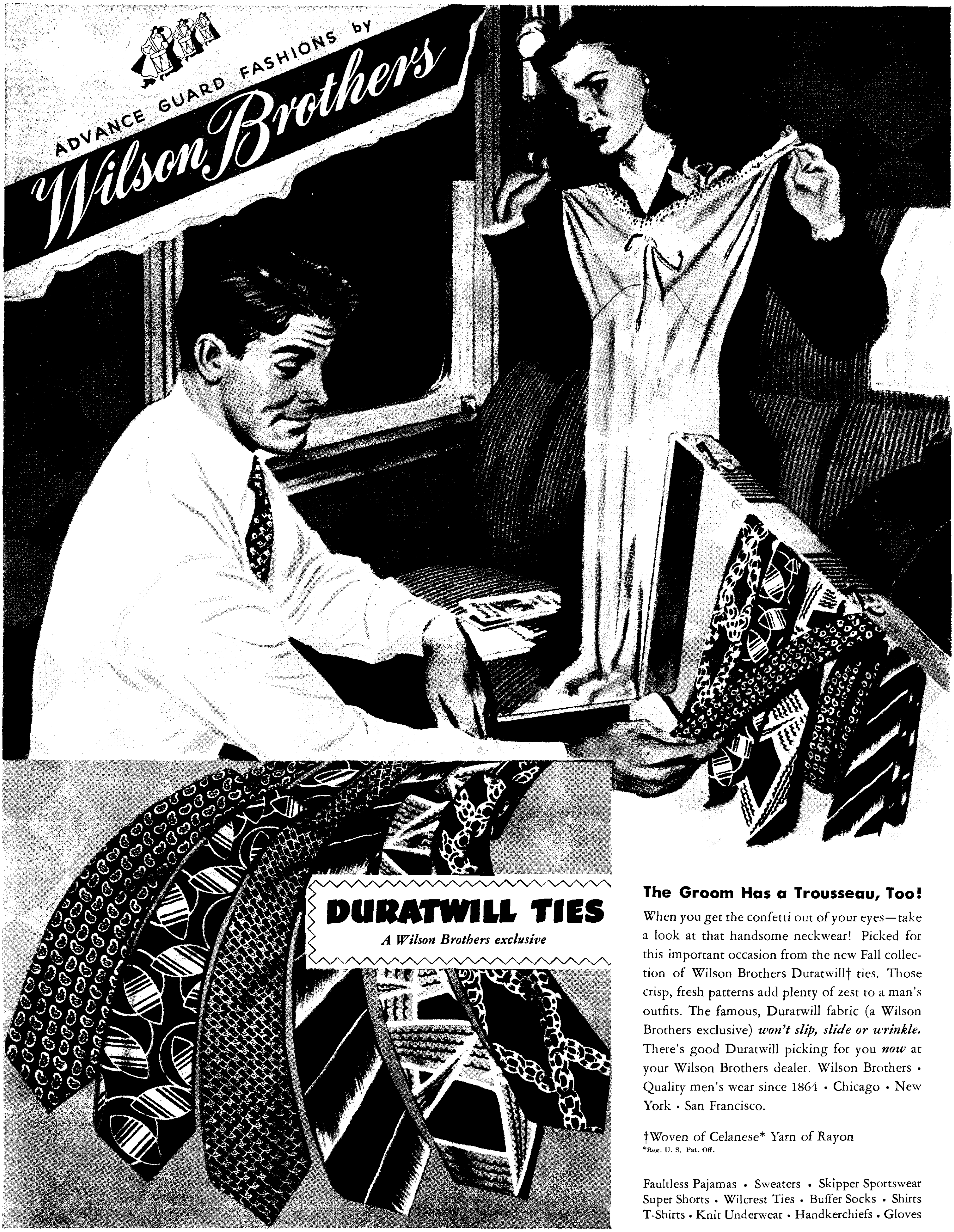
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STRANGER THAN TRUTH

BY VERA CASPARY

The Story:

John Ansell, an editor of one of the Barclay Truth Publications, was nearly poisoned and later bribed into silence by a promotion when he tried to publish the story of the unsolved murder of Warren G. Wilson, also known as Homer Peck. Now Ansell begins to understand why. The motive still is obscure but the murderer apparently was E. E. Munn, executive assistant to Noble Barclay, tycoon publisher and author of My Life Is Truth. Lola Manfred, another Barclay editor, who was listed as a suicide by Captain Riordan of the Homicide Squad, also, it appears, met death at Munn's hands. Eleanor Barclay, the publisher's daughter, who loves Ansell, saw her sanctimonious parent in a damning light during a stormy scene in Barclay's study just before Munn, in the guise of James B. Thorpe, fled—leaving behind a mysterious manuscript entitled "A Short History of Homer Peck." Eleanor secretly took the manuscript when she left the Barclay apartment with Ansell, one jump ahead of the police. With mounting horror, Eleanor has begun to face the facts but still she is loyal to her father, as are, apparently, Grace Eccles, his secretary; Gloria, his wife, and General Podolsky, an editor-writer. Barclay arrived at Eleanor's early the next morning and, while Ansell was at the corner drugstore, brutally questioned Eleanor about the manuscript. The story continues just as Ansell, accompanied now by Riordan, returns to Eleanor's apartment.

Conclusion

Barclay swung out his hand to Riordan, wished him a good morning. "Back again, lad?" he said jovially to me.

There was no sign of Eleanor. The couch had been cleared of sheets and blankets; dishes and cups removed from the breakfast table.

"Sit down, Captain. Take his coat, John. I suppose you'd like to see my daughter."

I took a position like a St. Bernard before the bedroom door. Riordan chose a stiff chair and Barclay seated himself comfortably on the couch.

"Any trace of the fugitive?" Barclay asked.

Riordan said, "Why didn't you report the theft of your car, Mr. Barclay?"

Barclay scratched his head. "One of my cars stolen? I didn't know. My chauffeur hasn't reported any theft."

"At two-fifteen this morning a man named James B. Thorpe was picked up in Philadelphia."

"In my car?" Barclay asked.

"Black coupé, registered in New York as the property of Noble Barclay."

"I have a black coupé," Barclay said. "Used it yesterday." His fist crashed against the table. "Damn it, I must have left it out again. Yes, I did. I'm afraid," his voice showed remorse, "the keys were in it. I sometimes leave it for the chauffeur to pick up."

"What about this Thorpe?" I asked. "Who was he?"

"Never heard of him," said Barclay.

"He carried a California driver's license. According to the description in it, this Thorpe was six foot three, weighed around two hundred and twenty. Doesn't weigh that much now. Skinny guy and just about six foot, the report says."

"Why was he picked up?" I said.

"Drunken driving."

"Drunk." Barclay whispered it like a dirty word. Clearing his throat, he asked, "Has he been questioned? Did he confess to stealing my car?"

"Wouldn't talk without his lawyer."

We all waited.

"Then he said he wanted the best lawyer in Philadelphia. The best, he kept on insisting. Said he was a man of importance, that they'd be surprised if they knew who he really was. He had ten grand in his wallet."

Barclay raised his eyebrows. "Has he talked to his lawyer yet?"

"They'll let us know when anything new turns up." Riordan appeared nonchalant, but he was watching Barclay's reactions out of the corner of his eye.

Eleanor came out of the bedroom. She had changed from her robe to a blue skirt and white sweater.

Her father beckoned but Eleanor would not sit beside him. She went to the far end of the room. "This is Captain Riordan, Eleanor. Captain, my daughter."

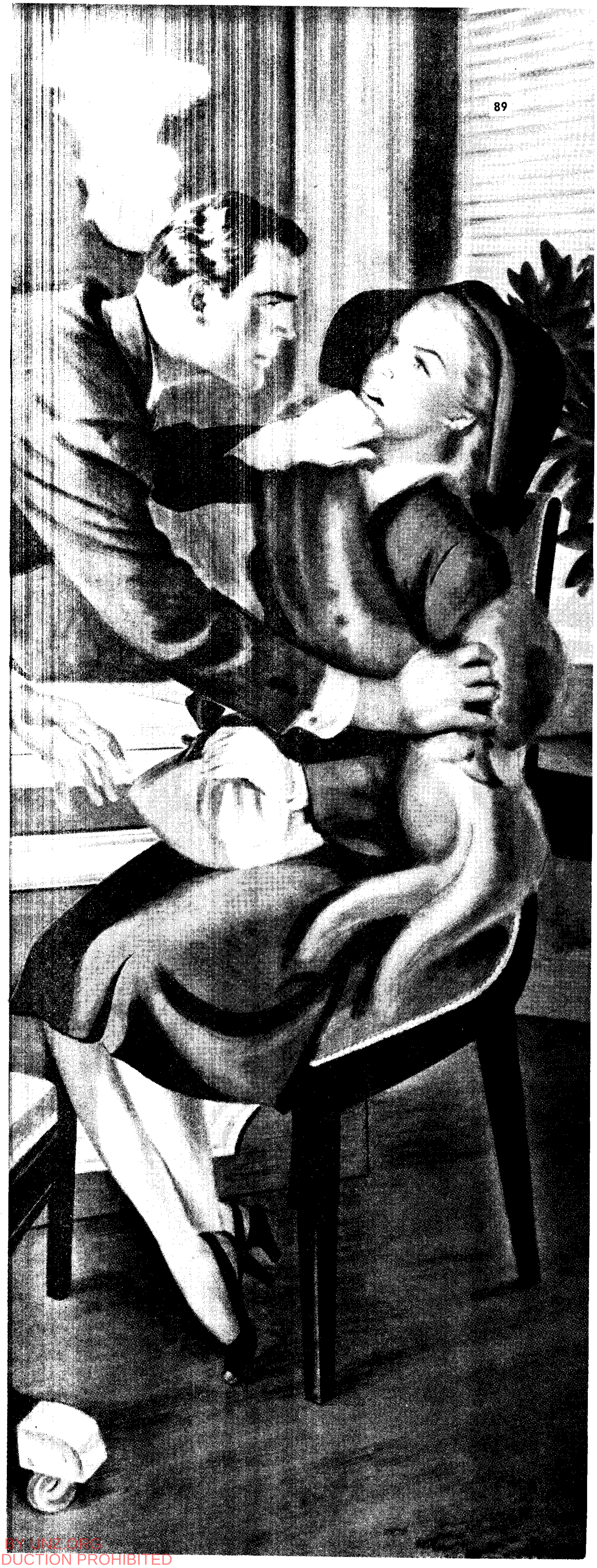
Riordan asked her about Lola. He wanted to know how friendly Eleanor and Lola had been, how many personal secrets Lola had confided, and if on the day of her death she had shown signs of despondency.

"Yes, she did," Eleanor answered emphatically. "She'd been all right in the morning but in the afternoon she was strange. She lost her temper and threw her fur coat on the floor and stayed in the ladies' room for a long time. It was either because she'd had too much to drink at lunch or because someone had sent her some roses. Someone she disliked, I imagine."

"Roses," said Riordan. But he did not pursue the subject. "Was that the last you saw of her?"

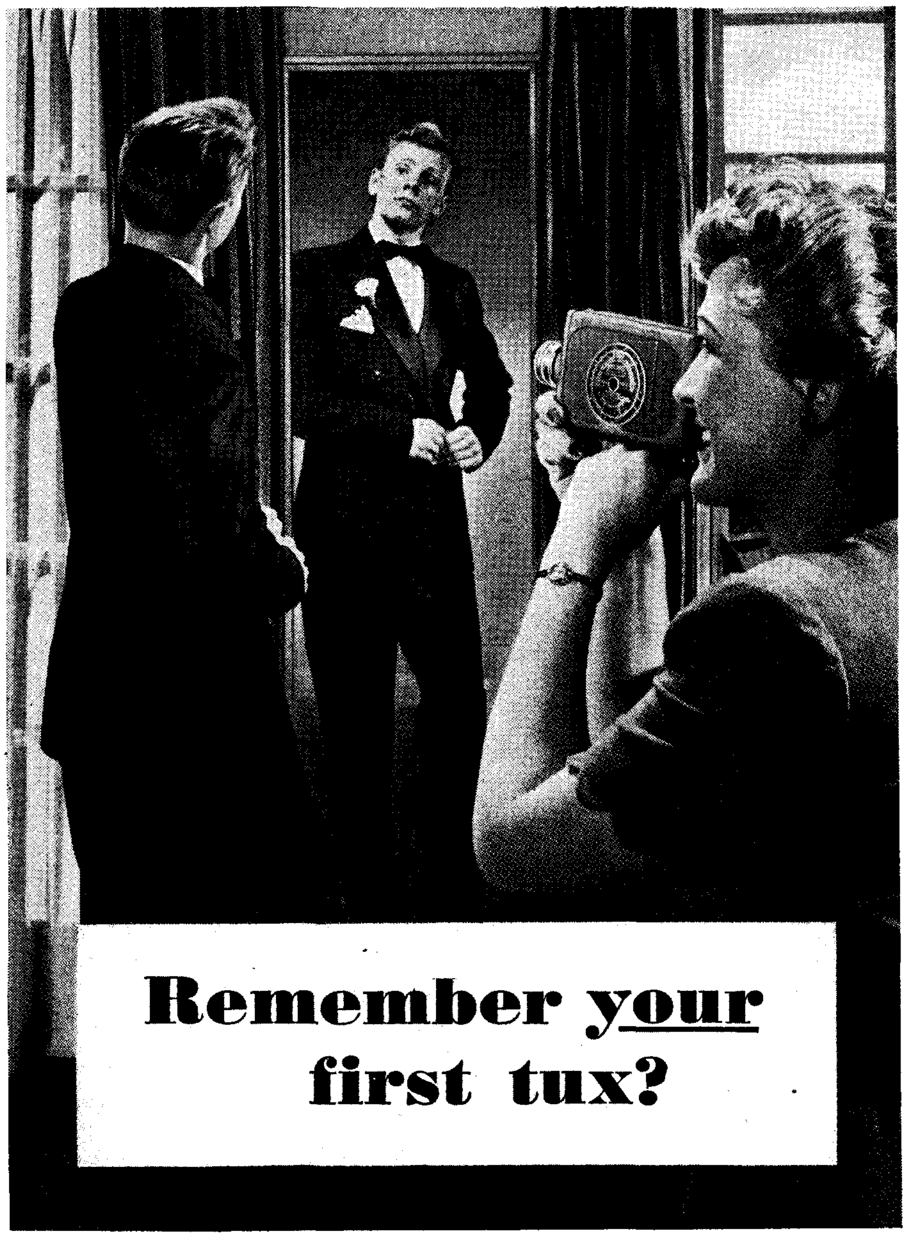
Eleanor looked up. She had been rubbing her wrists. "Yes, it was. I left about an hour later. I had some shopping to do."

"What do you know of her relations with Munn?"



"I'm not going to let anyone poison me a second time," I shouted. "Poison you!" Eleanor's lips formed the words but she did not speak them aloud

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



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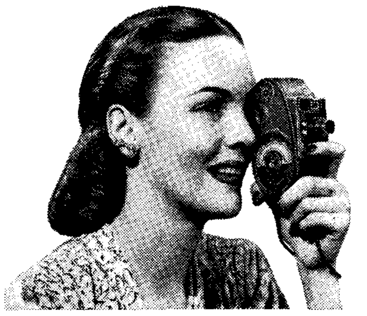

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"She loathed and despised him."

"Are you sure?"

Eleanor went on massaging her wrists. "Positive."

Riordan turned to Barclay. "That's not what you told me."

"My daughter believed what Miss Manfred wanted her to believe. What the rest of the office believed." Barclay looked wise and secretive. "Miss Manfred told everyone she despised Ed Munn. It was a ruse to keep them from knowing the truth."

Eleanor jumped up. "I don't believe it! I worked with Lola, I saw her every day. I knew her better than anyone in the office."

"You knew exactly what Lola chose to have you know," said Barclay. "Miss Manfred was sly. She didn't want anyone in the office, and particularly Eleanor, to learn about her relations with Ed because—" Barclay smiled and shook his head—"Eleanor had been engaged to him."

"No one in the office knew." Eleanor returned to the couch. She leaned against the cushions wearily as if, at this hour of the morning, she was already exhausted. "I can't believe Lola would ever have looked at him."

"Your voice is getting shrill, child. Remember what I told you this morning," Barclay interrupted.

Eleanor groped in her belt, found a handkerchief, covered her mouth. She was on the verge of hysterical laughter.

RIORDAN looked to me for help. The switch from the Truth and Crime angle to a Truth and Love scene disconcerted the detective. But I was no tower of strength. Barclay had once taken me in with that smooth manner. Experience made me wary. On the other hand, there was a certain amount of credibility in his story. Lola had been drunk and wanton; she might also have been sly. When she abused or insulted Munn, or regaled us at the Editors' table with stories of his stupidity, she might have been laughing secretly at our naïveté.

"Did you know about this affair before Lola died?" I said to Barclay.

"For quite awhile," he answered.

"Had Munn confided in you?"

"Don't like to be caught napping, do you, John?" Barclay laughed. To Riordan he commented, "Our young friend is typical of the skeptic who doubts whatever his own eyes have failed to see. What's your opinion, Captain? Do you think I'm fabricating?"

Riordan hesitated. He was, after all, a cop. And Barclay a big shot, a millionaire, author and publisher, owner of property, a boss.

"What reason would you have to make up the story?" Riordan asked.

Barclay turned his charm full upon Riordan. "I admit," he confessed, "that I was deceived. I certainly misjudged Ed Munn. I knew this woman taunted him, tortured him, flaunted her lovers before him, but I never thought he'd go so far as to kill her."

Riordan fingered his ear. "I'd like to ask Miss Barclay a question. I asked you last night but I want to hear her answer." This was police subtlety calculated to inform Miss Barclay that her story had better check with her father's. "When your father answered John Ansell's call and told you we were after Munn in connection with Miss Manfred's death, what did he do?"

"He denied it."

"Denied what?"

"Killing Lola."

"And we believed him, didn't we, Eleanor?" Without giving her an opportunity to answer, Barclay went on: "That was natural, don't you think, Captain? After all, when you've been associated with a man for years, it's hard to believe he's committed a murder. And I'll tell you something else, Captain." Barclay was rueful. "I don't think I'd believe now that Ed had done it, if he hadn't run off like that."

We took it silently.

"Before we go a step further, Captain, I want you to know something." Barclay moved toward Riordan.

"I like the way you've handled this case. I must confess I'm deeply impressed by your honesty and your straightforward methods, Captain. I wonder if you'd mind if I mentioned it to the Commissioner."

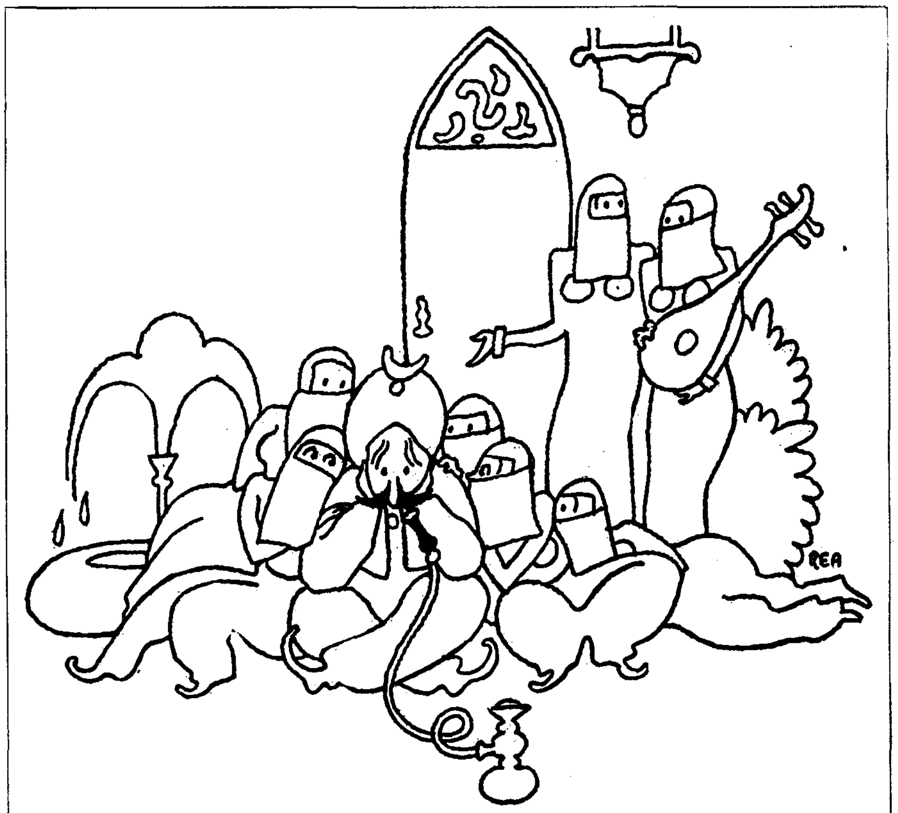
Riordan had turned as pink as a newborn baby. "Just as you like, Mr. Barclay. Glad you feel that way."

"That about finishes it, doesn't it, Captain? If you want us, you know where we can be found." Barclay had picked up Riordan's overcoat.

Riordan stood up, brushed wrinkles from blue serge. "You'll all be asked to appear at the inquest."

"We know that."

Riordan smiled. This was his big mo-



COLLIER'S "Maybe it's only another woman" GARDNER REA

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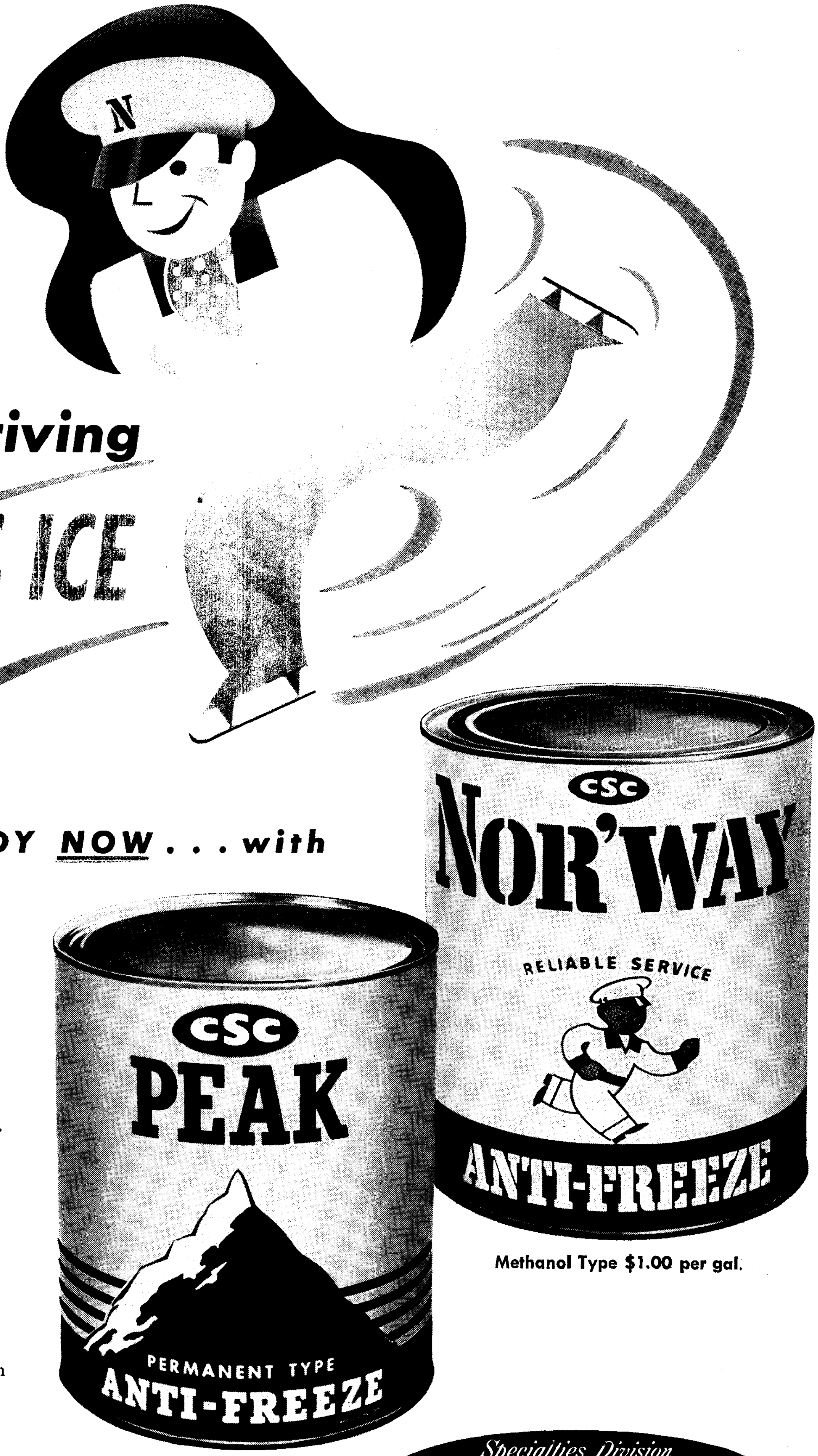

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ment, one he could brag about to his in-laws. "Thanks for everything, Mr. Barclay. It's a privilege to know a man like you." Riordan shook hands with Barclay, nodded at Eleanor and me.

I was burning.

"Wait a minute. Haven't you forgotten something, Captain?" My voice echoed sarcastically Barclay's flattering use of Riordan's title.

"Forgotten something?"

"Warren G. Wilson. Remember him? The man who was murdered last May. When I called you last night and told you I suspected Lola hadn't committed suicide, I said there might be a connection between her death and Wilson's. You know now that it wasn't suicide, but what about Wilson? That was your case and I thought it was why you asked to be put on the Manfred investigation. Or am I wrong?"

ELEANOR slid forward on the couch. Riordan transferred his hat from his right to his left hand, and shifted his weight. Barclay frowned in my direction. It was a warning.

Undaunted, I plunged into the gale. "When you talked to Mr. Barclay last night, Captain, did you mention Wilson?"

"The lad's tenacious," Barclay said, winking at Riordan. "Once he gets a notion in his head he sticks to it. Some people might call him stubborn but I admire his tenacity. It's a sign of character."

A sign of character, is it? Okay, Barclay, I thought, I'll show you the quantity and quality of character in John Miles Ansell. "Was Mr. Barclay able to tell you anything about Wilson?"

Eleanor coughed. On Valentine's Day Warren G. Wilson had given her a book inscribed to a genteel lady. Until I forced it out of her, she had not mentioned her friendship with a murder victim. I tried to catch her eye but she was looking down into the china box as if she expected to find a pearl among the cigarettes.

"Mr. Barclay didn't know Wilson," Riordan told me.

"You asked him?"

"Last night." Riordan swung around on his heels and glowered at me. "What gives you the idea that these people knew Wilson?"

"I told you."

"What did you tell me? That you had a hunch Miss Manfred was connected with the Wilson case. You had no proof."

"Look," I said, trying to give him a straight answer while I let Eleanor know that I had not mentioned her name, "I told you I had a hunch Miss Manfred had known Wilson. I told you what happened when I asked her if she'd known him—"

"What happened?" Barclay asked.

"She denied it," Riordan said.

"Yes, she denied it," I said, "but the way she denied it made me suspect that she was lying. She was too defiant, too emotional."

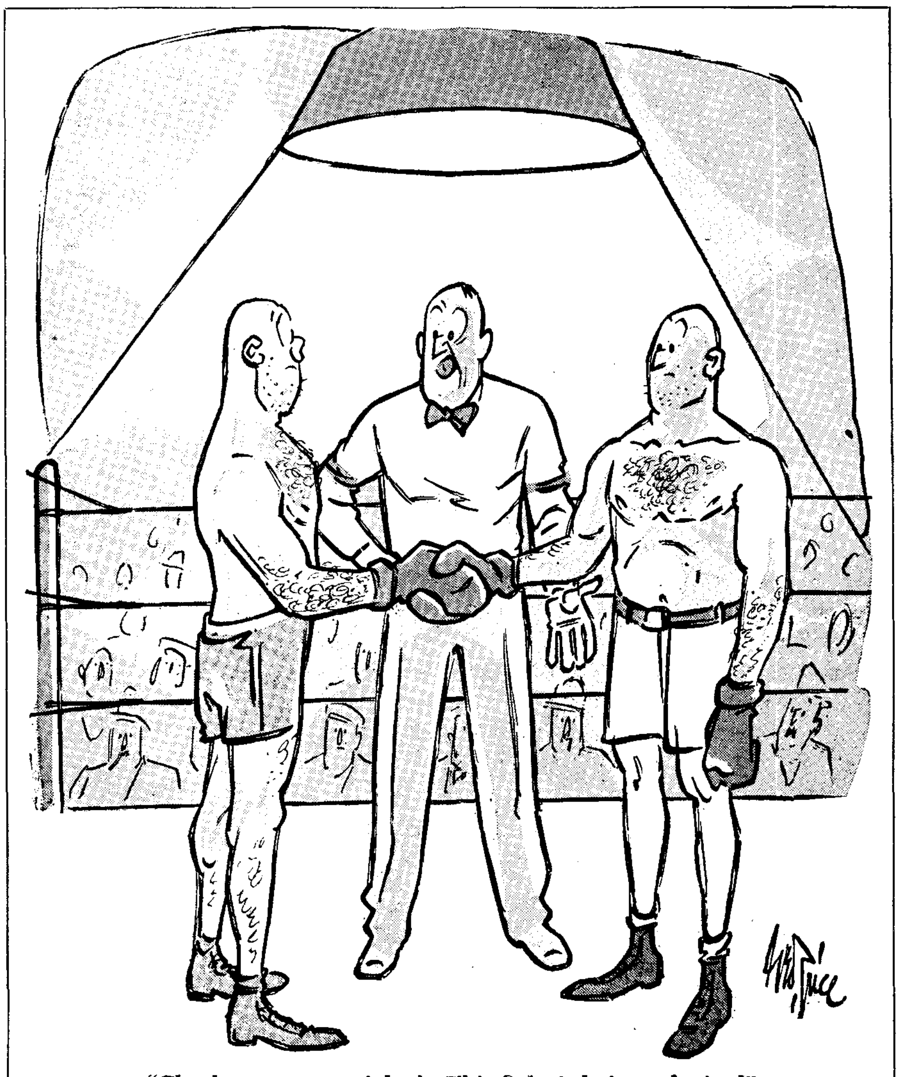
"Had she been drinking?" asked Barclay.

"Uh-huh."

"Wasn't it characteristic of Miss Manfred to be defiant and emotional, particularly when she'd been drinking?" Again Barclay answered without giving anyone else a chance. "You see, lad, I know the tendencies of alcoholics better than you. My own unfortunate history gives me particular insight into their emotional responses."

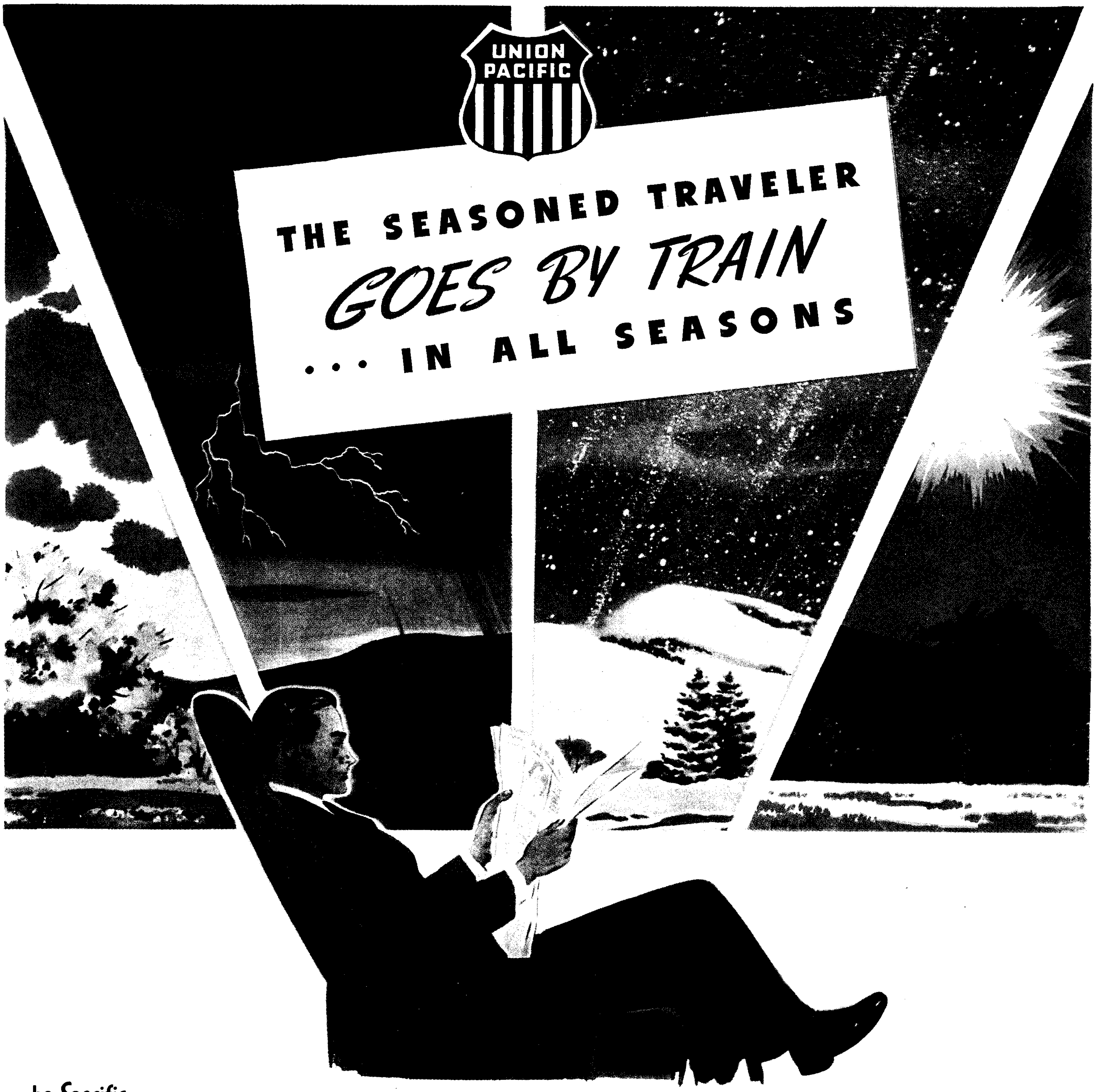
A door slammed. Eleanor had gone into the bedroom. I did not know whether she was irritated because I had divulged a family secret or because her father was an oily hypocrite. I did not much care.

Barclay appeared not to have noticed Eleanor's retreat. He was too intent upon his argument. "You see, Captain, the boy's got no proof that Lola knew Wilson. She was drunk, she was de-



"Check up on your tights! This fight is being televised"

COLLIER'S GEORGE PRICE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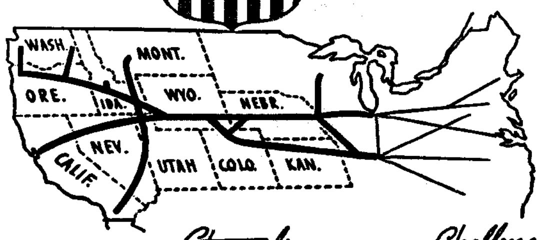
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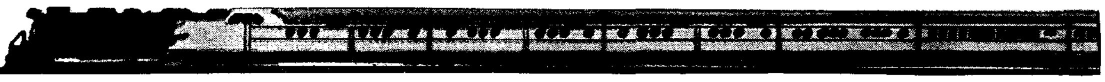

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"I can't see it," Riordan said. "Last night, when he told me about it, I was willing to take a chance. When you want to clean up a case, you'll follow any lead. But now that I've heard everything, Mr. Barclay, I'm inclined to agree with you. It doesn't make sense."

"Okay, it was just a hunch," I said. "But a valuable hunch, wasn't it, Riordan? How about Munn's having been with Lola? Would you have known that without my hunch?"

"Doesn't prove that either of them knew Wilson," Barclay said, laying his hand consolingly on my shoulder. "I know it'll hurt you to hear me say this, lad, but you never could take that turndown on the Wilson story. You thought you'd written a masterpiece and ever since then, you've had some cockeyed notion that I had a personal reason for rejecting it. You—"

"Look, Mr. Barclay . . ."

"You've got to learn to take it, son. You're not perfect; you're only human like the rest of the race. Everyone makes a mistake sometime in his life. You may be a hell of a writer but even Shakespeare turned out a few duds. It's going pretty far, don't you think, Captain," Barclay's hand fell from my shoulder as he turned toward Riordan, "when a fellow has to accuse others of intrigue just because they turn down his literary efforts?"

I LOOKED around for something to throw.

"Look, Mr. Barclay, was I or was I not poisoned the night after I started asking questions about the Wilson story?"

"Poisoned?" Barclay did not seem to understand.

"I don't eat shrimps, Mr. Barclay. I'm allergic to shellfish."

"Come now, John." That was the old Barclay, the smoothie, the professional confidant. "You're not going to deny facts. Everyone, Smith of the grill, the waiters, the doctor, your nurse, they all knew you had ptomaine from eating contaminated seafood. Look up the hospital records—they'll show you. To say you were poisoned is not only absurd, boy, it's dangerous. Shows you to be suffering from a persecution complex."

"I didn't eat shrimps. I never do. Look, Riordan, he might have bribed them to say I did, I've suspected that all along, but it's not true. I'm telling you."

Barclay smiled sadly. From the way he took it, an outsider would think I had only just made up the poisoning story and was trying to uphold my fiction with a display of temper.

"Why didn't you report it?" Riordan asked.

"I was bribed," I said. "By a raise of seventy-five smackers per week."

"Yeah?" Riordan looked at Barclay for confirmation.

"I wasn't aware, John, that you felt that way about your promotion. At the time your gratitude seemed sincere." Barclay turned the light of his countenance upon me. His voice dripped sympathy. "What did you have on your conscience, lad, that you couldn't accept a promotion and a raise without explaining it to yourself in that distorted fashion? What secrets are you hiding? What truth about yourself are you afraid to face?"

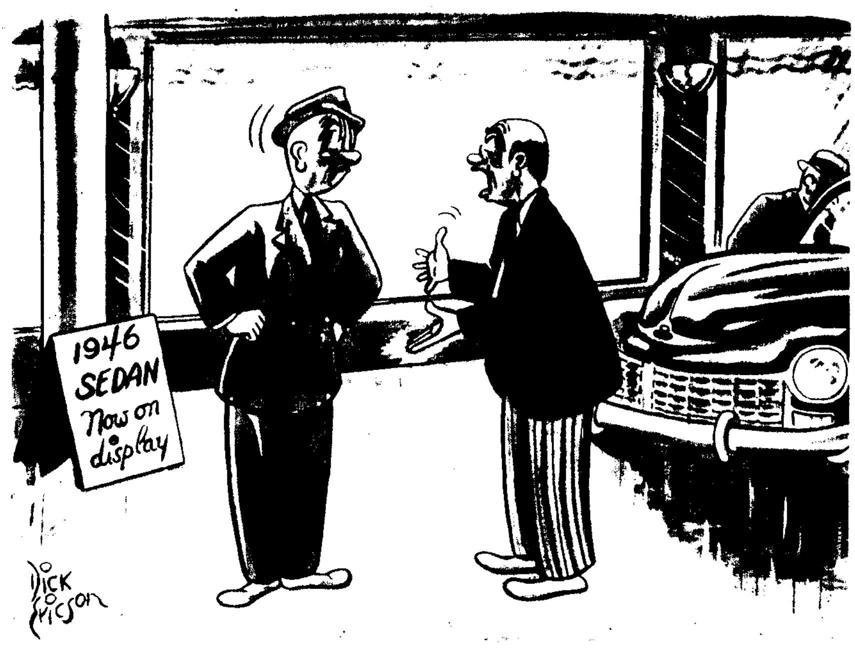
"For God's sake!" I said.

"He probably believes he was poisoned," Barclay told Riordan. He spoke in the voice of a high-priced specialist who has been called in to advise the family doctor. "It's remarkable how easy it is for some people to believe what they *wish to believe*. It proves what I said in my book and what I keep on saying in the magazines: Anyone can believe anything if the urge is strong enough. You know what it proves?" His voice dropped. The confidence was directed at Riordan, but he was careful to see that I did not miss a syllable. "It proves that there's something deep in this lad that he can't face. You'll never find a healthy man, a happy man, a strong and confident man who can't dig down into the depths of himself and acknowledge the bitter truth. When a man has to go as far as this young man has gone to show that others are trying to harm him, there's something unhealthy inside. Don't you agree, Captain?"

"You're not kidding," Riordan said solemnly. "In my line I've met plenty of crooks who blame their troubles on the other fellow."

"We've come a long way from murder," I said. "A long way from the Wilson case and Lola's death and Munn's escape. Barclay's philosophy is fascinating, don't you think, Captain? Probably you've heard some of the ideas before. Barclay's borrowed a lot from Christian and pagan, from medicine men and scientists, from theosophists, theologists, psychoanalysts, and the crank religions of the twentieth century. It's remarkable what men can believe, particularly when you know how many of them have swallowed Truth-Sharing."

Riordan's hat whirled faster. He was



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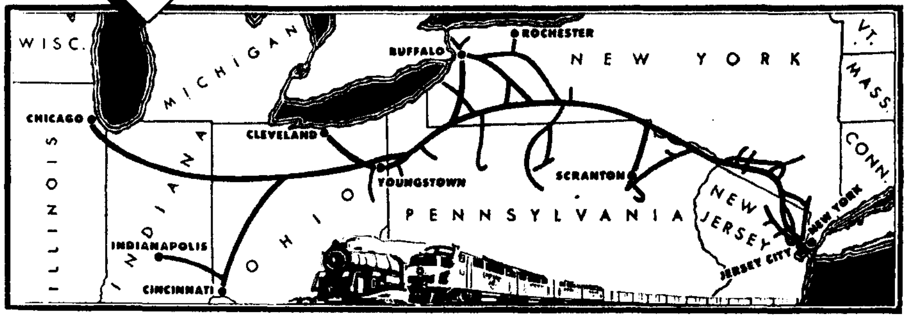

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a detective, not an arbiter of philosophies.

Barclay sensed the delicate balance. Winningly, as if he and Riordan were allies of long standing, he said: "Haven't you noticed, Captain, that cynics are all the same? What difference is there between those who scoff at the old religions and those who scorn the revelations of a modern philosophy? What is it in their souls that makes these men so inflexible? Why do they hate themselves and despise the rest of humanity? Can it be envy? Must they sneer at Belief because they are incapable of Belief?"

Barclay bent forward, peering first into Riordan's face, then into mine.

"Don't be distressed, John. It's been tough, but you haven't failed yet, lad. It's just that stubborn will of yours, that determination to beat the bigger fellow. Face yourself, boy, accept your shortcomings. You'll be bigger than any man on earth."

Riordan smirked. I knew what he was thinking. Just what Barclay wanted him to think: That I was a frustrated, envious, bitter, five-foot-five runt who used cynicism and sarcasm as a weapon against the six-footers. It was not a new tactic. Barclay had once done it with a mirror, but this time he put on a better show, he didn't need mirrors. He had me where he wanted, helpless and squirming. If I had argued, he would have twisted my arguments against me. If I had stated facts, he would have proved that my facts were conceived out of frustration and envy.

Therefore, I had not been poisoned. I had eaten shrimps.

The phone rang. I welcomed the interruption. Sweat rolled down my face. The act of wiping it off embarrassed me. I hoped the argument was over.

Eleanor hurried out of the bedroom. But Riordan had already answered the phone. It was his office reporting information just received from the Philadelphia cops. The man who had stolen Barclay's black coupé had been found dead in his cell. An empty glass vial lay on the floor beside the body. The police had not discovered it when they originally frisked him.

I WATCHED Eleanor. She had not been present when Riordan told Barclay about the theft of the car and the arrest, in Philadelphia, of the drunken driver. The news meant nothing to her until James B. Thorpe's name was mentioned.

Her body stiffened. She stared at her father. "So it wasn't the terrace?" She had barely breath enough for the words.

"Terrace?" Riordan was puzzled.

"I thought he jumped off or had—" She caught Barclay staring at her and turned away. "It must have been a dream, but it seemed so real. It couldn't have, could it? There'd have been a body on the street. It seemed—"

"Stop chattering," Barclay commanded. To Riordan he said, "He was dead, you say, when they found him?"

Riordan nodded.

With a fine monogrammed handkerchief Barclay wiped sweat from his forehead. "Then he didn't say anything? Didn't reveal his identity?"

"Know who he was?"

Barclay's head was bowed. The handkerchief hid the expression on his face. "Poor Ed," he said. "Poor fellow, he must have known the game was up."

The inquest was apathetic. Lola Manfred was declared dead. A few grains of tobacco, several minute balls of crumpled cigarette paper, an unopened box of American Beauties might have proved that Edward Everett Munn had been her final visitor, but they did not prove that he had mixed bichloride of mercury with her last whiskey and soda.

Riordan thanked me publicly for my assistance in the Manfred case, but he did not mention Wilson nor my hunch that there was a connection between the two murders. Probably Barclay had won him to the belief that I wanted revenge because my Wilson story had been rejected. In his own way, Riordan was right. Not a shred of evidence linked Lola Manfred's death to the murder of Warren G. Wilson. Time and the taxpayers' money could not be wasted on theories offered by a guy with a chip on his shoulder.

There was a surprise witness. His name was Botticelli. Every week his boy had delivered flowers to Miss Lola Manfred. Botticelli's testimony clinched Barclay's theory about Lola's and Munn's relations. With American Beauties at eighteen dollars a dozen, it had to be love.

Eleanor testified briefly. She wore her black suit and a black sweater and a string of small pearls. She looked severe. She appeared not to notice that I was in the room. We had not seen each other during the week end. On Saturday morning, when Barclay and Riordan left, she had asked me to go, too. She was tired, she said. I had telephoned several times, both on Saturday night and Sunday, but she was always too tired to see me.

I was puzzled. This seemed a curious time for her to give me the brush-off. I asked myself a lot of questions but the answers added up to a bright zero.

NOBLE BARCLAY took the oath. Everyone in the courtroom edged forward in his chair. He was big, handsome, self-assured and earnest. He spoke in a mellow but clear-cut voice. There were no pauses, no evasions. He looked every juror in the eye.

Barclay admitted that he had difficulty in adjusting himself to the idea that his close friend and trusted assistant could commit murder. Although, Barclay added, he had been aware that in having an affair with Miss Manfred, Munn had been playing with fire.

"Do you know certainly, Mr. Barclay, that she was Munn's mistress?"

"Does anyone in this room doubt it?"

Barclay went on with his testimony. He was the only one in the office, he intimated, who had not been fooled by the lovers' ruses. We others, the wise and cynical, had let the wool be pulled over our eyes, had believed that affection was enmity.

It was a good glib explanation. The alleged lovers were dead. Nobody came into the courtroom to deny Barclay's statements. Who would doubt a man of his reputation? His facts were as orderly as the alphabet. And Munn could not now be indicted and tried for murder. The case was closed.

At the end, the crowd gathered around Barclay. Men waited in line to shake his hand. Ordinary, decent, law-abiding citizens felt it a privilege to meet the author of My Life Is Truth. Everyone was surprised and delighted to find the great man so humble and so sincere.

Down the block was a dirty bar. I chose a booth in the darkest corner. Sitting alone, I ordered two double brandies. Eleanor had gone off with her father and the lawyer in the Barclay limousine.

"Two double brandies?" asked the bartender.

"I'm expecting someone," I said. This was a lie, but I am not one of those sturdy souls who can share the truth with strange bartenders.

He brought the drinks. I had him set one before me, place the other across the table. I raised my glass and drank a toast to Lola Manfred. This was more appropriate, I thought, than a wreath for her coffin.

Ten minutes later I walked into the office. It was four o'clock and the place should have been humming. Hardly a typewriter clicked. In the private offices, editors and subeditors gossiped. In the ladies' and the men's rooms were gath-

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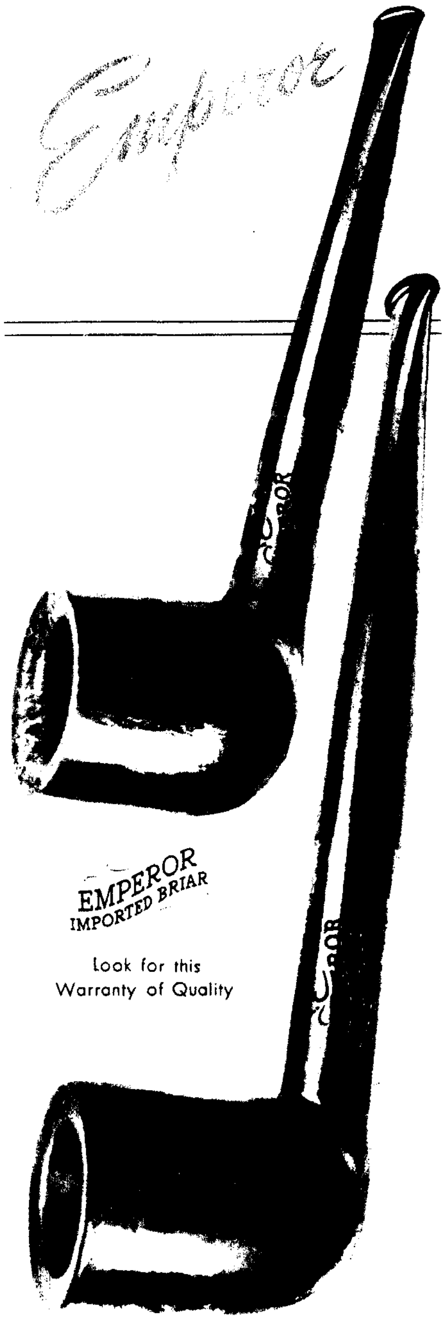

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ered delegations of writers, readers, typists and office boys. No one wanted to work. Too much had happened.

My fellow workers crowded around as if I were Public Hero Number One. They asked confidentially if it was true that the late E. E. Munn and the late Miss Manfred had been that way about each other. It was ridiculous. Anyone with eyes and ears should have known that these two were enemies. But Barclay had seen the reporters on Saturday and stories had been printed in the Sunday papers. That made it authentic.

Presently Miss Eccles paid me a visit. Her chest heaved, her hands fluttered. "Tell me, Mr. Ansell, aren't you just overwhelmed?"

"Overwhelmed is the word for it, Miss Eccles."

Beside my office door stood Miss Kaufman. Through rimless glasses she glared at Barclay's secretary. "He's busy, Grace. Don't bother him now. If you have any questions regarding business, send us a memo."

WHEN she had left, Miss Kaufman closed the office door, moved toward my desk and said, "It doesn't sound kosher to me."

"Good for you, Kaufman. It cheers me to discover there's still some honest skepticism left in the world." I kissed her.

"None of that. I'm a respectable married woman. If it hadn't been for that bichloride of mercury, I wouldn't have believed it. But since I read that the ten thousand dollars he had on him was claimed by his sister who runs a beauty shop, I couldn't help putting two and two together."

"You sound like a manuscript that Truth and Crime would reject, Miss K. Which two and two and what's the sum?"

"Beauty shop operators use bichloride. They get it in tablet form and dissolve the tablets to use as antiseptics. Why couldn't he have got some bichloride tablets out of his sister's shop?"

"That doesn't tell us why he did it."

"Do you remember," Miss Kaufman asked as she cleaned my glasses with the square of pink cotton, "what Miss Manfred always answered when people asked how she dared say all those fresh things about Mr. Barclay? She used to say she knew where the body was buried."

"Whose body?"

"I wouldn't know," replied Miss Kaufman. She gave me back my glasses and marched out of the office.

I spent an active hour drumming on the wood of my desk. Secured to the wall by four thumbtacks hung a picture cut from a woman's magazine. The lettuce was green, the mayonnaise yellow, the shrimps pink. . . . *Can't be sure until we've got the analysis but I had another case that looked just like it. Bichloride of mercury. . . .* Or had the ambulance doctor never said it? Had my imagination, stimulated by too many crime stories, conceived the whole thing? According to hospital records, to Noble Barclay, to I. G. Smith of the grill, I had eaten tainted shrimps. Can such authority be contradicted? What proof had I, three weeks later, that I had not eaten shrimps?

The darkness thickened. A gong sounded. Miss Kaufman popped in to ask whether I would need her any more that day. I told her to hurry home to her husband. People passed, laughing and talking, on their way to the elevators. My office door opened and I swung around in my swivel chair.

"Johnnie, are you still here?" asked Eleanor.

"What do you think?"

"Please don't be sarcastic. I've got to see you."

"You had plenty of opportunity over the week end. I began to wonder if you weren't avoiding me on purpose."

She came a couple of steps into the office. I switched on the desk lamp.

"Sit down. Make yourself comfortable," I said.

She was still pale but she had made an effort to liven her appearance with rouge and lipstick. She had evidently stopped at the apartment for she had changed the black sweater for a frilled blouse.

I remembered the long week end and grew angry. "What's wrong? Why are you looking so tragic? Everything's turned out all right for you, hasn't it?"

Eleanor raised her hand to her neck, gripped her throat as if she meant to choke herself. Then her hand dropped.

"That was a wonderful performance your old man put on," I said. "I'd have liked to congratulate him but his admirers didn't give me a chance. Let me congratulate you, though. You did pretty well yourself."

Her underlip trembled. "Johnnie—"

"Yeah?"

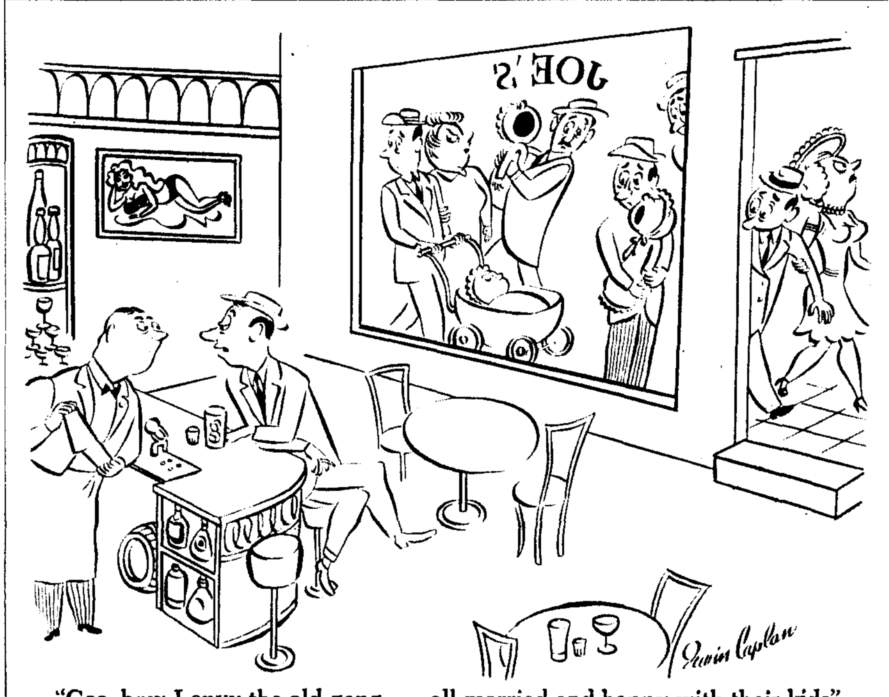
After a short silence she said, "I'm going away."

"Yeah? Where to?"

"I don't know. Anywhere. I've got to get away from here."

"Why?"

She did not answer. Her hands, still in the white gloves, tightened on her pocketbook. The pupils were so large that her eyes looked black. I remembered



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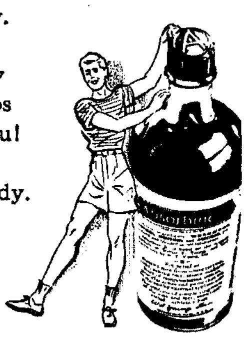

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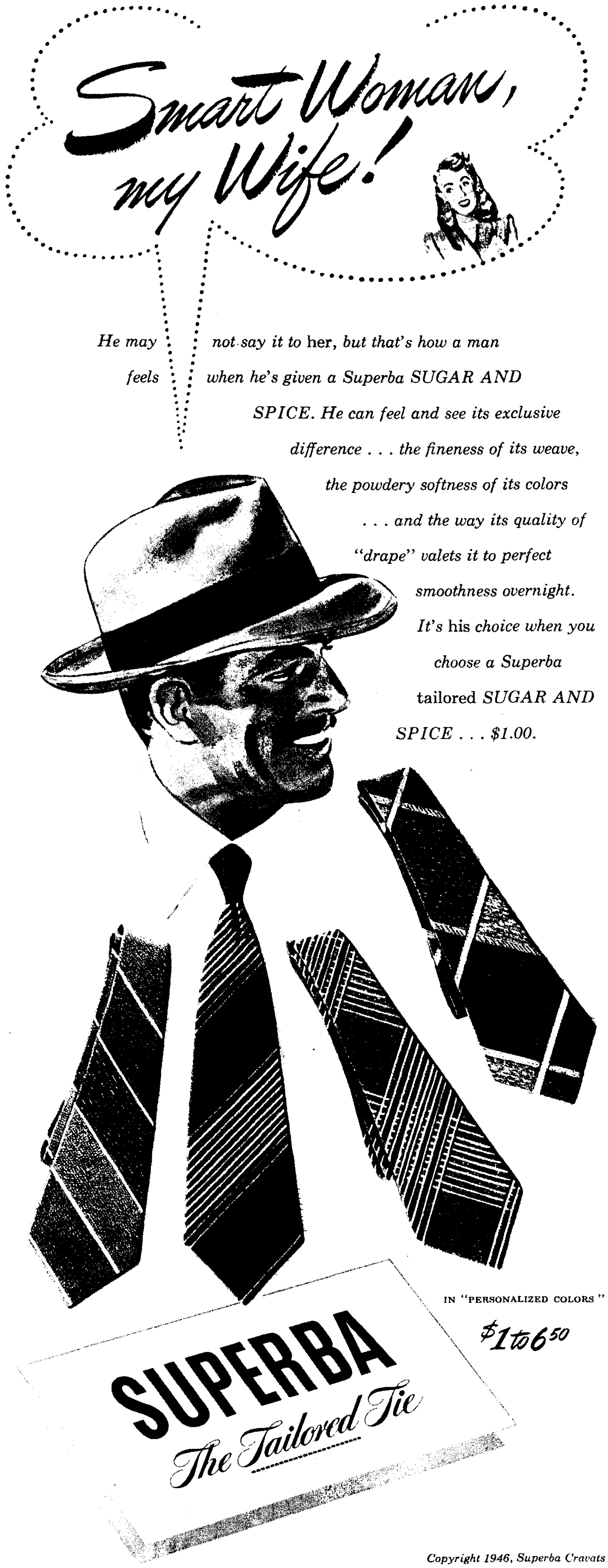

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then what her father had told me about his first wife, Eleanor's mother. She had been tense, oversensitive, secretive. I thought of the chapter in the Introduction wherein Barclay described his young wife's suicide.

Eleanor sighed. "Don't make fun of me, Johnnie. I need help."

"I'd like to help you, but you make it awfully tough. The time for kidding's past. Either we've got to be completely honest with each other, or else."

In a muffled voice she said, "I didn't lie to you, Johnnie. I can't remember a single thing I said that wasn't true."

"You know more than you've told me. Maybe you didn't lie deliberately but you've deliberately withheld the truth. Isn't that so?"

She raised her head. Her stricken eyes asked for mercy. I fought off the urge to take her in my arms. Evasion and appeasement would only lead us around the same old circle, back to the point from which we had started. "Perhaps I oughtn't to hold you responsible," I said coldly. "Perhaps you've never learned what honesty is. Your education seems to have been deficient. You've been taught to mold and twist your idea of truth to fit every convenient attitude. Apparently you've never learned that half truths are worse than lies, more misleading. There's only one truth, and that's the whole truth, and unless we start with that, we'll never have a chance."

Her lips quivered. The effort at frankness made her tense and cautious. I waited, and I felt my temper rising. On the stand beside my desk was a vacuum jug of green plastic and a glass exactly like the blue jug and glass from which I had taken a drink flavored with bichloride. The blue color has kept me from seeing that the water was tinted. Had that been considered when the mercury tablets were dropped into my vacuum carafe?

"Look," I shouted, standing above Eleanor and resting my hands on her shoulders, "you say you love me. You've promised to marry me. But you're either too scared or too stubborn to tell me what you know about Wilson's death and Lola's death and Edward Everett Munn. You've always been like that, stubborn and secretive. Maybe I'm a sucker, maybe I'm being used for something I don't understand. But I'm not going to let anyone try to poison me a second time—"

"Poison you!" Her lips formed the words but she did not speak them aloud. She pulled herself free of my hands and looked up at me. There was nothing false about her amazement.

I REALIZED then that she was not the only guilty one. Mine was also a sin of omission. Along with the rest of the office, Eleanor had swallowed the shrimp story. I had not let her know the facts in the case, nor my suspicions. In my effort to keep it clean and pretty between us, I had cheated her of the truth.

I told the story briefly but gave her a complete picture of the argument over the Wilson story, the blue carafe business and the ambulance doctor's first diagnosis. Then I described my interview with Noble Barclay, his promises and hints, and our conversation about the shrimp cocktail.

After I had finished there was a long pause.

She breathed heavily. Suddenly she said, "If I'd known, I'd have killed him."

"Your father?" I asked. The bitterness was intentional. I wanted to hurt her.

The look she threw at me was a challenge. Her jaw shot forward.

Impatience burned in me like a fever. "Well, say it!" I shouted. "Don't be afraid. You can tell me. I don't run to the police with information. Say it, Eleanor. I know anyway."

"My father doesn't commit murder." The sudden dignity shocked me. She was an indignant lady who had been shoved by rude hands during a subway rush.

I sat back so suddenly that my chair almost tipped over. "Then why did he tell me that he suspected you? I thought it was to protect himself."

"Do you think I did it?" Her poise survived. She was still the aggrieved gentlewoman.

"No. I never did believe it."

THIS is what she had been waiting for. The society manner which she had used as a brake on her temper disappeared. She leaned over and kissed me on the forehead.

"Now that you've said that, I can tell you," she said quietly, "that I'm not entirely without blame. In a way I'm responsible for Mr. Wilson's death."

"What are you trying to say?"

"I brought the gun to Father's office. We'd been posing pictures at the studio, and when I was sent for suddenly, I picked up the gun and carried it with me."

"What was in your mind?"

"I don't know." She looked down at her hands as if she wanted to avoid the question in my glance. "Perhaps it was unconscious. My wish to kill—"

"Don't go Freudian on me. You didn't know then, did you, that your father was calling you to talk about your date with Wilson?"

She shook her head. "But I knew it was urgent, that I was to leave my work and rush up there immediately. I guess I knew I'd be bawled out and that Ed would be there, smirking, waiting like an animal to pounce." She shuddered.

"Did you hate him so much that you carried a gun to a conference?"

"Were you ever afraid of anyone, Johnnie? Not sanely and consciously afraid but terrorized down deep in your bones? I didn't know I had the gun; I thought I was carrying my pocketbook. It seemed just an absent-minded mistake. I didn't even think about it until I heard that Mr. Wilson had been shot with the same kind of gun."

"And you thought your father did it?"

She nodded humbly. "I didn't know what to think. I was frightened dumb. Father had been so illogically angry about Mr. Wilson, it just didn't make sense. Honestly, Johnnie, I didn't know until that night last Friday that it was Ed."

"Why did Munn kill Wilson?" I asked.

"He thought my father wanted him to. He thought Father had asked me to bring the gun to the office. Believe me, my father didn't know anything about it until afterward. Ed Munn was crazy."

"Crazy like a fox."

"You didn't know him. He was"—she paused, groping for words—"he was like a dog that attacks people who seem to threaten his master. Father says it's partly his fault. He'd raised Ed too high, had given him too much power and responsibility for a man of his intelligence."

"A nice theory," I commented.

"He was scared," Eleanor said. "Afraid of everyone, of everything. Now that you've told me about being poisoned while you were working on the Wilson story, I'm beginning to understand. Ed probably thought you had something on him. He might even have thought you were working for the police. You came here after the Wilson murder, you know. Don't you see how it is?"

I saw but my vision was blurred. Physical facts were clear but they had no meaning. So far as simple, outward evidence was concerned, the Wilson mystery was solved. But the solution was too simple.

"You may be right about Munn's suspicions," I said. "Guilt can drive a man crazy. But suppose I'd died that night, suppose the scrubwoman hadn't

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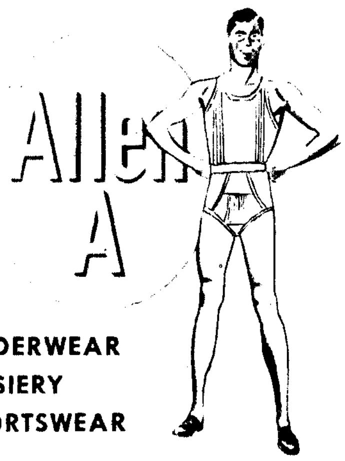

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arrived in time. An autopsy would have shown the presence of bichloride in my body. There'd have been an investigation around here and somebody might have remembered that I was working on the Wilson story. Who'd your father have bribed then? And where does he fit in anyway?"

She turned away. Her shoulders drooped.

"I know your father doesn't commit murders," I continued. "He merely condones them. Suppose I'd died that night. Could Noble Barclay have squared that one by suggesting a frustrated love affair?"

She whirled around. My wisecrack had hurt her. That had been the intention. I was sick and tired of the whole thing.

"Don't look at me like that," I snapped. "I know I hurt you. I meant to. And damn it, I'll go on hurting you until I know where you stand, and whether you're on my side or your father's."

"I came here to ask your help." Eleanor's voice was unsteady. She fumbled with the clasp of her pocketbook. Finally she got it open and took out a manuscript typed on yellow paper.

"What's that?"

"I want you to read this," she said and gave me the manuscript. Then she turned and walked out, leaving me alone in the office with the yellow pages in my hands. I fluttered the pages and then began to read.

A SHORT HISTORY OF HOMER PECK

By Lola Manfred

Twenty-three years ago in a poor sanitarium in Arizona a young man lay dying. He was loved by everyone in the place, for his courtesy made duchesses of charwomen, and he treated the seedy orderlies as respectfully as if they were members of exclusive clubs.

He had enjoyed his thirty years and viewed with unconcealed apprehension the approach of death. An ambitious man, he disliked dying without having achieved fame. His name, peculiarly ill-suited to eminence, was Homer Peck. His was the American story, woven from the conventional homespun. Its elements—the village childhood, the jerkwater college, the early struggle—could have been tailored to fit the biography of millionaire or gangster. He was eighteen when he went to work as a reporter on a Chicago newspaper.

In 1917 he was all on fire to save Democracy, but Army doctors discovered that the fever of patriotism was less than his body temperature. They advised a year in bed. After sixteen impatient weeks he was at work again, this time in an advertising agency where his imagination was allowed even freer range than in the offices of a Chicago daily.

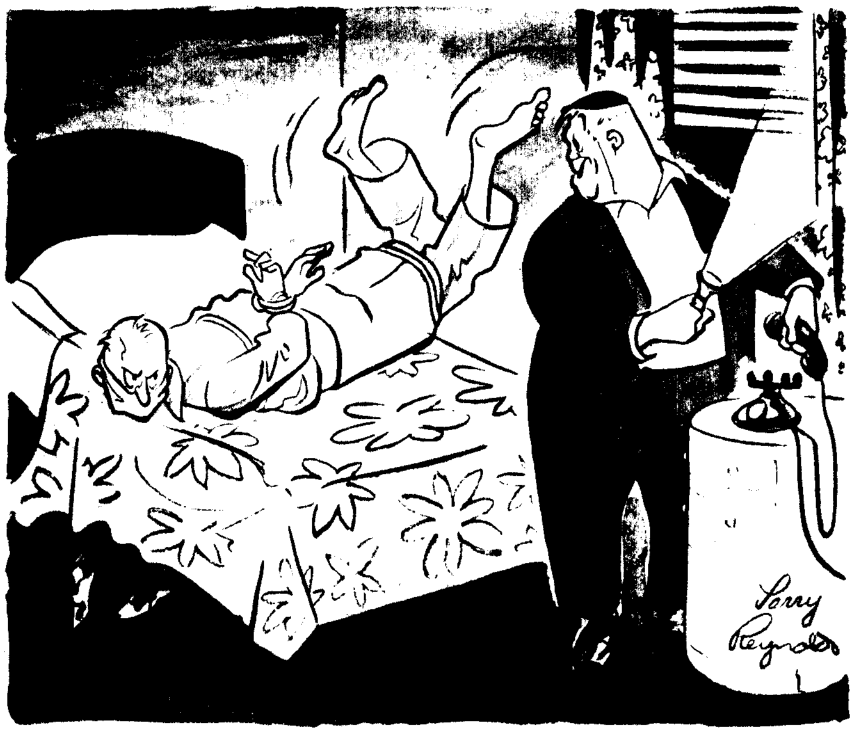
In the first year of prohibition, it was Homer Peck who ascribed to a certain mouthwash "the tang of vintage wine." He was the first to write of perfume as "overture to romance." It was none other than Peck who discovered that fifty-six per cent of the nation's people were secretly C.C.s—Colonic Cripples! Today, twenty-seven years later, the nation listens to news brought nightly through the generosity of the manufacturers of Liberta, the natural fluid essence that releases from his unendurable bondage the Colonic Cripple.

THE scientific discovery of the appalling percentage of C.C.s among our citizens was not Peck's major contribution. He found a way to relieve mass suffering. Wrapped around each bottle of Liberta was a slender pamphlet written by Peck and named by him, "Handbook of Freedom." I doubt if any philosophical classic has attained wider popularity, or any political manifesto liberated more miserable slaves.

In the advertising offices of Michigan Avenue, the name of Homer Peck was spoken with reverence. The young genius might have commanded a salary of many thousands a year. This did not satisfy Peck. When an obscure great-aunt died and left him what is known as a tidy fortune, on which he might have lived a tidy life with all the sunshine and leisure his illness demanded, he went into business for himself.

With Liberta he had offered freedom. In his own new business Peck offered success to the wistful thousands who, like himself, had been weaned on Horatio Alger, Jr., and dreamed each night of limousines and ocean greyhounds. Success, as a commodity, was no harder to merchandise than a cathartic. Peck knew that it was not the mild laxative Liberta which caused the testimonial letters to flow in by the thousands, but

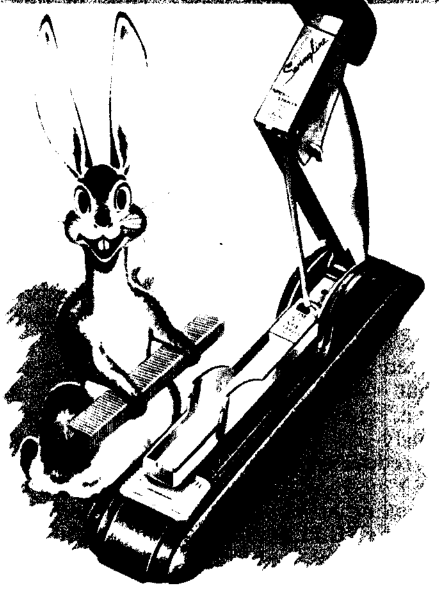
BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"It was nothin' important—just some worrisome neighbor noticed a flashlight flickerin'!"

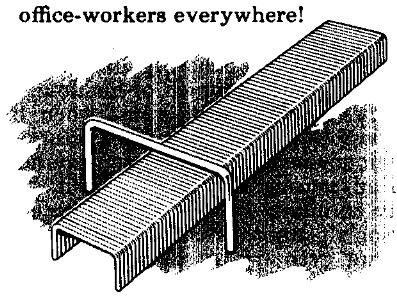
COLLIER'S

Swingline the unbeatable stapling team!



Open Mouth for easy loading!

SWINGLINE is the only stapling machine with the famous Swing-Back head, exposing the wide-open channel for fast, easy re-filling. Simplicity itself—saves time and aggravation for busy office-workers everywhere!



100% ROUND WIRE Staples!

SWINGLINE provides exclusively 100% ROUND WIRE staples purposely ROUND to eliminate excess glue and prevent clogging. Pretested for hardness and tensile strength to prevent buckling. Best for all standard staplers.

SWINGLINE is the world's leading stapling team. It Staples, it Tacks, it Pins! Make your office, home, school Swinglined!

SPEED PRODUCTS COMPANY, INC.
LONG ISLAND CITY 1, N. Y.

Swingline
STAPLERS STAPLES

his Handbook of Freedom which, in spurious scientific language, taught the customer to overcome his fear of constipation. In his new venture Peck would expand the Handbook to a correspondence course—five dollars a month for fifteen months, a lesson every two weeks, and freedom from failure.

Peck wrote his course in the first person and in the cozy style which made the student feel that the master was his dearest friend. But who could follow a master named Homer Peck? Thus, in July, 1920, Warren G. Wilson was born.

In spite of its high-sounding name and frequent allusions to a faculty, the Warren G. Wilson Foundation was a one-man institution. At the height of its life, the Foundation employed six people, four of whom were typists, one an office boy, and Peck's devoted 19-year-old secretary.

After he had written 22 lessons the technicalities of commerce began to bore Homer Peck. He broadened Wilson's interests, told his students that business success was not all, millionaires were often the most miserable of men, and that success meant knowing "how to live." Lessons XXIII to XXVIII generously included essays on Self-Mastery, Freedom from Inhibition, Ego, the You in *You*, Fundamental Meaning of Truth, Looking at Yourself Frankly, and Purging the Mind, Heart and Soul. In the two final lessons he returned to the interests and ideals of the businessman and ended his course with a chapter called The Businessman's Yardstick, Measure Yourself.

BY THE time the thirty lessons were printed and bound in an imitation-leather cover, poor Homer's cheek was worn quite thin from the constant lodging of his tongue. This was the wrong spirit. But Peck had neither the piety nor patience to go on believing in the work which had cost so much of his time, his money and his health. Just when the business was about to bring a return of the money invested in printing, overhead and advertising, Homer Peck quit. The office furniture was sold and Warren G. Wilson's glamorous career ended. Peck did not even try to sell the copyright, plates and good will.

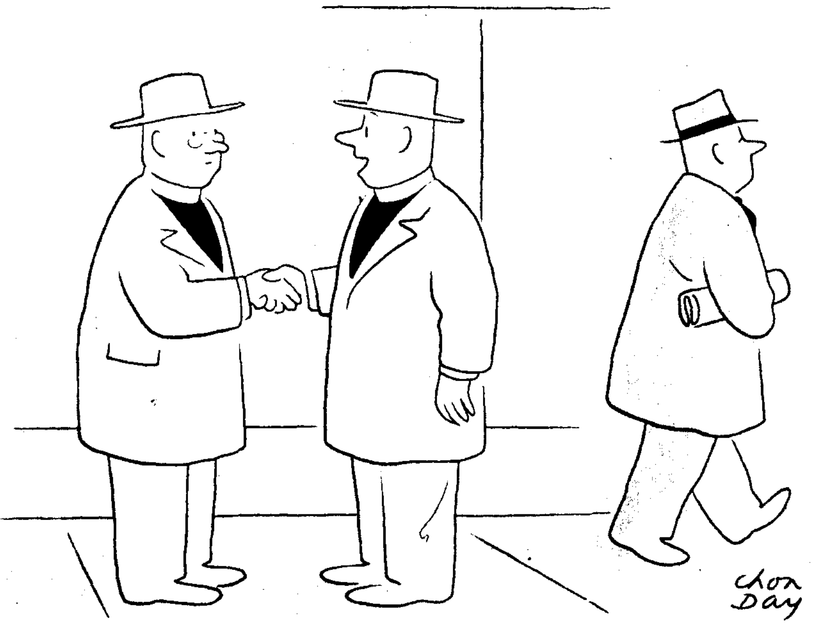
His secretary was in love with him. When she was not working on Warren G. Wilson's sales and collection literature, the ardent, slender, dark-haired girl wrote tender quatrains dedicated to H. P. With Peck she drank cocktails out of coffee cups, danced to hot bands in basement night clubs, walked hand in hand on the Lake shore, reciting Edna St. Vincent Millay, Shakespeare and Blake. The girl offered to become his mistress but Peck was tubercular. His only kiss was aimed at her right ear on the day he left for Arizona and she, with three hundred dollars of his money in her purse, went off to pursue the full life in Greenwich Village.

Peck found the Arizona sanitarium a drab place filled with hypochondriacs and sickly illiterates who enjoyed no conversation save the endless recounting of symptoms. He read. "I am interested," he wrote the girl in Greenwich Village, "chiefly in philosophy, religion and its history, psychology and psychoanalysis. I've read all the popular interpretations of the Viennese analysts, but the stuff is too high-brow. What this country needs is a good five-cent philosophy mixed with a liberal dose of old-fashioned mysticism. One cannot overestimate the power of suggestion."

This was in 1922 when the Coué craze was sweeping the country. He was interested in Coué's method and sent for a copy of Self-Mastery Through Autosuggestion. Its simplicity amazed him. As he studied the slim volume, he came to the conclusion that simplicity was the secret. Faith healing had to be simple. The nature of the miracle rests in the nature of the man who seeks the miracle. It is by the strength of his belief that man heals himself.

Peck had made no scientific discovery; he was merely learning for himself a set of facts which orthodox medicine had long admitted. Faith cured those pains which, existing only in the mind, caused suffering as intense and symptoms as precise as organic infirmity. Psychoanalysts were exploring the buried causes of such self-induced suffering. But these men, in contrast to the faith healers, were pedants who had constantly to check and recheck results, who treated a sick ego like fluid in a test tube, and more often than not tortured the patient by bringing to the surface those memories which the sick soul protected with an elaborate structure of pain. Only intellectuals were able to accept such treatment and only the wealthy able to pay for it. Worst of all, the psychoanalysts explained away the miracle, a practice which frightened many of the sorest sufferers.

Homer Peck found the seedy sanitarium a most convenient laboratory. It was not exclusively a resort for consumptives. Any patient was accepted if his relations could pay the monthly fee. Here Peck met women who preferred the invalid's couch, and men who could not endure the competitive struggle.



COLLIER'S **"Hello, there, Robert. What do you hear from the flock?"** CHON DAY

As he studied, Peck became sympathetic to the invalids whom he had at first snubbed. He became as intimate with their prejudices as with their pains, asked questions and received startling answers about parents, wives, husbands, sweethearts and bosses. All was dutifully recorded in his notebook. Had he wished to, Peck might have made a solid contribution to the study of the contemporary neurotic.

But his education had been in the flamboyant schools of advertising. No less than Warren G. Wilson's dear students, Homer Peck was a victim of the urge-to-a-million. In this spirit he began the writing of his book. "In a way," he wrote to the girl in Greenwich Village, "it will combine the virtues of the Liberta Handbook with Wilson's dynamics. But it will include this added feature: The sufferer will be taught to cure himself by digging for the roots of his pain.

"I shall call it Confession and Suggestion. There will be a formula which the patient will repeat over and over until a sort of hypnosis is induced. I do not know whether I shall prescribe ten or twenty repetitions, although I shall probably choose some irrelevant and mystic number.

"Repetition of the formula will be the first step. The second is more exciting—the marriage of autosuggestion to psychoanalysis. Having hypnotized himself with the formula, the patient lies on a couch, closes his eyes and babbles aloud. Anything that comes to his mind, uncensored, shameless, unrelated, and all leading to the core of guilt. It doesn't matter very much whether he ever gets to the roots. He probably won't. What matters is whether he can believe himself cured. Belief is the amulet, the touchstone, the magic.

"What name shall I sign to the book? Could anyone follow a Messiah called Homer Peck? Have you any suggestions? The author will have to be a mystery man for it would be fatal to reveal the fact that he has not been able to cure himself"

In December of 1923 the book was finished. The girl in Greenwich Village, the first to read it, could not believe that it was meant to be taken seriously. To humor the invalid she submitted it to three publishers who promptly rejected it.

While the girl wondered how to break the sad news to Homer, she had a wire from him. It said:

GREAT NEWS STOP A MIRACLE HAS BEEN PASSED IN ARIZONA STOP MY METHOD SUCCESSFUL STOP INFORM PUBLISHERS I CANNOT CONSIDER LESS THAN FIFTEEN PER CENT STARTING ROYALTIES STOP WHY NO WORD FROM YOU STOP WILL SOON BE RICH MY LOVE.

HOMER

The girl thought he had fallen victim to his imagination, that he had hypnotized himself into believing his poor lungs healed. She was a flabbyhearted creature and could not answer his ecstatic wire with the news that no publisher would touch the book. There was a man who wanted to marry her. He was going to Paris. Eighteen hours after she had got the wire she was married and on her way to France.

THE next morning her landlady cleaned the room. In the fireplace she found a deposit of black ash. This was all that remained of Homer Peck's bright dream, the book that was to have made him the new Messiah.

In believing that a confirmed materialist like Peck could perform a miracle upon his unworthy flesh, the girl had shown herself a poor judge of character. The book designed to bring health to the ailing cost the author much of his own strength. He burned with a steady fever and coughed until his lungs were a filigree of scar tissue.

This did not shatter his faith in his method. His strength was failing, his girl had deserted him, no word of encouragement had come from the New York publishers, but Homer Peck had witnessed a miracle.

To the sanitarium had come a 27-year-old dipsomaniac who believed the world would be a better place if he were out of it. He was a young man of great charm who, when he had a mind to, could have tempted St. Anthony to sin or wheedle the devil to saintliness. His inebriate wickedness had broken his poor mother's heart, and had plunged his young wife into such desperate gloom that she had ended her life with a bottle of iodine.

His name was Noble Barclay.

In 1917 when all able-bodied young men were called to military service, Noble Barclay had been so far advanced along the road to hell that the Army would have none of him. For a while shame shocked him to sobriety. Embarrassed because he was not fighting, Noble explained that he was serving his country in a more important way. To give the lie substance and also to earn the fat money the war factories were then paying, he took a job which, otherwise, he would have considered beneath his dignity, his background and his class. Not the least of his gifts was a talent for believing whatever he heard uttered by his own voice, and it was not long before Barclay became certain that he was making a greater sacrifice than the boys in khaki.

This attitude won him a wife. Mary Eleanor was a pretty girl but serious, idealistic and overbred. Her people approved the bridegroom's appearance and name, accepted his explanation of the secret war job and celebrated with a costly wedding. Champagne was served. This was Barclay's undoing. He had been sober for half a year and he thought it would do him less harm to toast the bride than to confess his weakness. There were many toasts and Barclay, after drinking all the elderly kinsmen under the table, almost disgraced himself with a bridesmaid.

THE change in Mary Eleanor's attitude was immediately marked. Her wild, rapt adoration became frozen acceptance. She lied to her parents and for a time succeeded in shielding from them the information that her bridegroom was almost constantly drunk. The family came to know it was a bad job when they discovered that his mysterious war work was a lie.

They were all relieved on that New Year's Eve when prohibition became a national law. Barclay saw it as salvation and celebrated at a lemonade party with his wife's people who sacrificed their old port and Rhine wine for his sake. He managed a year of sobriety, but when he lost his job and could not readily find another, he found solace in the speakeasy. As the liquor became worse, the cost became higher. This did not keep him from drinking. Contrarily, he seemed to take perverse pleasure in spending his wife's allowance on bad gin.

One night, when their daughter was three months old, Mary Eleanor's submissiveness had ended. She turned on him like a wildcat. They fought. It was no quarrel, mind you, but a knockdown fight which ended with his beating her brutally. He left her cringing on the floor, laughing hysterically, and it seemed to him that her laughter followed him through the streets to the very door of the saloon.

He was discovered four days later, insensible, in the room of a streetwalker, and told that his wife had killed herself. Her family would not let him come to the funeral. They crossed to the other side when they met him on the street. For the next two years he worked intermittently and drank steadily. It

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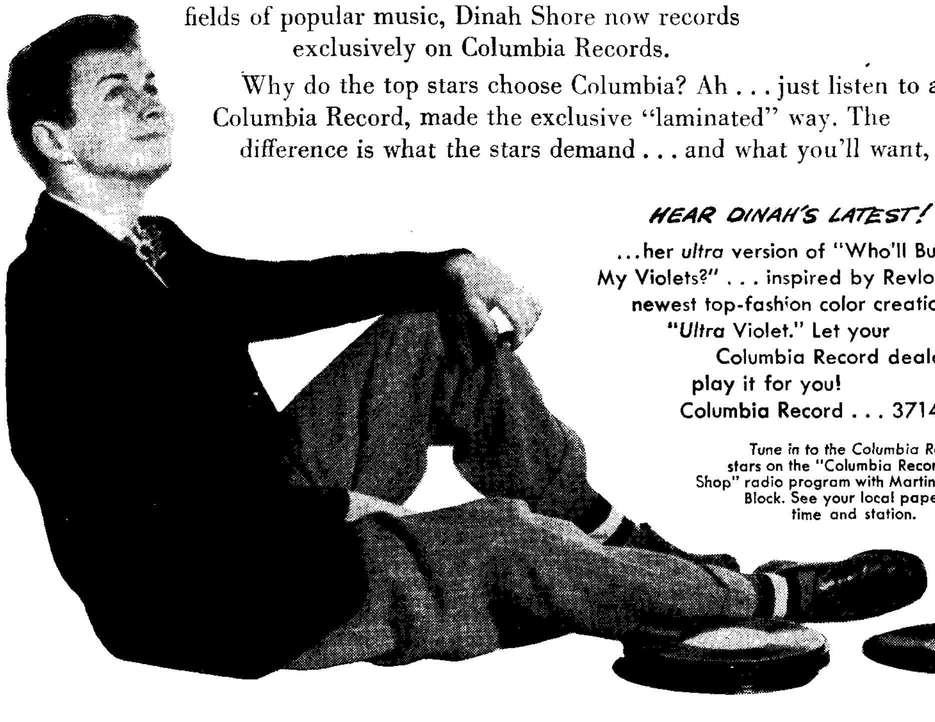
and the favorite any way you figure . . . box-office
. . . on the radio and on records. She's got that *ultra* something that makes her tops.
And like Harry James . . . Frank Sinatra . . . Woody Herman . . . Kay Kyser . . .
Xavier Cugat . . . Count Basie . . . Les Brown . . . Gene Krupa . . . The Modernaires . . .
Elliot Lawrence . . . like so many of the others who head their
fields of popular music, Dinah Shore now records
exclusively on Columbia Records.

Why do the top stars choose Columbia? Ah . . . just listen to a
Columbia Record, made the exclusive "laminated" way. The
difference is what the stars demand . . . and what you'll want, too!



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. . . her *ultra* version of "Who'll Buy My Violets?" . . . inspired by Revlon's newest top-fashion color creation, "*Ultra* Violet." Let your Columbia Record dealer play it for you! Columbia Record . . . 37140

Tune in to the Columbia Record stars on the "Columbia Record Shop" radio program with Martin Block. See your local paper for time and station.

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RADIO-PHONOGRAPH CONSOLE . . . AND RECORD CABINET

THE Clarionette

You need look no further than the new Clarionette to fill your every want in a radio-phonograph console. A full size radio with automatic record reproducer, it provides storage space for 118 records, yet is so compact it occupies less than 3 square feet of floor space. • Here is a superb instrument, with the famous Claritone Audibel Rated Chassis, combining all of the advantages of a table combination with all the decorative value of fine furniture. • Let the CLARIONETTE bring its full measure of entertainment and pride of ownership to *your* home. See your CLARION Dealer . . . TODAY.

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Warwick Manufacturing Corporation
Chicago 44, Illinois

amused him to torment his respectable mother-in-law, to ring her bell at odd hours with unsavory women in tow and to cause a semiannual scandal by suing for the custody of his daughter. In September, 1923, he brought himself to the attention of his wife's family by being discovered unconscious on the steps of the State Capitol where he had fallen into sodden slumber. When he had recovered from pneumonia, they shipped him off to Arizona.

The doctors who ran this sanitarium were less interested in curing patients than in keeping paying guests. Barclay's recovery was too rapid to prove a good investment, so the doctors supplied a daily dosage of bathtub gin which enabled them, conscientiously, to send his relations a monthly bill for room, board, treatment and extras. Had it not been for Homer Peck, they would have kept Barclay in the sanitarium until his liver rotted.

Noble Barclay was Peck's pet guinea pig. Barclay was desolate, lonely, guilt-ridden and grateful for a kind word. Peck told him about the new method, read him passages from Confession and Suggestion. In the dim room with curtains drawn against the desert sun, Barclay lay on Peck's bed, repeating the formula until his body began to writhe, his lips to twist as he began to pour out the secrets of his tortured soul.

They were pitifully commonplace and sordid. Barclay's mother had named him Noble and warned him against "sins of the flesh." But the knowledge did not cool his blood and by the time he was eighteen he was convinced that he was a sort of Jekyll-Hyde alternating between nobility and bestiality. In his first year of college he discovered alcohol.

FOUR colleges expelled Noble Barclay. He left the last only just ahead of the sheriff who wanted him on a charge involving a girl. And by the time, years later, he encountered Homer Peck, a miracle was in order. Barclay was too convinced of his inherently evil nature to be cured by any simple explanation of the origins of his sins. Peck's method was tailored for his needs. It was the self-centered man's creed, a tidy, inexpensive religion that did not bother with God.

And it worked. In Barclay's room the bottles of gin accumulated, untouched and undesired. Barclay's gratitude was enormous. No sacrifice would, at that time, have been too great for the expression of his devotion. Long after he was well enough to leave the sanitarium he lingered beside his friend. With no less eagerness than the author's, Barclay awaited the news that Confession and Suggestion had found a publisher. Barclay was a true believer; his tongue was never in his cheek; more than Peck, he believed the world was waiting for this great message.

At last Peck's patience was spent. Extravagantly he telephoned to the girl's boardinghouse in New York. The same landlady who had swept the ashes of his book into her dustpan informed Homer that the girl had married and gone off to Paris where, in the landlady's opinion, her sort belonged. Peck was stricken. He had never asked for the girl's devotion but he had believed her vows of love, and he was bitterly hurt at the discovery that she had treated his work with such flagrant irresponsibility.

In his hour of need Peck was comforted by his disciple. One week later Noble Barclay set out for New York with $200 of Homer Peck's money and the carbon copy of his book.

When he boarded the eastbound train, it was Barclay's purpose to find a publisher, arrange terms that would profit Peck and to spread the good word. In gratitude for his salvation, Barclay had offered to act as Peck's representative, and when Homer talked of a percentage, Barclay winced.

Like all new converts, Barclay was possessed of the zeal to proselytize. This was spring and the eastbound train carried its quota of semi-invalids, homeward bound after a winter in the sunshine.

This was fertile ground for Barclay. He had a way with ladies. Even in his unregenerate days, they had stared after him in the street. Now, healthy and buoyant, tanned by the sun, his waving black hair silver-frosted, he had only to tilt an eyelash and women weakened.

"If any other man had spoken with such lack of modesty, I should have screamed for help," wrote Miss Hannah Maierdorf (several years later) of the adventure on the train. "But Noble Barclay was more like a preacher than an adventurer. He told us the story of his wicked life without mincing words. All the ladies were moved and several of us spoke of matters which we had hitherto guarded as personal secrets."

FOR years Miss Maierdorf had been a victim of insomnia. "Neither the pills nor sleeping potions recommended by world-famous physicians nor the desert's deep quiet could bring me the tonic of sleep," she further confessed. "But that night, in spite of the shriek of the train whistle, I slept like a baby." There was also on the train, according to Miss Maierdorf, an invalid tortured by asthma. "She quit wheezing then and there and has been a vigorous woman ever since."*

So impressed was Mrs. Horatio Beach of Kansas City that she implored the young man to stop over for a few days and help her get rid of sciatica. After considering the matter, Barclay decided that a few days' delay would not injure Homer Peck, whereas the patronage of a wealthy convert might help him. Moreover, the dowager had an impressionable daughter with a name like a summer resort, Rosetta Beach.

The Beaches lived in a Norman castle filled with mahogany, silver and teakwood. Standing before an imperial Chinese screen, Noble spoke to a select audience of Homer Peck, of the book that was to shake the world and of his own mistakes, his misery, the suffering of his poor mother, his young wife's death, his drunkenness and degeneration and finally of his regeneration.

As his experience increased and his technique improved, Barclay could not help noticing the contrast between the ladies' apathy when he paid tribute to Peck and their excitement when he told his own story. It was only natural that he began pruning those paragraphs of appreciation until presently his tribute to Homer Peck was as brief as it was perfunctory. Rosetta Beach was the first to notice this.

"Presently, Noble, you'll leave Peck out of it completely and say you were the one who discovered Truth-Sharing."

"I have never neglected and shall never neglect to acknowledge my debt to my benefactor," he answered.

A few days later Barclay decided that he had dallied long enough in Kansas City. The time had not been wasted, for in putting Peck's theories into practice, Barclay had discovered certain weaknesses. "No wonder the book hasn't been published. It still needs a lot of work," he told Rosetta as she drove him to the station. "I intend to do a little more lecturing, work out a few more experiments before I bring it to a publisher."

When, two years later, Peck's old girl friend returned, a divorcée, from Paris, she wrote a repentant letter, asking Homer to forgive her weakness in protecting him from the knowledge that no publisher would have his book. The letter was returned. On the envelope in

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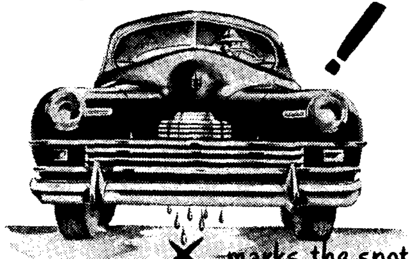
***Treasure Chest, A Book of Testimony by the Followers of Noble Barclay, contains Miss Maierdorf's complete letter.*

DRIP DRIP TROUBLE



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Seal that leak in your Cooling System before it runs into money.

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"X" COOLING SYSTEM SERVICE
Features 4 Famous Products—
"X" LIQUID, "X" BLOCK LIQUID,
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Before Gun Rust Begins Use HOPPE'S No. 9

This widely used gun cleaner and protector will effectively REMOVE rust but—use it BEFORE rust begins and avoid all of rust's consequences. Ask your gun dealer, or send us 10c for sample. Don't fail to get our "Gun Cleaning Guide". It's FREE upon post card request.

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Play it safe – carry 'Chap Stick' with you wherever you go. It's easy to apply and it brings swift, lasting comfort *to chapped, cracked, weather-beaten lips.*
Specially medicated—
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GET THE ONE AND ONLY

FLEET'S ChapStick

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KEEPS LIPS FIT

blackest ink was written, "No longer with us."

Perhaps Barclay had also written to Peck at the sanitarium, perhaps his letter had been returned with the funereal scrawl; perhaps he believed Peck dead. It is charitable to assume that this is what prompted Barclay to sign the book with his own name, and it was indeed Peck's assumption when he discovered the fraud.

At that time the book had been out for more than a year and had sold three quarters of a million copies. Peck had not heard of it because he had made a full retreat from the world. Disappointed by the girl's desertion, heartbroken when he failed to receive good news from Barclay, he had gone deeper into the desert.

He had moved to New Mexico, lived in a lonely house on the desert and was attended by an Indian servant. One day on one of his infrequent visits to Albuquerque, he bought a copy of a popular magazine. Reading it in bed that night, he came upon an article by J. S. D. Blankfort called The Strange Phenomenon of Noble Barclay.

EARLY the next morning his ancient car rattled to a stop before the bookstore and Peck hurried inside to ask an astonished clerk to order a copy of My Life Is Truth. The clerk had merely to stretch out his hand and take from a counter piled high with them a copy of Barclay's book. For the rest of the morning Peck sat in his parked car and read.

Barclay's best seller was, substantially, Homer Peck's Confession and Suggestion. There were a few changes. Peck's apologetic foreword had been deleted. There was left no word of credit to scientists and faith healers, and none of Peck's sly humor. The humor had been Peck's greatest error. Who could follow a facetious Messiah?

For Peck's foreword, Barclay had substituted that sensational Introduction which told the full story of his youth, his sins, his fall and his regeneration. With the richest, roundest adjectives, Barclay acknowledged himself the author of the book, the founder of the school of thought, the benefactor of mankind. Peck's timid, imitative title had been dropped and the name of his philosophy changed, simply and dramatically, to Truth-Sharing.

As an erstwhile success peddler, a reformed racketeer of dreams, Peck recognized the improvements.

My Life Is Truth had not been put on the market by an established publisher. Ordmann & Company, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, was owned jointly by Noble Barclay (forty per cent) and the family of Henry Ordmann (sixty per cent). Before the Eighteenth Amendment, Ordmann had been in the distilling business. His daughter Janet had persuaded him that publishing was not only a legitimate but also a lucrative business. This was four weeks after she had heard Noble Barclay lecture in a small salon in Philadelphia, and three days before their elopement.

All of this Peck had learned from the Blankfort article. That night he wrote Barclay a letter. It was a stupid move but Peck, like so many clever men, was generous in his estimate of others. He could not believe Barclay had intended to defraud him. Extenuating circumstances were not hard to find. For two years no mail had been forwarded from the sanitarium.

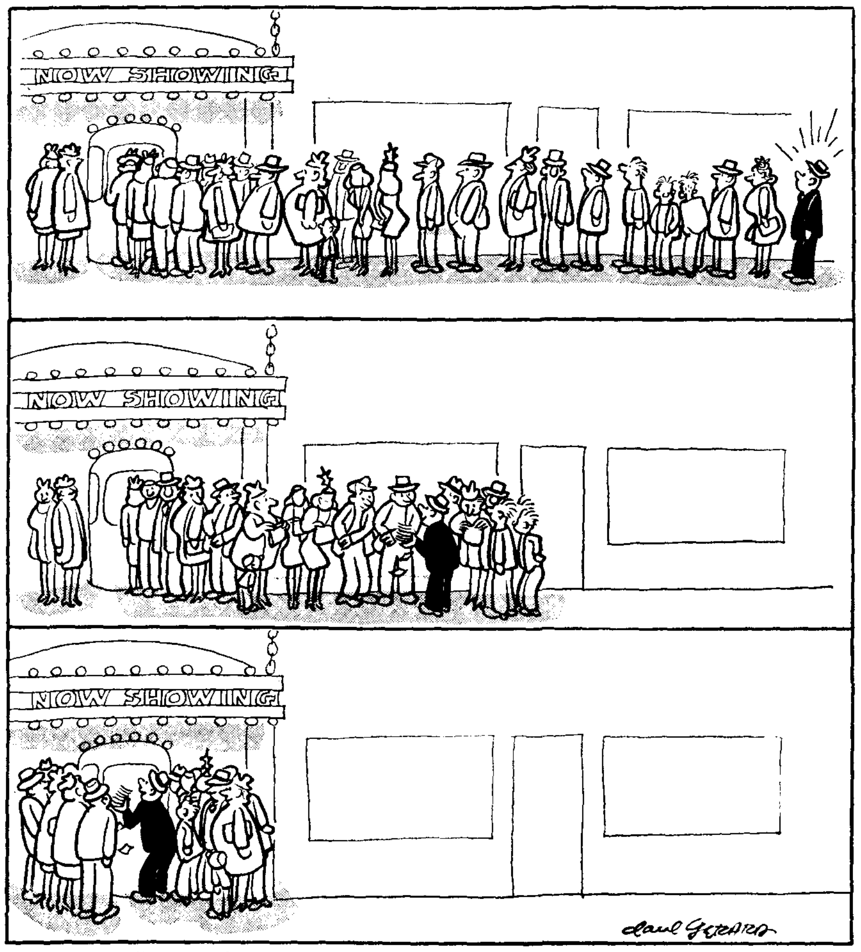
Peck's letter was fair. It acknowledged Barclay's contributions to the book as well as his labor in its exploitation, and suggested a division of profits.

Eight nervous days passed. On the ninth he received a letter on stationery engraved with the name of Noble Barclay. The original letter has been lost, but as Peck remembered, it ran something like this:

My dear Mr. Peck:

In reference to your communication of the 28th ult., let me assure you Mr. Barclay regrets that the press of business prevents him from replying personally. For your own sake, let the undersigned add that it is fortunate for you that Mr. Barclay is thus engaged. Were he to seek the advice of his counselors in regard to that letter, you would indeed find yourself in an unfortunate position.

Mr. Barclay has, however, forbidden



COLLIER'S "Thirty-four adults' and six children's tickets, please" DAVE GERARD

Austin, Nichols & Co. Inc.
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Selected Tested* and Approved

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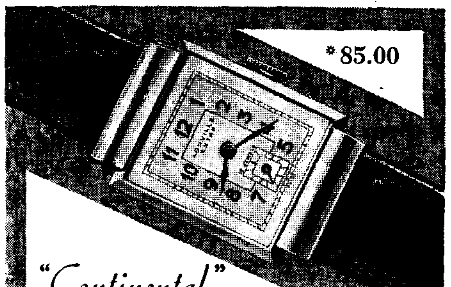

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me to make the accusation of fraud or blackmail. He does not wish to apprise postal authorities of your action, since that would lead inevitably to consequences which it would be better for all concerned to avoid.

Mr. Barclay does not deny having been acquainted at one time with a person called Homer Peck. Mr. Barclay even remembers that on one or two occasions he discussed with this Mr. Peck the precepts which he later elaborated in his immortal work, My Life Is Truth.

The facts stated above do not, however, give substance to your absurd claims. It is hardly possible for you to be the same Mr. Homer Peck with whom Mr. Barclay had these discussions, inasmuch as the aforementioned Mr. Peck has passed on.

It is my personal opinion that Mr. Barclay has been more than liberal in his attitude toward your claim, and it is my suggestion that for your own sake, you refrain from further pursuit thereof.

Yours very truly,
Edward Everett Munn,
Secretary to Noble Barclay.

There was but one answer possible for a man of Homer's temperament. He knew that Mark Twain would have winked at the plagiarism when he wired: THE REPORT OF MY DEATH HAS BEEN GROSSLY EXAGGERATED STOP WHAT DO YOU OFFER YOU PHARISEE?

The next morning he received a reply signed by Munn. DO NOT ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR CLAIM STOP ARRIVING MONDAY TO DISCUSS SITUATION STOP DO NOTHING UNTIL THEN.

The next three days were given to plans for battle. Peck did not hire a lawyer. Truth was on his side and he believed that truth would prevail. He studied My Life Is Truth, recalled conversations with Barclay, made copious notes with which to confront Barclay's representative.

LATE on Monday afternoon a stranger knocked at the door of Peck's bungalow. The stranger was a tall man with the high, bony legs of a stork. His name, engraved on a new calling card, introduced Edward Everett Munn.

"I have come in the interests of Mr. Noble Barclay."

"What's your proposition, Mr. Munn?"

"There's no reason why we should offer a proposition. Your claims are groundless."

"Except that I wrote the book."

"Mr. Barclay is grateful because you listened while he read certain portions of the manuscript aloud, and later discussed the ideas with him. As he has been successful with the book and is an extremely generous man, he would like to have you share in his good fortune. For your small services at the time, Mr. Barclay is willing to pay you what I consider a most generous amount. I, personally, advised against it, but—"

"You louse! I wrote the book and Barclay stole it."

"Careful, Mr. Peck. Blackmail is a penal offense."

Peck paced the screened porch. "Barclay wrote it? Why, Barclay was so sodden drunk he couldn't write his name. Sometimes he couldn't even remember it. Ask him who cured him of the drink habit. Ask him how he discovered why he had to get soused all the time, ask him who—"

"He is willing to pay you two thousand five hundred dollars."

Peck's temperature rose. "Trying to bribe me, huh? Twenty-five hundred dollars. Think I'm crazy? I'll drag this through every court in America."

"I've been empowered to offer you a more generous sum," Munn said cautiously, "to keep you from doing yourself injury. Blackmail is a serious offense. The Post Office Department—"

Munn paused. The juxtaposition of the words blackmail and Post Office Department had dramatic value. Through the screened wall of his porch, Peck appeared to be studying the coral and aquamarine of the desert sunset, but he saw what Munn intended him to see—the stone walls of Leavenworth's gates.

Because he had nothing better to say he repeated, "I wrote the book."

"Have you any proof, Mr. Peck?"

"I wrote it, do you understand? The idea was mine." Peck's voice trembled.

"Have you a copyright? Or a manuscript which two or more reputable people saw you write?"

"Writing isn't a spectator sport, Mr. Munn. Although there were people in the sanitarium, if I could find them—"

"Have you the manuscript?"

"There were nurses, patients, orderlies—I'm sure I could find two people who saw me writing."

"And the manuscript?" Munn's eyebrows rose in polite skepticism. His voice remained level. "I'm sorry, Mr. Peck. If you insist upon making this claim, tangible proof is necessary."

PECK stuck to his guns. The evening chill descended. Peck's temperature climbed and he began to cough.

"Proof," Munn kept saying. "Have you any proof that would be acceptable in a court of law?" He had not studied law but he had memorized the glossary at the back of a book on Business English, and his phrases had a grim, legal sound. "Better to settle out of court, Mr. Peck. If you had proof to substantiate your claim, I should offer advice of an opposite nature. But in your position, let me assure you, the wisest course would be to accept Mr. Barclay's offer."

Chills alternated with Peck's fever. Like most consumptives, he was of an extremely volatile disposition. Golden elation and black depression alternately possessed him. As the cold shadows fell across the desert, as he shivered and coughed, as the images in his mind grew grimmer and his imagination became peopled with a ruthless lot of post-office inspectors, judges and jailers, his will weakened and he listened as though Munn were his friend.

"How high will Barclay go if I promise not to pursue my claims?"

"Five thousand. That's maximum, Mr. Peck. Otherwise we shall be obliged to bring this case into court ourselves. Blackmail is not a light offense. And unless you can show adequate proof . . ."

Proof, proof, proof. The reiteration of that word was like the dripping of water that drives the lonely prisoner insane. Peck agreed to settle. "Come around in the morning," he said, thinking of his comfortable bed and warm blankets.

"I'd like to leave tonight. I can get the Limited out of Albuquerque if I get there by eleven." He looked at his watch. "What is there to wait for?"

Outside a car waited. The driver was not only a notary public but one of the sheriff's deputies. Munn had only to open the door and say, "Come in and witness a signature for us, will you?" and there was the law itself, ready to pounce if the word blackmail was spoken aloud. There was a typed document, too. It began, "I, Homer Peck . . ." and continued in legal-sounding phrases to state that the claims made in his letter were without foundation. Moreover, Homer Peck promised not to pursue said claim inasmuch as he was fully aware of the status of such action.

Peck asked for several changes but Munn was firm. Once he had got the upper hand, the smoothness was gone from his voice and manner. And Peck was a sick man. He felt that he had not long to live, and above all, he wanted peace. Munn handed him a gold-banded fountain pen and he signed.

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When his visitors had left, he looked at his hands as though they had been soiled by the five crisp thousand-dollar bills.

Homer Peck did not die.

He began slowly to improve. His will to survive was strengthened by a firm belief that he would someday find proof of Barclay's deceit and be vindicated. One day while looking for something else in an old trunk, he came upon a dusty copy of his forgotten works, the Warren G. Wilson course in Business Dynamics. He glanced over it, amused by the pompous dishonesty. From those dusty sheets a fact emerged and smote him. He groaned aloud and grew furious at the lameness of his memory. On the night Munn had come to pay his visit and demand proof of Peck's claim, Peck had forgotten Lessons XXIII to XXVIII. He had forgotten Self-Mastery, Freedom from Inhibition, Ego, the You in *You,* Fundamental Meaning of Truth, Looking at Yourself Frankly. In Lesson XXV he had suggested confession as tonic to the sick spirit. This entire chapter, word for word, had been included in Confession and Suggestion. In other words Barclay had plagiarized a plagiarism. But Peck's plagiarism had been legal; he held the copyright.

Better evidence he could not have possessed. The law does not admit the theft of an idea, for an idea is too unsubstantial to be claimed wholly by any writer. But sentences, phrases, paragraphs, all in print, all protected by copyright, are tangible property.

This time Peck wrote no letters. Nor did he file suit for plagiarism. During lonely nights in the desert he had enjoyed visions of revenge but he was far too sensible to seek such garish satisfaction. To destroy Barclay would have been as impractical as killing the goose without receiving his share of the golden egg.

At this time Barclay, the publisher, had started to flourish. On every newsstand in the country his new magazines flaunted their colors. He had become a public figure, he was interviewed when he returned from European voyages, photographed with congressmen and comedians on Florida sands, received in the White House by the President. His name was used in crossword puzzles and its synonym was Truth. Nothing could so effectively destroy Noble Barclay as proof of dishonesty.

For Homer Peck, Lessons XXIII to XXVIII were the infusion that gave him blood to carry on. From Treasure Chest, which its publishers called A Book of Testimony by the Followers of Noble Barclay but which was actually a pamphlet used in mail-order campaigns, Peck learned of Miss Hannah Maierdorf and of the Beaches who, on the eastbound train, had heard Barclay's first lectures. Unfortunately for Peck, Miss Maierdorf had gone to live in Majorca, Mrs. Beach was dead and Rosetta married to a cotton broker in New Orleans. She was loath to have her name used and consented to give evidence only after Peck promised that the affair would never be mentioned to newspapermen. She signed an affidavit, telling the circumstances of her meeting with Barclay on the train, of his treatment of her mother, of the cure, and of his subsequent stay at their home. She remembered clearly that Barclay had begun by giving Peck entire credit for his credo, but had later skimped on his gratitude to such an extent that in mockery she had suggested that he take entire credit for himself.

FROM New Orleans, Peck traveled West again, this time to California where he found one of the doctors who had owned the seedy sanitarium. Dr. Fillmore Macrae was not well-disposed toward Peck. He still cherished the old grudge against the patient whose cures had been more effective than his fake palliatives. But cash had always been Dr. Macrae's favorite medicine and a thousand dollars cured his resentment. He, too, signed a deposition.

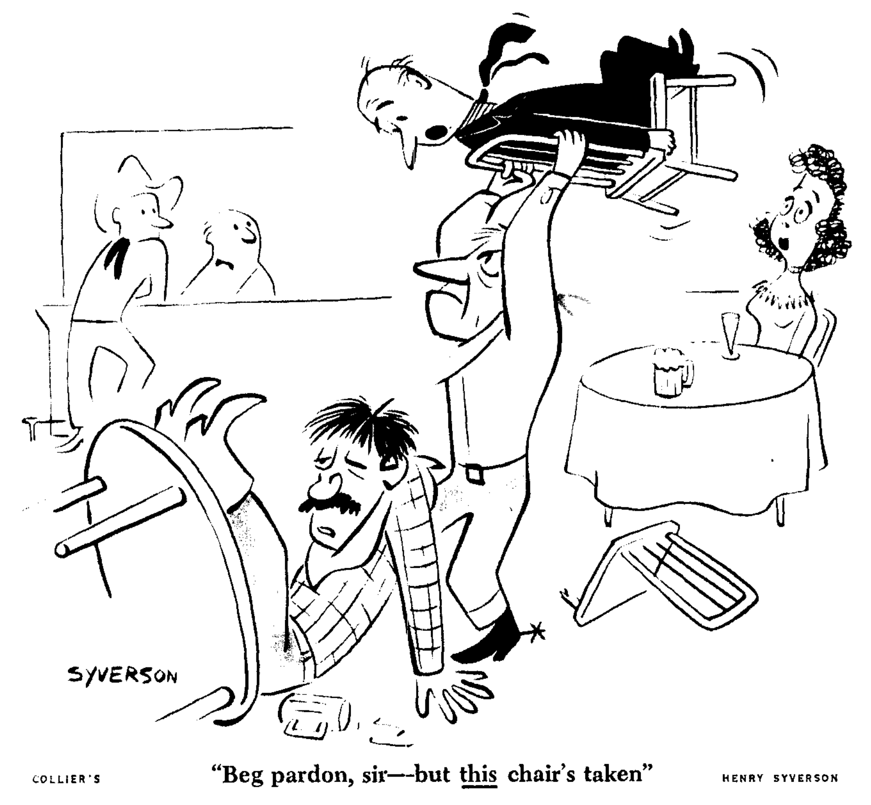
His final witness was his old sweetheart, the girl who had failed to find a publisher for the original manuscript. She was no longer slim, and her dark hair had been dyed an alarming shade of pink. Peck had found her name signed to a bit of light verse in a popular magazine, had written in care of the magazine and had received, ten days later, a telegram expressing surprise at his being alive.

One evening her doorbell rang. "Homer!" She flung her arms about the neck of the gaunt, sunburned visitor.

He pulled away gently for he was still zealous in avoiding any contact that might give the tubercle bacilli a new home. "I'm not Homer Peck," he told her. "I'm Warren G. Wilson."

"Have you gone crazy?"

"I've changed my name," he confessed. Knowing the woman would laugh at the tale of his quixotic decision, he told



COLLIER'S "Beg pardon, sir—but this chair's taken" HENRY SYVERSON

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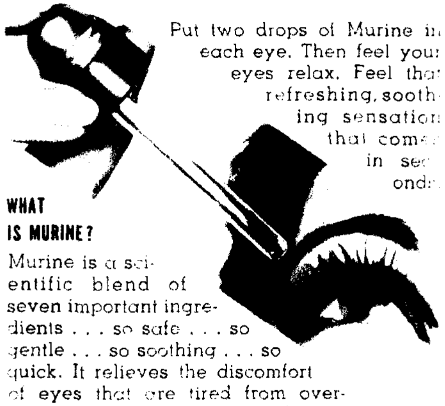

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the story humorously. Homer Peck had signed a letter acknowledging that his claim against Barclay was fraudulent. He had accepted $5,000 as the price of silence But Warren G. Wilson was free to prosecute Barclay; Warren G. Wilson's name had been signed to the paragraphs that Barclay had plagiarized.

The next morning he called at Barclay's office. He offered a card bearing the name of Dr. Fillmore Macrae, Macrae Institute of Chiropractic, Los Angeles. Barclay could not have forgotten the doctor who had cared for him solicitously in the old days.

"Dr. Macrae" was admitted to the private office. Barclay went white when he recognized the visitor.

"My name," the visitor said with dramatic emphasis, "is Warren G. Wilson. You may have heard of my course in Business Dynamics. Chapters Four, Five, Seven and Thirteen of My Life Is *Truth* are identical with my Lessons Twenty-three to Twenty-eight."

BARCLAY spoke into a box on his desk. As though he had sprung out of the oak paneling of the walls, Edward Everett Munn appeared. He was no longer Barclay's secretary. By virtue of his dirty work he had acquired the titles, Supervising Editor, General Manager and Assistant to Noble Barclay. He was cozily established in a private office and he knew that his job was insured for life.

The drama appealed to Wilson and he spun it out in florid fashion. "You need no longer sympathize with me because I lack proof that my work was stolen and published under another author's name. Gentlemen, I now have such proof that, were I to introduce it in court, I could not only recover millions in damages but I could also ruin your career, wreck the very foundations of your lucrative business and have you sent to the penitentiary, and also make you, the symbol of truth, the very image of deceit and falsehood."

"If you've got such good proof," sneered Munn, "why don't you take it to a lawyer instead of coming here with these implausible threats?" Turning to Barclay, he said, "It's extortion. He's trying to hold you up for more money."

Wilson turned his back on Munn. The snub was tactical. Only Barclay merited Wilson's attention. "I'm no fool, although you've played me for one for a long time now. My evidence could easily wreck you, but it would also destroy your business and lose a lot of money which rightfully belongs to me. After killing the truth, it could not easily be resurrected. I propose a settlement."

Munn tried to speak.

Wilson cut him short. "I don't propose to negotiate with anyone but Noble Barclay. This time I'm in a position to make terms. I want a million dollars."

"Don't listen, Barclay. He's trying to bluff you," Munn advised.

Barclay said nothing. He sat as though his ornate desk were a barricade protecting him from the reality of Wilson's attack.

"I consider this most reasonable," Wilson continued. "You've already made several millions out of my idea, and while you might have wasted some of the money on bad investments or magazines that have failed, the fact remains that you made the money and that I have the right to demand my share of your profits. In addition—"

"It's all a bluff," Munn interrupted.

Barclay raised his hand for silence. The movement was uncertain, like the first movement of a hand that has recovered life after paralysis.

Wilson saw that Barclay was frightened. "In addition," he said with growing assurance, "I demand my share of the credit. I'm not going to ask you to confess that you stole my idea, Barclay. The price would be too high. All I ask is that you acknowledge your debt to me as your teacher, and state that my instructions were the source of your philosophy. In all further editions of the book, in all advertising and exploitation, I demand credit as founder of the system which has made you famous. That's my proposition. We can discuss the details later."

"Should I call the police?" Munn moved hopefully toward the telephone.

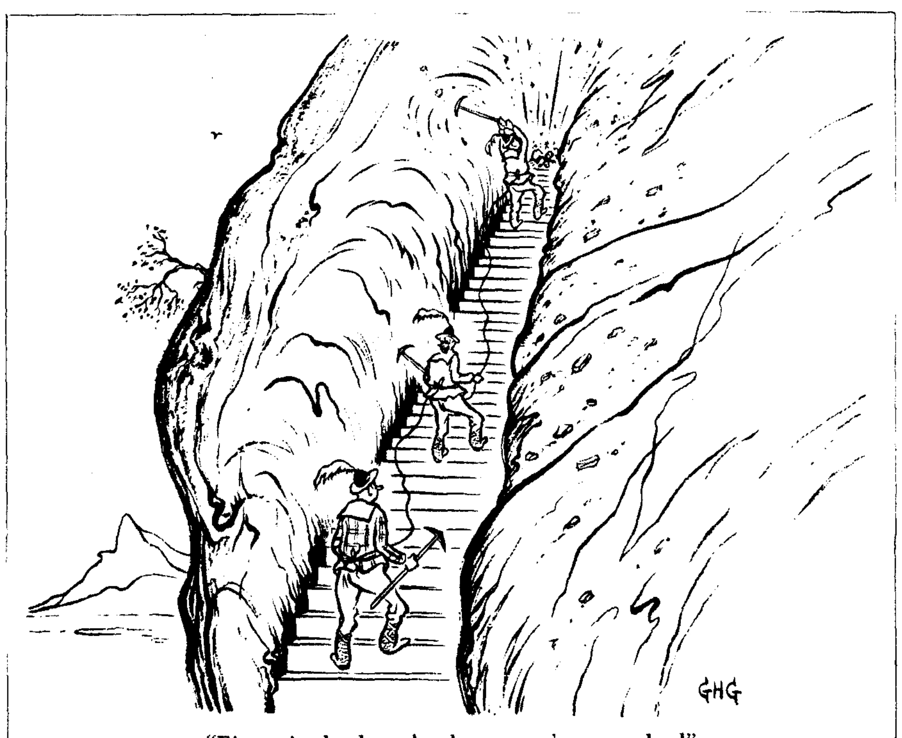
Barclay made another pained gesture.

For the first time Munn spoke courteously to Wilson. "Would you mind giving Mr. Barclay time to consider your proposition?"

"You gave me no time," Wilson reminded him.

"A million dollars is a lot of money. Even Mr. Barclay isn't rich enough just to write a check."

Barclay nodded weakly. Wilson was reminded of the old days, the mornings of hang-over, the look of defeat in Barclay's sick spaniel eyes, the insane mumblings of remorse, the wild vows of abstinence. It was absurd for Wilson to feel pity for a man who had so ruthlessly defrauded him, but Wilson was the victor now and felt that he could afford com-



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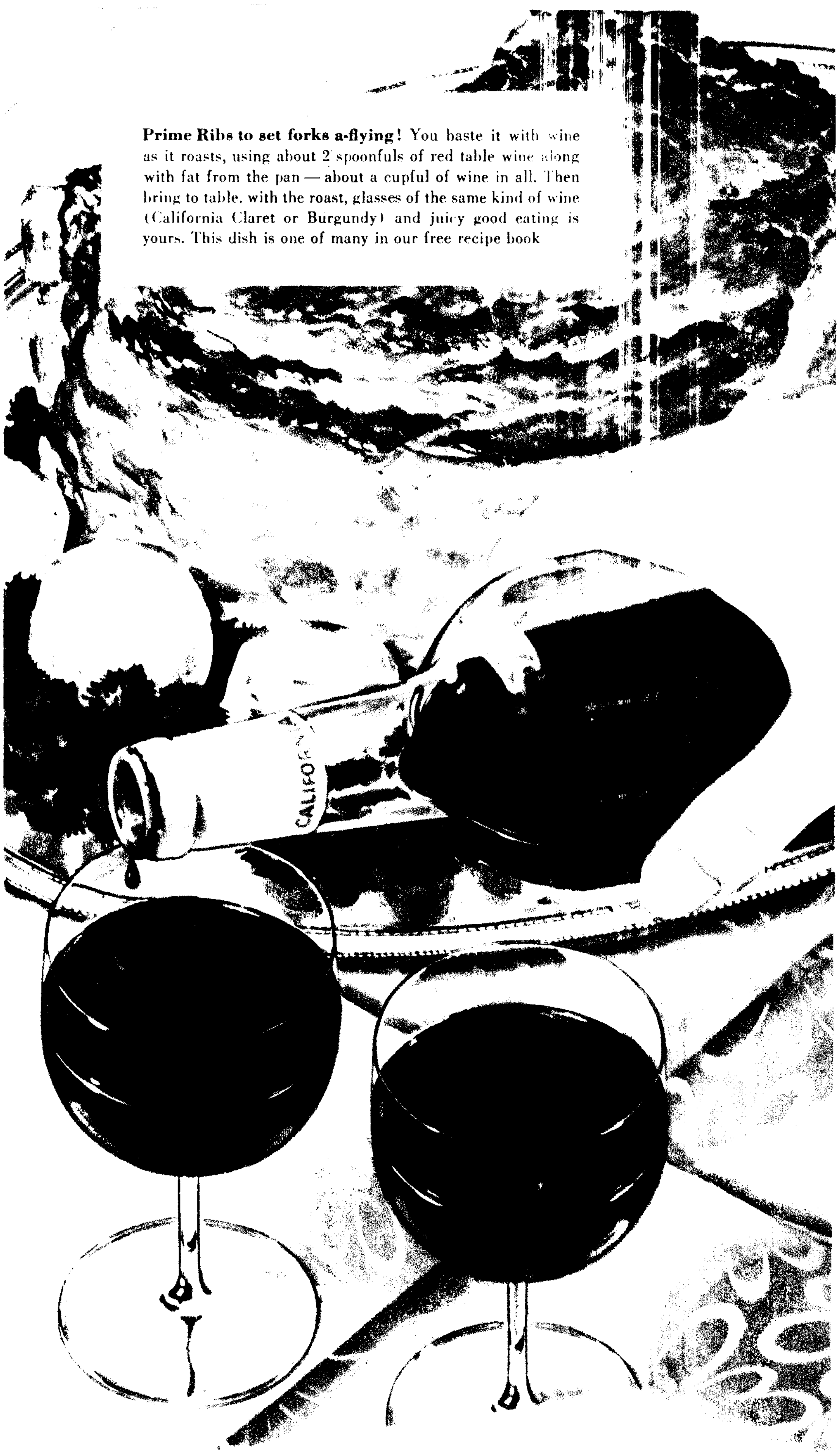

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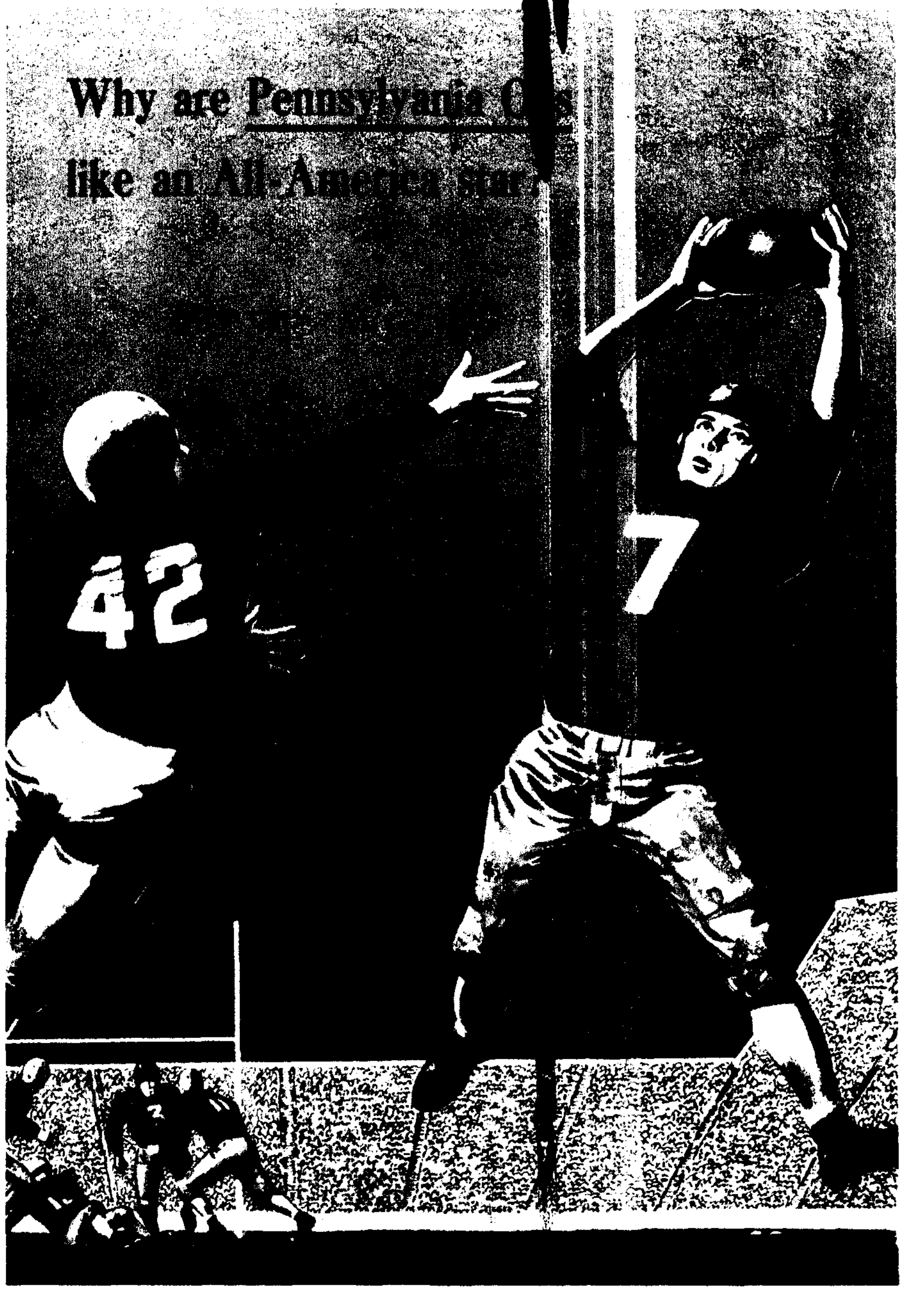
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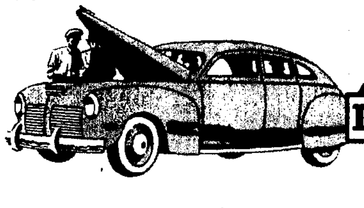

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passion. He let them know that a suitcase in his hotel room was filled with affidavits and documents which could ruin Barclay, and with characteristic magnanimity offered to defer action.

He thought he was being firm and severe. "Tomorrow morning at eleven promptly, I'll visit you again. If you do not then accede to my terms I'll take the documents to my attorney and have him file suit." He rose. "Until tomorrow at eleven."

Munn purred like a cat. Barclay looked as if the governor had signed a last-minute reprieve.

THAT evening Wilson and his old sweetheart drank prohibition champagne and decided that they would live on the income from Barclay's million in Capri. The woman had married a second time and her husband refused to divorce her, but they did not think this would matter much in Menton or Capri.

All in a glow he returned to his hotel room. At the first glance he thought its disorder an illusion born of champagne. Someone had opened the dresser drawers, gone through the closets, examined the desk and rifled his luggage. His documents had been stolen along with his copy of the Wilson course and the affidavits he had so expensively gathered. He called the hotel manager who summoned the house detective. They sent for the police. A thorough investigation was promised, but its first steps revealed nothing. No elevator man, no chambermaid had seen a stranger enter Wilson's room, nor had the desk clerk given out his key.

It was a severe blow. Wilson was short of money. The depression had cut his income to a sum that would barely keep a cat in tinned mackerel, and most of the five thousand had been used in the search for evidence against Barclay. The theft of his papers deprived poor Wilson of everything—the million dollars, the Riviera, the dream, the champagne and the poetry.

The next morning, promptly at eleven, a reception clerk announced that Mr. Warren G. Wilson had called to see Mr. Barclay. Swinging his stick and carrying his Stetson as though he were as ready as ever to embark on his voyage to the Riviera, Wilson entered the private office and seated himself in a high-backed chair opposite Barclay's desk.

"Have you considered my proposition?" he inquired.

Barclay cleared his throat and looked obliquely toward Edward Everett Munn who stood with his thumbs thrust into his vest.

"Your claim is fraudulent," Munn asserted. "We know there's nothing to it. What proof can you produce that Barclay stole your idea? Either you withdraw everything you claim or we hand you over to the police."

Barclay smiled. He had recovered with remarkable speed from his paralysis of the previous day. "You seem to be suffering from an obsession, Mr. Wilson. It's true that I once knew a Homer Peck"—he uttered the name with delicate sarcasm—"and I don't deny having once or twice discussed my theories with him. But to say that my philosophy was your idea, your creation, is worse than fraudulent; it's just plain crazy."

Barclay's earnestness astonished Wilson. That a man could appear so artlessly honest while lying so flagrantly seemed so incredible that Wilson stammered and sputtered as if he were the liar. The knowledge of right did not uphold Wilson. Emotion robbed him of self-assurance.

"Will you leave now, Mr. Wilson?" asked Munn in a voice greasy with triumph. "Mr. Barclay is a busy man."

Wilson rose. Inwardly he quivered. "Very well, gentlemen, if that's the way you feel." In the voice of Caspar Milquetoast he added, "I shall have my attorneys file suit at once."

"I thought you were going to bring it to the attention of certain publishers. You seemed so sure yesterday that they would finance your suit," gloated Munn.

Wilson stood silent for a moment, leaning upon his stick. It took all of his strength to carry out the bluff. "I'm afraid, Mr. Munn, that there will be quite enough notoriety without seeking sensational publicity. Last night I had the opportunity of giving my story to reporters, but I withheld it. Certain valuable papers were stolen from my room." He paused, noting the glance that traveled between Barclay and Munn. His courage quickened. "I prefer to handle the matter in the conventional way, through my attorneys. Incidentally, you gentlemen have either had faulty legal advice or—"

"We have the best lawyers in New York," Munn boasted.

"Perhaps you neglected to acquaint them with all the facts. Surely they must know that, merely by writing to the Register of Copyrights in Washington, any citizen of the United States can institute a search into the status of a copyright. The cost is one dollar."

"What good would that do?" asked Munn, licking dry lips.

"I don't believe it would be difficult for the citizen to obtain copies of those passages of the Wilson course which, as I informed you yesterday, are identical with Mr. Barclay's writings."

"Wait, Homer," Barclay commanded as Wilson strolled toward the door. "Perhaps we'd better talk this over."

"What is there to discuss?" queried Wilson, nonchalantly flourishing his stick.

Barclay was taking no chances. "Even though I think you're bluffing, I don't like the idea of a lawsuit. Since my career and my reputation are founded on a belief in truth, it won't do me any good to be involved in such a suit, even though I'd be sure to win it."

Munn was dissatisfied. He mumbled something at Barclay who frowned and snapped, "Sit down, Ed. Let me handle this."

Wilson sat down, too. "What's your proposition, Noble?"

"I'm not ungrateful for the help you once gave me," Barclay began. "While it isn't as important a part of my book as you seem to believe, I'd like to reward you for the assistance." He leaned back in his chair, working earnestly at the role of philanthropist.

Wilson saw that Barclay was genuinely alarmed, and the knowledge gave him the effrontery to bargain. They settled for $1,200 a month. It was a lot of money, particularly at that time, but only a splinter off the bulk of Barclay's income.

AS TIME went on, Wilson succeeded in raising his monthly income to $2,000. It was not that he needed the money so much as that he enjoyed the game of extortion.

Wilson acquired expensive tastes, patronized the best tailors, enjoyed rare wines and became a collector of first editions. These did not satisfy him. The game of extortion began to bore him. He envied Barclay's fame, resented the rosy glow of righteousness that surrounded the publisher of the Truth magazines. With masochistic energy Wilson tormented himself by reading Barclay's sensational love and crime stories.

"Every month he gets worse. I'd like to expose him," Wilson fumed.

"And what'd you do if people stopped buying the magazines? Where'd your pleasant two grand a month come from?" his old friend asked.

During the depression she had become a literary hack, selling her talent and experience to the various publishers of love magazines. It was inevitable that she should wind up in Barclay's office. She stayed there. Wilson often said, to torment him. He had offered a number of times to share his ill-gotten income but the woman refused. This was not because she scorned his method of getting a living, but from a perverted sense of independence. They had once tried living together, but all that remained of their love was a skeleton's shadow. They quarreled furiously, let months pass in sulky loneliness. Invariably one or the other suggested forgiveness, reunion was celebrated, they drank too many toasts and quarreled again.

At one such feast Wilson announced, "I've decided at last. I'm going to write a book about Barclay. I've got to tell the whole story. As long as I keep silent, I'm as bad as he is."

"Isn't this attack of conscience striking you rather late in life, Homer?"

"All the more reason for my wanting to expiate my sins."

"You've made your gutter and you'll have to lie in it."

"I'm going to publish all the evidence, prove all the facts."

"Think of your carcass, dear. How long could you survive in a real gutter?"

"You can help me," Wilson said. "I want to find out as much as I can about Barclay's private life, about his home, his wife, his children."

"What is it you want to know, Homer? About those adorable twins, presented by Gloria, the Perfect Mother? Perhaps you'd like to learn the truth about the second marriage—"

"I know about that."

"Who told you?"

"Janet."

"So you've met the second Mrs. Barclay?"

"I made it my business. She's more than willing to help me with the book. The period when he started lecturing on Truth-Sharing and then got her father to back him in publishing the book is Janet's. She hasn't forgotten a detail."

"Janet, I take it, nurses an asp in her bosom. Did Noble ever confess to her, in the dark reaches of the night, that he'd swiped your credo?"

Wilson shook his head. He had asked this question of Janet and she had assured him that Barclay had always acted as if Truth-Sharing had come as divine inspiration.

"Janet's got all the dope on the early days of the magazines, but I need information on his present life, not only what I glean from his magazines, but what it's actually like. Truth in a Fifth Avenue duplex. Do you know the present Mrs. B.?"

"Gloria? She'd be as helpful as a Truth and Beauty editorial."

"How about the daughter?"

"A lovable kid," the woman said. "Completely bewildered because the world isn't what Father told her. She's like a child brought up in orthodoxy and beginning to wonder whether she'll commit herself to eternal hell by daring to question it."

"She's the one for me then. I want you to arrange a meeting."

"You're cooking your goose, my dear man, and I'm not going to add to the seasoning."

Wilson paid no attention to the woman's protests. He knew what he wanted. "You must arrange a meeting, but don't introduce us. I want the girl to trust me—"

"How you flatter me, Homer. Eleanor's downright fond of me. I'm a radiant influence. Just at present I'm trying to help her decide to own up to Father that she's revolted by the creature he's chosen for a son-in-law. She's touchingly respectful of my opinions."

"Just the same she must know you're anti-Barclay. I want my friendship with her to be unsmirched by the enemy hand."

"You needn't think I'll help you."

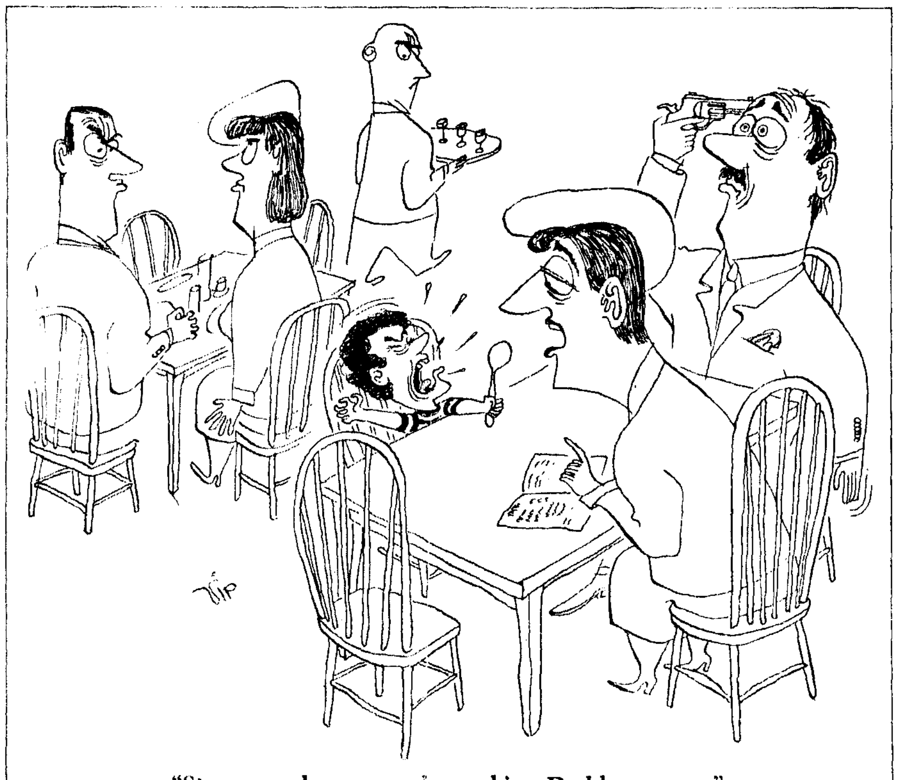
"I have an idea. You take her to dinner some night. Not here—we're too well known. Take her to Jean Pierre's and in the midst of dinner, remember some engagement and excuse yourself—"

"What a loathsome idea. I'll do no such thing."

A WEEK later she took Eleanor to dine at Jean Pierre's, saw but did not recognize Wilson at the next table, remembered erratically that she had forgotten the young admirer who, even now, was waiting elsewhere, asked Eleanor to forgive her and dashed off.

The next morning in the office Eleanor confessed to the woman that she had let herself be picked up by a middle-aged man of the world. Throughout the winter the girl continued to dine with Wilson, to visit his apartment, listen to his records, look at his books and pictures and, in the office, to boast of her friendship with this cultured and unusual man.

The woman, petulant because she imagined Wilson in love with the young girl, drank too much and made silly



COLLIER'S "Stop now, honey, you're making Daddy nervous" VIRGIL PARTCH

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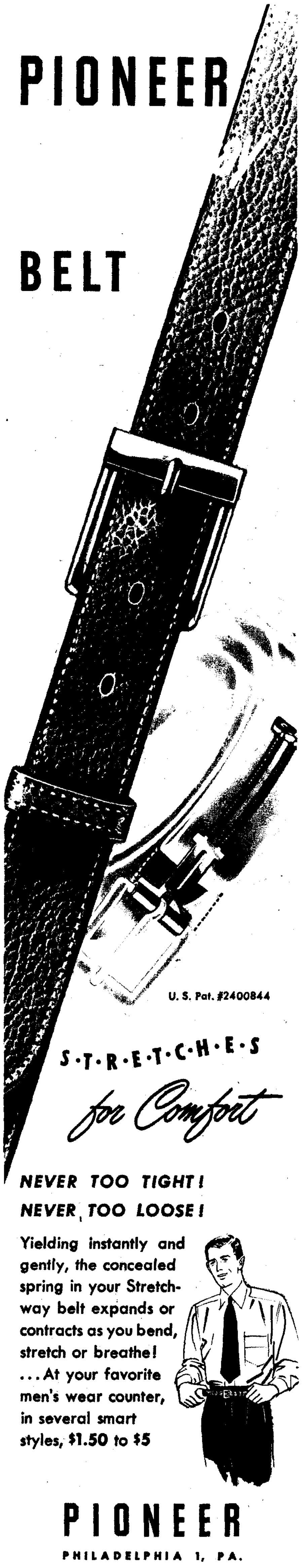

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accusations. Wilson lost his temper, too. They parted enemies and saw each other only once again.

They met on Fifth Avenue in front of the Public Library. The woman said, "It's ages since we've seen each other. What are you sulking about?"

"Why should you want to see me? As long as there's a bottle of cognac to amuse you, what need have you for my company?"

"It's so delightful seeing you, Homer. You say the sweetest things. How's young love?"

"Don't be an idiot." He tucked his arm under the woman's. "You know I'll always love you, you alley cat. Come along and have dinner with me."

"I have a date."

"Leave him waiting. I'm in a sentimental mood."

At dinner Wilson talked about his book. He expected to have it finished within a month. "I want to thank you for arranging that meeting with Eleanor." He spoke cautiously, aware that the girl's name might cause a torrent of jealousy.

"Has she been useful?"

"Wonderful. She's grateful to have someone like me, disinterested, with no preconceived Barclayan prejudices, to talk to."

"You're really a rat, Homer, taking advantage of her girlish confidences. She doesn't know about the book, does she?"

"Only that I'm writing one. But I haven't told her what it's about. I told her the title, but that can't mean anything to her."

"Oh," said the woman, affronted. "You've never told me the title."

"I haven't seen you since I decided on it. The Autobiography of Homer Peck. How do you like it?"

LATER, while they were drinking coffee, the woman said, "I wish you hadn't told her about the book."

"Why?"

"She might talk about it. Remember what happened to your papers that other time."

"Nonsense. There's nothing to worry about. As soon as the book's finished I'm going to put a copy in a safety-deposit vault. Did I tell you I'd finally persuaded Mrs. Armistead to make another deposition?"

"Who? Oh, Rosetta Beach. So she's agreed to reveal her past?"

"The book'll be a sensation. In a way I'm pleased that those first documents were stolen. This will be a mature work, not written in the white heat of anger."

"And what do you propose to live on when the monthly income ceases?"

"The book will make money."

"Not that much."

"What do I care? It's more important for me to get the truth told at last. I've saved a little and I'll have enough to last me—" He paused, and with a brief shrug, added, "I haven't long, you know."

He said it coolly as a man might say that he expected rain by morning. The woman was moved. She had been inconstant but she had never been fonder of another man. Because she could not let him see her distress, she laughed a little. "Before you throw away your lovely income, will you buy me a drink?"

"I'll buy you a bottle."

That was the last gift and the last time she saw him. When, on the following Sunday night, she heard that Warren G. Wilson had died as the result of a shot in the back, she drank the rest of her good brandy. When that was gone she drank an inferior kind, and when she had finished that she drank bad whisky. To have gone to the police and told what she knew of Wilson and his plans for exposing Barclay was too great an ordeal. Her courage was of a low order and her stomach weak. She had no real evidence —only the history of a man's life and the knowledge of an old secret. The police would have asked questions and the woman, in answering, would have been obliged to review the ugly past and look full upon the spectacle of her failure.

Frequently at night a specter visited her bedroom. It was not the shade of Homer Peck but the seedy ghost of the woman's integrity. More than once she vowed on the empty bottle to tell what she knew of Wilson's life and the causes of his death. By day the ghosts faded, alcohol diluted her courage, the woman clung desperately to the livelihood she loathed. She became petty and childlike in hinting of dangerous knowledge.

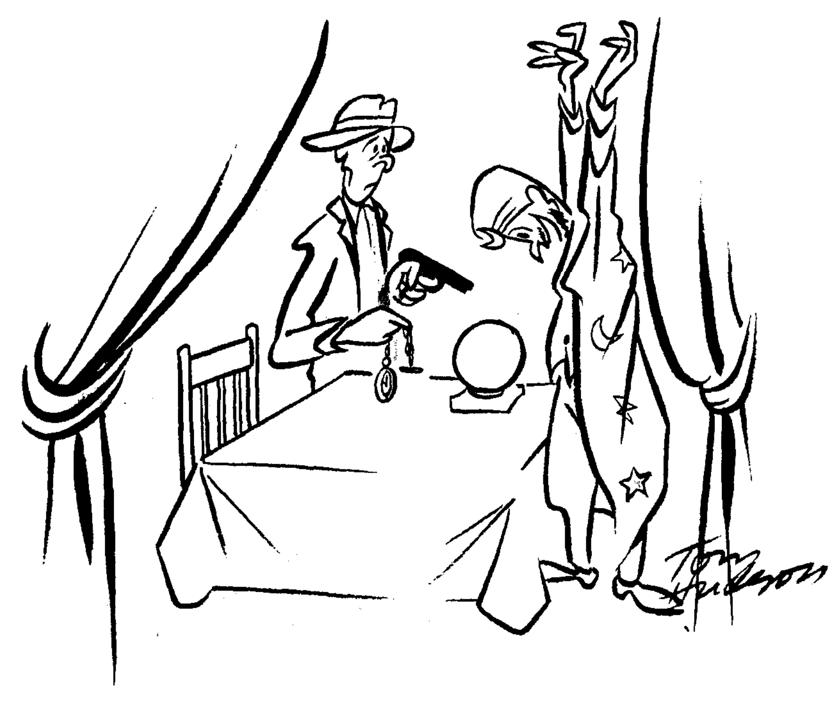
At first skeptical, the murderer grew more and more nervous. Of late he has attempted appeasement, flattered the woman, sent roses and come to pay court at her home. It has begun to look as if he wanted people to suspect an affair between Lola Manfred and Edward Everett Munn.

A letter from Eleanor to John six months later.

New York, May 29.

Dearest:

How does it feel to be a grass widower? Are you eating lonely dinners in the kitchenette, thinking wistfully of the little woman, or are you doing the



COLLIER'S "No siree, you won't get away with this" TOM HUDSON

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town, like the rest of the Hollywood husbands, with one of those glamorous blondes?

I started missing you before I kissed you goodby, and since then I've been breathing in a vacuum. There are one hundred and forty million people in this nation, but when you're not around, the continent seems uninhabited. Aside from that, it was a comfortable trip and you were probably right in insisting that I come and face it.

Well, Johnnie, I've faced it. I saw Father today. All that I regret is that I decided to save money by staying here instead of taking a room at a cheap hotel. Visiting here is like spending a holiday in a state penitentiary.

I have the nursery suite, the twins and the nurse having been sent by Gloria to the country. The place is guarded by everything but bloodhounds. Father is alleged to be off on some secret mission of national importance for it would not be appropriate to suggest that a man of his energy would retire, and to hint of the true conditions would be heresy.

The elevator man (a new one since we left) stared suspiciously when I named my floor. When I told him that I was Mr. Barclay's daughter he consented to take me as far as the foyer and press the bell for me, but he remained on guard until the apartment door was opened by a character who looks like a private detective in butler's livery. Finally I was inspected and passed on by—but guess! Our old friend Eccles.

At the sight of me she burst into tears. Then she took me upstairs to my rooms. As soon as we were safe behind the locked door, she began a whispering campaign against Gloria. "Her lack of faith, Eleanor, is shocking. She employs doctors—conventional medical men who haven't the slightest concept of the true cause of your poor father's desperate situation."

"What's your diagnosis, Grace?" I asked. "Father's had a stroke, which isn't surprising considering his early life . . . I suppose you believe he could be cured by digging out secrets and applying the sharp, clean antiseptic of Truth."

"If only he could." She sighed again. "That's the tragedy and the irony. To think of him, the prophet of Truth-Sharing held prisoner by some guilty secret. What could it be, Eleanor? How could a man who has led an irreproachable life, who has never faltered at confessing his sins, how could he have cause for self-reproach or guilt?"

THERE was a knock at the door. I opened it and Gloria's cool lips were pressed against my cheek. "Your father's resting," she said. "As soon as he wakes, he'll want to see you. But come along, dear, I want you to meet someone." She led me by the hand along the corridor to the sitting room.

A man rose and bowed. I gave him only half an eye for I was fascinated by a piece of furniture which had been brought into the room. There, displayed boldly in my father's house, stood a cellarette stocked with an assortment of bottles and glasses. As I recovered from the shock of this strange sight, I realized that my hand was being pressed in a warm, moist palm.

"So this is the daughter," he said with an accent so faint that I could not determine its origin. "No wonder your dear papa was so eager to have me meet you. But you did not tell me, Gloria, that she was beautiful."

I regained possession of my hand and backed away. The man took the tall chair which Father used to like best. He was of medium height but thickset with a look of shagginess about him. He wore tweeds too bulky for a man of his build.

"A drink?" asked Gloria, nodding toward the cellarette. As though I had demanded explanation, she added hastily, "We have it here for General Podolsky. He does so much of his work here now. Your father likes to keep in touch."

I laughed. Podolsky's eyes measured me coldly. There was a long silence. Presently he got up and started pacing the floor, head bent, brow wrinkled, hairy hands clasped behind his back. The whole thing was a show, every effect calculated. With his back to me, he asked about you, Johnnie. He said that he had heard you were one of the most brilliant young men Father had ever hired. I agreed enthusiastically with all the flattery and was about to add that you have character as well as intelligence when Podolsky whirled around, faced me and suggested that you and I come back to work for Barclay Publications.

"I am speaking for your father, and I know it is his dearest wish that you and your husband join our staff again."

Whether this magnanimity toward us black sheep was ever actually suggested by Father, or whether Podolsky was following the general pattern of Barclay bribery, I could not be sure. But I suspected at once that he knew more than he hinted of Father's secrets.

But this man is no Munn, Johnnie. He might have been willing to step into that vacant office and play at being stooge until the time came for Father's shadow to take over the substance, but there the resemblance ends. Ed Munn was stupid and a fool. I am sure that Father chose Podolsky because he did not want to make the same mistake again, and put a dull man in a job that demanded brains. What happened today has made me wonder whether Father didn't make a bigger mistake on Podolsky.

NATURALLY I turned down his offer. But Podolsky is not easily rejected. He wondered whether I ought not to consult you before making a decision, described the changes in the organization, offered salaries that made my head whirl.

I listened patiently but always gave the same answer.

"You're a stubborn little girl," he said. "Does your husband allow you to make decisions in this highhanded way?"

"My husband and I don't allow each other to do anything. Each of us considers the other capable of making decisions. Moreover," I said proudly, "my husband expects to sign a contract with a major picture studio." I kept my fingers crossed while I lied, Johnnie.

Podolsky raised his eyebrows. Just then Grace Eccles came in to tell me that Father was awake and waiting for me to come down to him.

On the staircase she put her arm around me and said, "You must gird yourself, dear. It'll be hard at first. The fallen eagle."

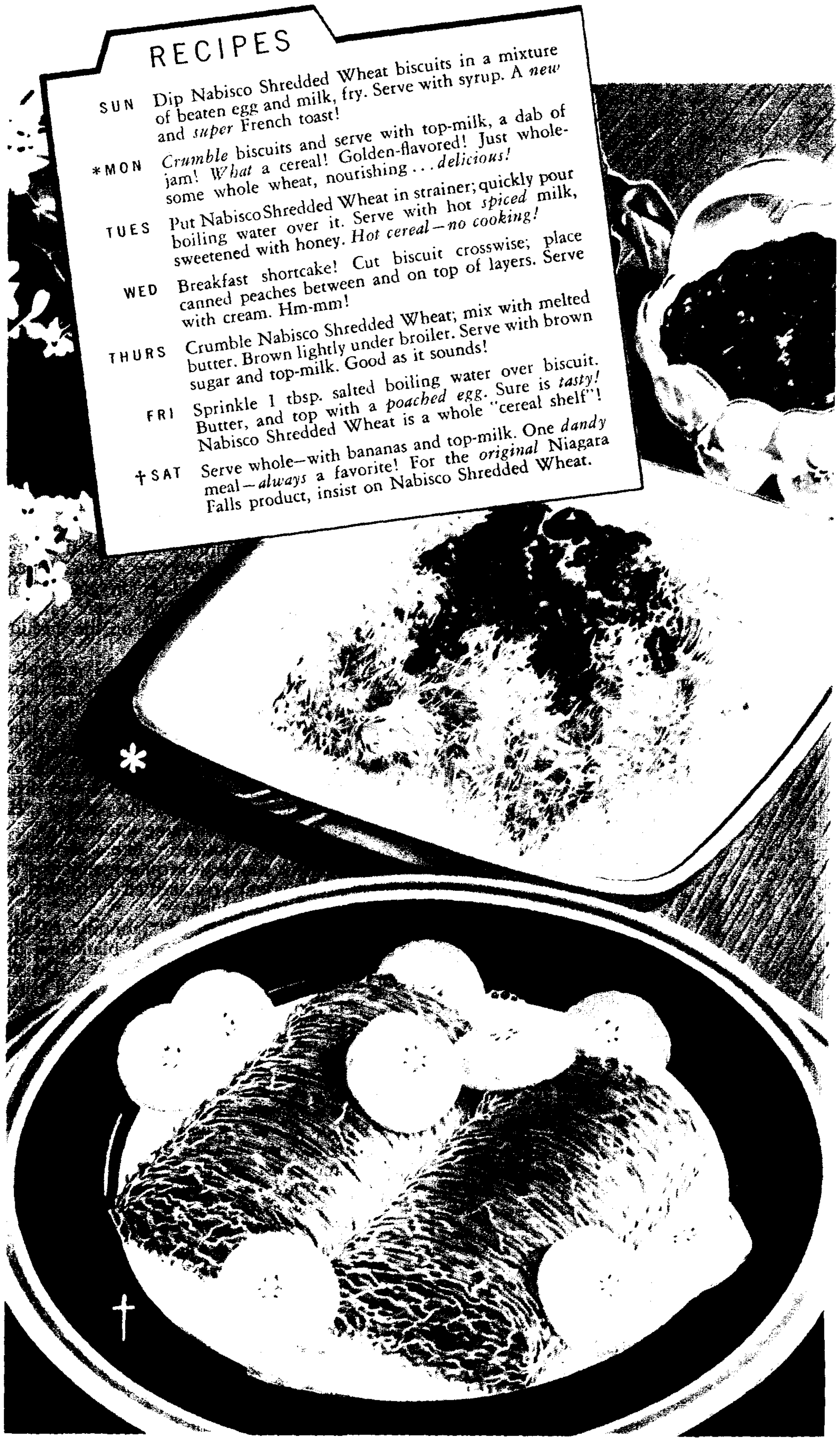
At every step my knees grew weaker. As we entered Father's study I remembered the last awful evening there, with Father and Ed arguing about the gun that killed Mr. Wilson. The French doors were open now, the sun gilding the white plaster hands that grasped black plush drapes. In that bright light the room had lost its incongruity and horror.

Father was waiting on the terrace. I did not immediately look at him but at the white iron furniture, the geranium-red awning and cushions, and at the new iron fence. When I last saw the terrace, there had been only a low coping.

I had expected greater change in Father's appearance, had heeded Grace's warning and girded myself for the shock. He is thinner, of course, but the bones of his head stand out in all their powerful modeling and he has the color of vigor, a deep, glowing suntan. He walked toward me and my heart stood still. He drags his right leg and holds his arm in a rigid half parenthesis.

I ran toward him, put my arms around him and kissed him. He began to tremble and I was afraid that he would fall.

Quick 'n' easy Breakfast Ideas for a Week!



RECIPES

SUN Dip Nabisco Shredded Wheat biscuits in a mixture of beaten egg and milk, fry. Serve with syrup. A *new* and *super* French toast!

*MON *Crumble* biscuits and serve with top-milk, a dab of jam! *What* a cereal! Golden-flavored! Just wholesome whole wheat, nourishing . . . *delicious!*

TUES Put Nabisco Shredded Wheat in strainer; quickly pour boiling water over it. Serve with hot *spiced* milk, sweetened with honey. *Hot cereal—no cooking!*

WED Breakfast shortcake! Cut biscuit crosswise; place canned peaches between and on top of layers. Serve with cream. Hm-mm!

THURS Crumble Nabisco Shredded Wheat; mix with melted butter. Brown lightly under broiler. Serve with brown sugar and top-milk. Good as it sounds!

FRI Sprinkle 1 tbsp. salted boiling water over biscuit. Butter, and top with a *poached egg*. Sure is *tasty!* Nabisco Shredded Wheat is a whole "cereal shelf"!

† SAT Serve whole—with bananas and top-milk. One *dandy* meal—*always* a favorite! For the *original* Niagara Falls product, insist on Nabisco Shredded Wheat.

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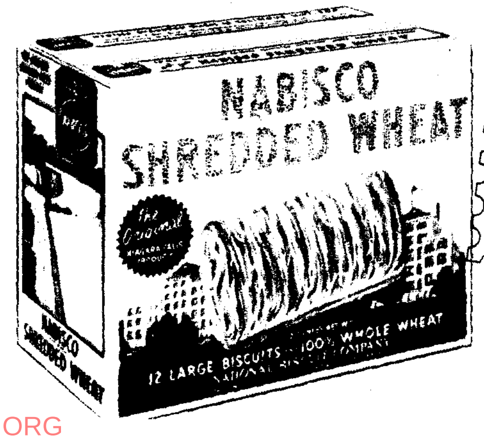

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My weight was not enough to brace him and I staggered back. Suddenly, from nowhere, a male nurse appeared and helped him into his chair. I saw then that my father was crying.

With his left hand he indicated that I was to sit near him and I pulled up one of the red-cushioned chairs and sat there with my hand in his. I talked quickly and breathlessly with no pauses between sentences and ideas. I told him about us, our little apartment, our work and our hopes. The pressure of his left hand grew heavy. His mouth contorted. He cannot speak at all; he can only utter curious, deformed sounds that have barely a kinship with human speech.

Beyond the iron terrace railing stretched Central Park, all liveliness and sunshine. In the clean light Father's suntan was no more convincing than a Hollywood make-up. Suddenly the virile left hand jerked me forward, the brown fierce eyes commanded my attention. He tried, with eyes and brows, with the muscles of his cheeks, the tension of his fingers, the crippled voice to communicate with me. I think I knew what he was trying to say. Had I kept Lola's manuscript? Where was it? Had you read it? Did we plan to use it against him?

"May we interrupt this happy reunion?" Podolsky's voice cut like acid. "Feels good, doesn't it, Barclay, to talk to one's child again?"

FATHER uttered a curious, protesting, animal sound. I followed the direction of his troubled eyes. Podolsky carried a highball. He set the glass on the low coping below the iron rail and stretched his thick legs on the cushions of a chaise longue.

Gloria crossed the terrace. She walked with conscious affirmation of her womanly charms. As she passed his chair, Father extended his good hand. Gloria avoided it and moved toward the rail.

"A lot of questions you'd like to ask Eleanor, eh, Barclay?" Podolsky lifted the glass and savored the whisky. "Has she told you anything interesting?"

Purple blotches like birthmarks stained Father's artificial suntan. His useless right arm seemed to quiver and his head wobbled.

"Are you worried?" continued Podolsky with such irritating blandness that my own blood pressure rose. "Do you think your own daughter would betray you?" Podolsky had designed his cruelty to fit the pattern of Father's suffering. He never made a statement but only asked questions of a man who could not answer. "Hasn't Eleanor her own interests at heart? Isn't she to inherit a portion of your estate, Barclay? Wouldn't it be wise to warn her that her interests and yours are identical?"

Father was watching Gloria. She turned from the rail to catch a message from Podolsky. It was all very subtle, no more than the twitch of an eyelid, but the flavor of conspiracy was mingled with the scent of Gloria's cosmetics.

"I hope you understand, Eleanor, that this visit is to be guarded with utmost secrecy. It would be disillusioning to his millions of followers if they were to discover that Noble Barclay is unable to heal himself through the practice of his theories." Podolsky laughed and gestured with the hand that held his empty glass. Then he ordered Gloria to fetch him another highball.

She obeyed at once, floating across the terrace in her flying chiffons, offering temptation to the general, avoiding her husband's outstretched hand. Poor Father sighed and the sound of it, the only recognizable human sound he had been able to utter, was so painful that I could stand no more of it. I rushed across the terrace, tore blindly through the study and up the stairs.

I locked the door, threw myself across the bed and tried to cry. But I must have fallen asleep, for the nightmare returned. Although there is a rail on the terrace now, my nightmare rocks had grown sharper, the mountain pass narrower, the cliff steeper. He tossed me into blankness and I died hideously. When I woke I was shivering.

Has the nightmare stayed with me because I lost my courage at the inquest, Johnnie? But I didn't actually lie that day. I answered the questions that were asked and it wasn't my fault that these questions never came within guessing distance of the truth. What else could I have done, Johnnie? He was my father. That, more than any fears for the Barclay name and fortune, kept me silent. It was, I suppose, the old habit of loyalty, the habit that had been bred into my bones. You must remember how I cried in your arms when you hurried to my house after reading Lola's story, and how I begged you to wait a while before doing anything with the knowledge inherited from my dead friends.

You told me then that I'd be tormented until I had gained revenge or saw justice done. But I find neither revenge nor justice in the cruel irony of my father's suffering. He has been hurt enough, it seems to me, and I don't want to wound him more. His glory, his name and position are still his pride, Johnnie. When I woke up after the nightmare, my room was hot and I opened the window. It looks out on the terrace. There sat my father, motionless in his chair, and beside him, her head bent in happy servitude, the faithful Eccles.

She was reading to him out of My Life Is Truth.

I was tempted to call out to him, to promise to destroy Lola's manuscript, vowing that I would never reveal his guilt. The thought of you kept me from it. I know how you feel about this and I have decided to make no promises, strike no bargains, show no pity until I hear from you.

What are we to do, darling? Must we tell? Is revenge necessary? Will justice be done if we destroy the little that is left to this broken man? The murders are forgotten now, the murderer dead. Can't we let this one truth stay buried?

Please write to me immediately. I'll do whatever you say. I trust you more than anyone in the world and I need you desperately. And I hope that someday I can do something big enough to show my gratitude for all that you've done for me. With all my love,

Yours,
Eleanor.

A letter from John to Eleanor
Hollywood, 6/1/46

My darling:

You're in a bad way, aren't you? As soon as I'd finished reading your letter I called the airport and asked for an emergency reservation. No seats were available and none for tomorrow or the day after.

In a way I'm glad I couldn't make it. This is your problem, kid, and the time has come for you to face it, alone and unsupported. This may sound tough but I believe you've grown strong enough now to realize that it isn't enough to quit being Barclay's daughter just to become Ansell's wife.

Your nightmare comes back, I think, because you still feel guilty about our lack of action after the discovery of the Manfred manuscript. This is not wholly your guilt, darling. I've procrastinated, too, refused to push you into a situation which would cause you to suffer. This is a weakness in me. I love you and I want to save you from pain and turmoil. I still can't forget the way you looked that night you came to my office with the manuscript. Your father certainly succeeded in scaring me when he told about your mother's suicide and hinted that you had inherited her instability. That was a ruse for scaring me off the Wilson story, and while it never worked

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out the way he planned, it helped to keep his secret.

This sounds as if I had little faith in you but I couldn't help worrying about the series of shocks and disillusionments that hit you all in one week end. It was bad enough for you to learn of Lola's death and to discover that your ex-fiancé had killed her, but the worst blow was the discovery that your father was a fraud.

It's not revenge that we seek, neither you nor I, Eleanor. When I was a pipsqueak editor, forcing issues to assert my authority, I might have sought vindication for my hurt pride. And if revenge were all you wanted, you could easily accept the fact that the gods have contrived a neat form of punishment for your father. But honest men are also stricken with apoplexy. If punishment is involved, the pattern of it is psychological. It may be that your father seeks refuge from Truth-Sharing. The need for confession may have grown so pressing that, unconsciously, he prefers dumbness. The circle is vicious. Noble Barclay can't share the truth because he can't speak or write; and conversely, he can't recover from his paralysis because he is unable to share the truth.

I may be wrong about this. I know so little. What I do know is that for you and me it is not a simple matter of revenge. Or of punishment. You paint a touching picture of the broken eagle in his Fifth Avenue eyrie, but let's not become too deeply touched or we, too, will be paralyzed.

THE murders matter no longer. Nor the old swindle involving the discovery of Truth-Sharing. But the truth has to be told. Not for the sake of vindicating poor Lola of the charge of having been loved by Munn, not because Homer Peck's ghost will haunt us until we tell the world how he paid for his sin of creating a religion that had no god, not for abstract justice, either.

Your father may be helpless and inarticulate but his influence goes on, the swindles, the lies, the fakes perpetrated in his name. After I read your letter, I wanted to think this out and I took a long walk. Do you know what sight shocked me out of my reverie? A newsstand gaudy with magazines, six of them published by Barclay.

I bought them. I read them. I used to think them vulgar but comic. Now, after six months away from the pious atmosphere of Barclay conferences, I find evil in these magazines. Time and distance make it clearer to me that these periodicals mislead and misinform good, gullible citizens. In the name of Truth, fact is distorted, rumor spread, crackpots glorified, authority given charlatans and crooks.

Do you know Podolsky's history? Last December at a conference, I reminded your father that Podolsky's political lies had been exposed by the New York newspapers. It was common knowledge that he had been the best pal of a big Nazi agent and that he made a good living by creating political myths and disseminating international falsehood. As the usurper in your father's domestic life Podolsky is not nearly so formidable as the occupant of his office.

In our time, darling, we have seen what happened when a weak king and an old, tradition-bound chancellor welcomed dangerous upstarts for the sake of protecting ancient realms and profitable attitudes. I make this analogy after studying the back cover of Truth Digest and noting the languages into which it is translated, and the countries into which it brings the Podolsky point of view.

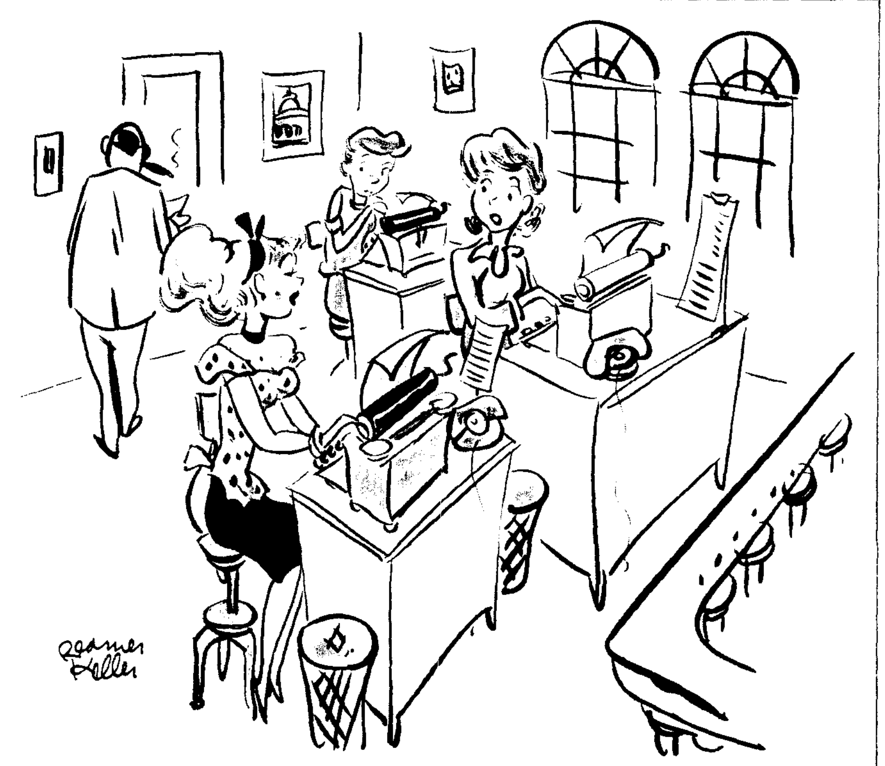
What a sermon! You ask for help and I give you editorials. But you must see this objectively, just as if your name had never been Barclay. The thing that is tearing you apart is the conflict between two bone-deep desires. You know your father's guilt and still you hope to protect him. For he is still your father, he is old and sick, and you were not born with a serpent's tooth.

We ask little, Eleanor, but we do want our chance to live honestly. The nightmare has to be exorcized or we shall be sacrificed to the old and evil, to the dishonest and the dying. We daren't go on cherishing fables for the sake of the paralyzed and moribund. It is for our own kind, the young and healthy, that we have to speak out.

Whatever your decision may be, I'll keep on loving you. But it would be unfair not to tell you that I believe that we can never remain honestly ourselves unless we tell the truth wholly. Now that Wilson and Lola are dead, there are no others who know the story so intimately nor who can tell it so honestly as you and I.

My love to you, JOHN.

THE END



"Three men took me home last night and it cost me $4.50 in taxi fares to get back to the party each time"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

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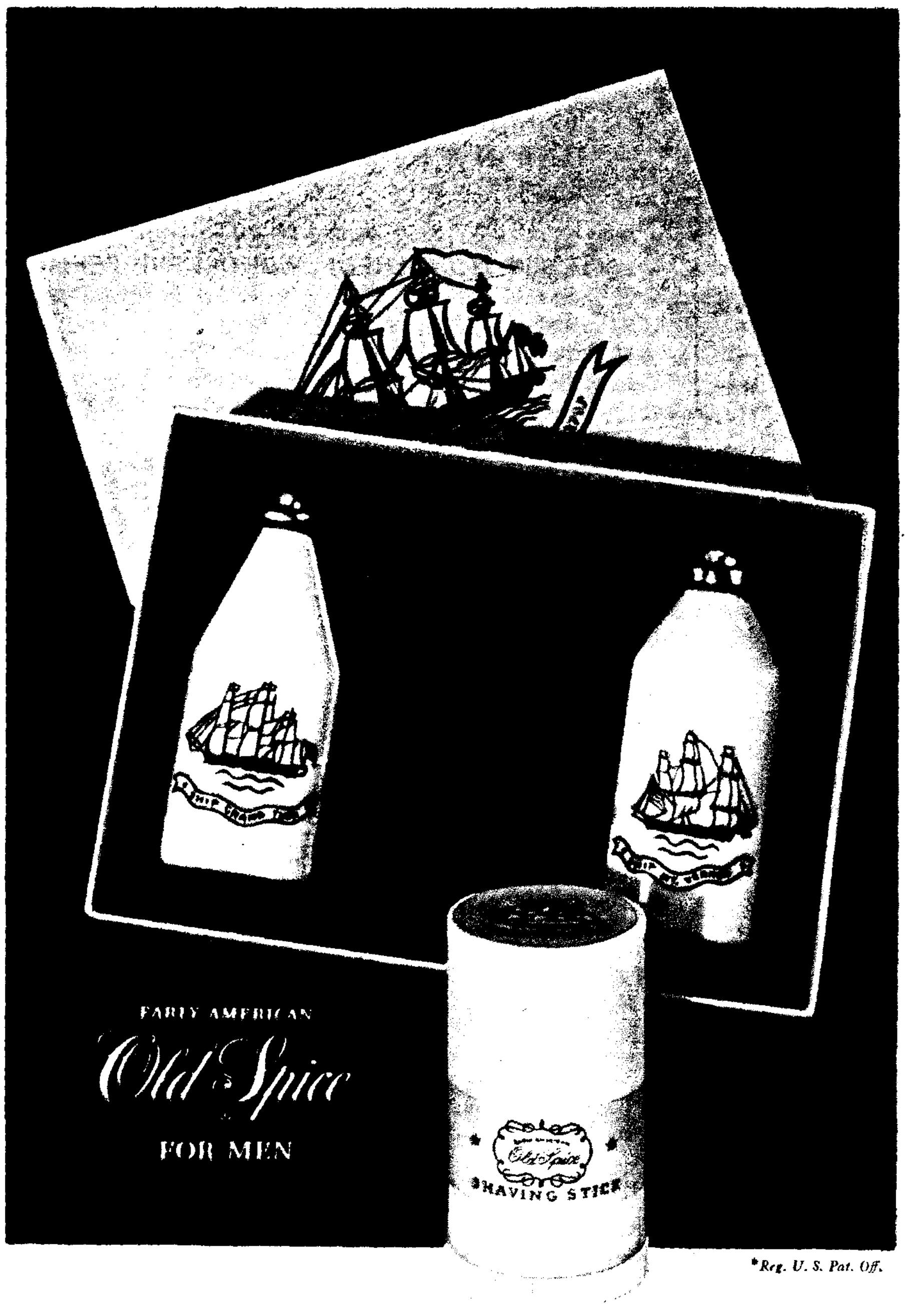

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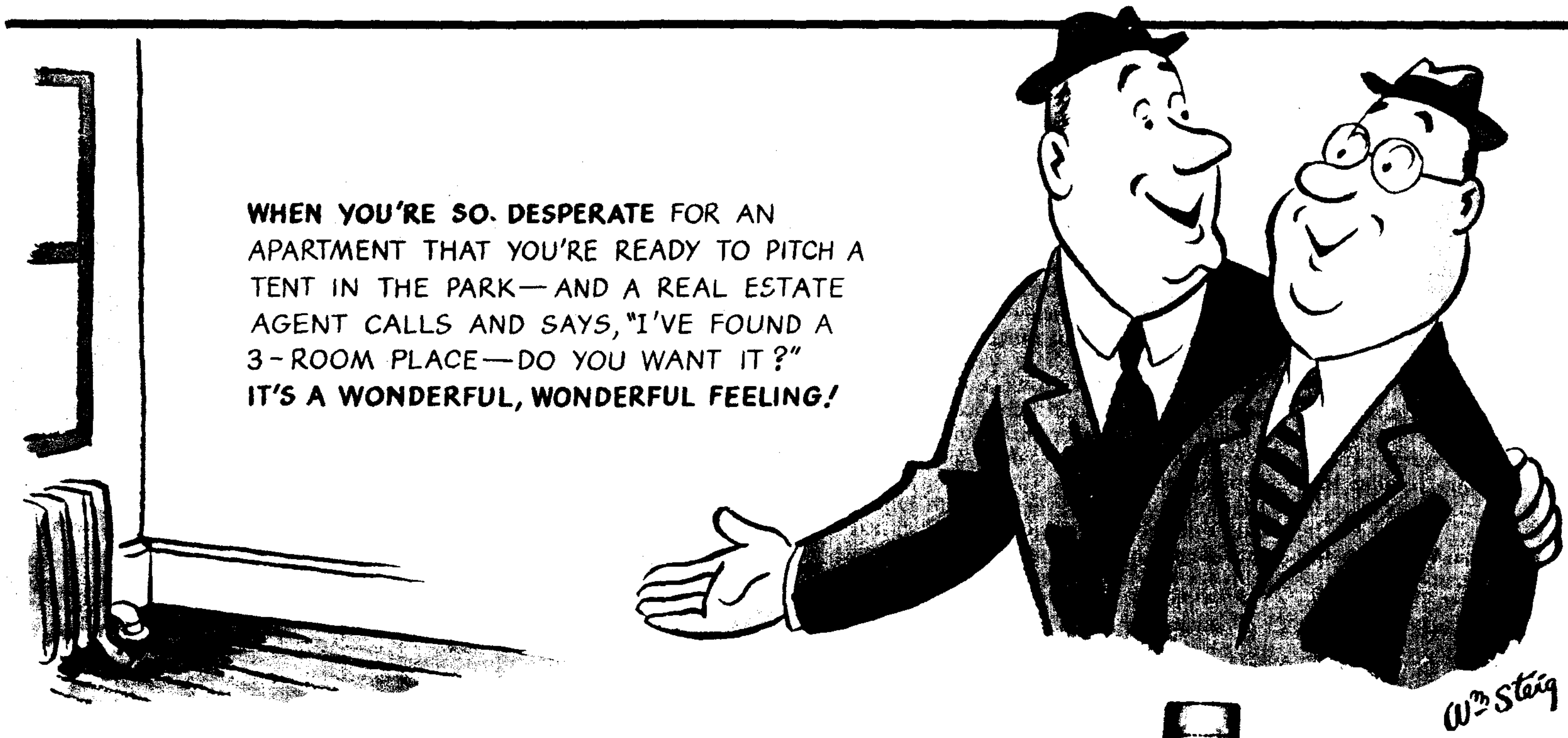

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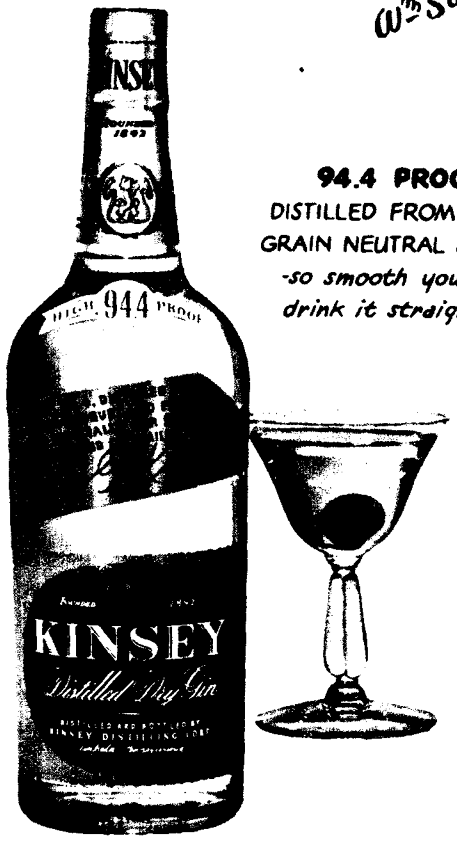

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THE VETERANS SAY—OR ELSE!

Continued from page 17

cent of the single men, live with friends or in-laws, according to Veterans Administration statistics. The young brides are pitiful, especially those who have come from environments that differ from the miserable homes many now have to share with their husbands' families. Many of them take one look and depart for home and Mother. But I have also met valiant ones who love their men enough to endure what can only be described as hell on earth.

These war marriages are comically tragic in the rural districts, where housing shortages are just as acute as in our overcrowded urban areas. In remote corners of Texas and Louisiana I saw pretty, doll-like city girls who were no asset to a farming family, living with Pa- and Ma-in-law in a state of armed neutrality. These transplanted city girls were rebellious about everything, even about taking care of their own babies, to say nothing of churning butter, canning or doing the family wash. I am still haunted by the eyes of one of them. When I said goodby, her expression said plainly, "Oh, if only I could go too."

In country districts throughout the South, the poor, dirty, untidy, overcrowded shacks of the agricultural migrants or sharecroppers are more than the soldier can endure after his training in order, discipline and neatness plus three good meals a day. Sisters and mothers told me that boys who had written homesick letters took one look around and walked out either to enlist or to roam through the country seeking the life and the world they had dreamed of while at the front. On the other hand, proud mothers also described how their boys do the laundry for them and tidy up the barnyard because there is no job in sight anyway.

No Place to Settle

But too many of the boys are restless. I met them constantly going from place to place in an aimless way. When they strike a war center like Orange, Texas, they are attracted by the hope of getting a job and a roof over their heads. But there were already 1,600 unemployed in that little city, of whom 450 were local veterans, while more than 5,000 were still to come home. The tempers of the migratory veterans were getting short. There, as elsewhere, they were holding indignation meetings. The veterans who came and went in Orange were keeping that community in constant turmoil.

The lack of housing for veterans is indeed undermining our nation in more ways than one. It leads not only to vagrancy, but it is breaking up the family by creating discord between the generations and between the newlyweds. It is augmenting the divorce rate. It destroys privacy, morality and common decency. The real-estate operators who are blocking federal and local programs for public housing do not seem to realize that homelessness also leads to contempt for the property rights which they cherish. Failure to provide so elementary a thing for the veteran as a home is the chief material factor in veteran rebellion against our hard-boiled, improvident civilization.

Perhaps the general bitterness over the housing situation would not be so acute if there were not so many other deep frustrations in the veteran's life.

Causes of Irritation

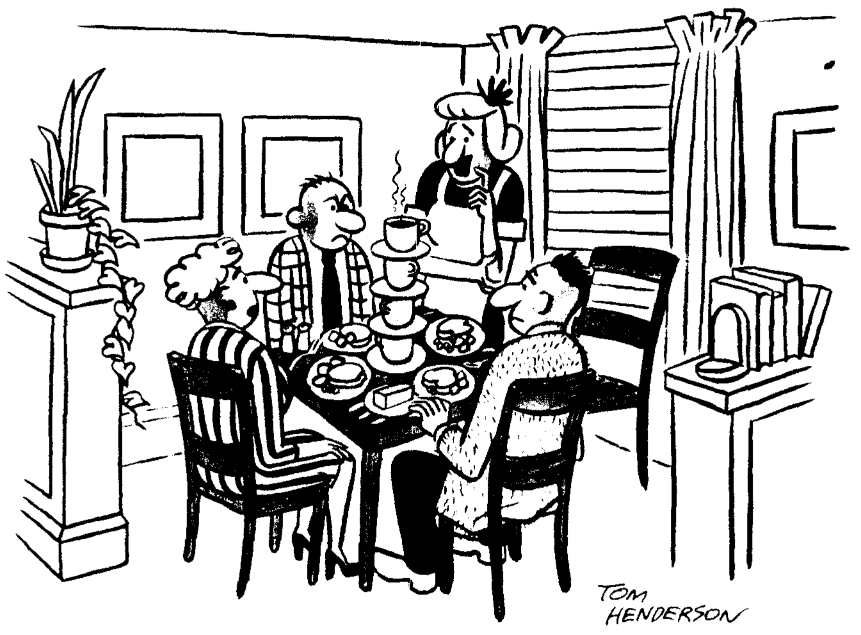
The inept and unjust handling of priorities and surplus materials irritates the veterans throughout the country. At present they are blocked for materials in business after business. Listen to one of them:

"We're stymied, whatever we do. I'm a mechanic and wanted to open an auto-repair shop. But I couldn't get materials. I've lost days on my present job trying to get Army materials. But I'm sent from pillar to post. The papers said they are selling a billion dollars worth of surplus equipment every month. But only the guy who knows the right man to see gets it. And, lady, they're never veterans. The stuff all goes to the big fellows."

The thing that retards the flow of materials and veteran employment more than anything else is the slow tempo of reconversion. Everywhere I went I found the same cry in the regional offices of the Veterans Administration and the local U.S.E.S.: "Nothing but full employment can save the situation!"

But full employment is by no means the whole answer. Here's what a 20-year-old Jersey City veteran told me:

"I was too young for a job when I enlisted but I wasn't too young to get into the war. I've been four years in the service, two at the front in Europe. I have no seniority, no references, nothing. The big corporation says: 'Have you got a union card?' Of course the



"On second thought, let's wait till later and have our coffee in the living room"

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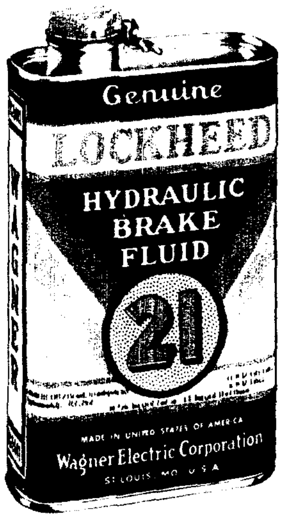

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older boys have. But the females get the jobs on the assembly line because they're satisfied with 90 cents an hour. So a lot of big firms around Jersey City simply refuse to give the boys their jobs back."

"How about the U.S.E.S.?" I asked. My question met with raucous laughter.

"To begin with, our U.S.E.S. never has the good jobs listed. And you wait your turn for the lousy jobs they've got, whether you're a veteran or not."

"The war worker who stayed at home and feathered his nest has money and a job. He could buy property before it doubled in price and has a home. The veteran has to start from scratch. It's a messy situation."

Both in rural and urban areas a paradoxical employment situation exists. Every U.S.E.S. I visited had a heavy registry of unfilled jobs while unemployment figures were above normal, optimistic census figures notwithstanding. The veteran refuses unskilled work because the wages, both in industry and agriculture, are so low that he can do better by taking his readjustment allowance of $20 a week. The well-paid jobs also go begging because the nation is suffering from an acute shortage of skilled workers.

The answer to both problems lies in a nation-wide training program for several million men. As the trade schools are already overcrowded and apprenticeships are restricted in number, the on-the-job program at present is the only alternative to mass training. At the end of May, according to state figures, a total of some 250,000 men were getting this type of training. This figure is misleading, as anyone knows who has seen the program in action. As each state has its own standards of certification and supervision, the confusion is indescribable.

Employers often refuse to be bothered with the multiplicity of forms with which they are deluged. Crooked employers have exploited the possibilities for graft in many different ways. They pay the boys a pittance, with the government allowance as excuse. Many a lad is working at soda fountains or garages, for department stores and industrial plants, where the training will never net him more than 60 cents an hour. "Trouble will come when the government pay runs out and the veteran is fit only for the 60-cent job," union leaders say.

In the Lap of the States

Yet on-the-job training has great possibilities. The states are responsible for making the program work. A prime responsibility rests with the state governors to see to it that adequate personnel is in the field to evaluate and accredit on-the-job training opportunities under the Department of Labor, the Department of Education or both. The Veterans Administration has to respect the independence of the states in matters of education. It is merely a fiscal agent in this program. Here, as in its many other functions, the Veterans Administration needs the co-operation of an alert public opinion. For ultimately the program has to depend upon the honesty of the employer, his sense of civic responsibility to his community and of moral responsibility to the returned serviceman.

Several states, notably New York, are trying to expand the program efficiently. But I am skeptical whether each town, city and county will police its own job training with sufficient vigor. Unless this is done, it will be impossible to control the chiseling in a nation-wide program that involves huge sums of federal money but has no legal safeguards under the state governments that are charged with its administration. General Bradley, foreseeing the possibility of a grave national scandal, got the Congress to pass uniform standards of employment and pay as well as other remedial provisions. I fear he is a lone voice crying in a wilderness of local inertia, incompetence and graft.

At the end of August, 3,295,641 veterans were seeking training or education under the G.I. Bill of Rights. The vast majority of them never will be placed without the expansion of our present facilities. Existing institutions of higher learning are already overtaxed. Great areas of our country are lacking in the necessary schools, colleges and industrial plants.

Another obvious solution for turning out the skilled men industry needs is the use of the old NYA shops and of well-equipped military camps as trade schools and junior-college campuses. Most of the boys who haven't finished grammar school want to continue academic studies while acquiring mechanical skills.

Such a program would need to be flexible, but could be instituted quickly without serious financial strain on the states. An average operating income of $500 per veteran is assured under the G.I. Bill. There is no shortage of competent people now in industry, high schools, graduate schools and elsewhere who could be drafted as teachers for the shops and classrooms. If we could educate fifteen million men for the art of war, surely we can educate 3,000,000 for the arts of peace.

More Suffering for the Veteran

So much for the practical problems of the veterans: Homes, jobs, education. They have other and equally pressing problems. The selfishness, greed and dishonesty which total war has increased throughout the country have poisoned many a veteran's soul.

In spite of themselves the returned veterans find they are being pushed into the role of partisans where gain for one faction must mean the denial of the means of life to another faction. They don't want to become partisans. The cruelest example of this is the dog-eat-dog struggle that has arisen between the poor Southern white and the Negro veteran both of whom have fewer opportunities for decent jobs or an education than any other groups in the country. Blood will flow even more freely down there than it has already, if these boys are not provided with schools in which to develop the new ambitions and the semiskills with which they returned from the war. I met plenty of white G.I.s in the South who are disgusted and discouraged by the tensions now existing in the Southern states. In Atlanta and Memphis the American Veterans Committee is trying to stem the division between white and Negro veterans by enrolling both as members in the same lodge.

"What we miss most," said a tank corps lieutenant, summing up the fundamental mood of the veterans, "is the brotherly love we felt during the war. We made friends we could depend on when the going was tough. We judged men on their real worth and we didn't care what their names were, nor about the color of their skins. We discovered a capacity to do and to suffer. For that spirit anything seemed possible. We expected to make America over in the new sense of shared experience. Now we have come back to a cutthroat existence where we see black markets and other rackets from the local community to the Congressional revelations of war grafting.

"This beautiful community spirit is hemmed in. The friend at Cassino is now a competitor for a job. Even the boys who go in for rackets themselves, don't like it. A whole generation of men is exposed to disenchantment, because

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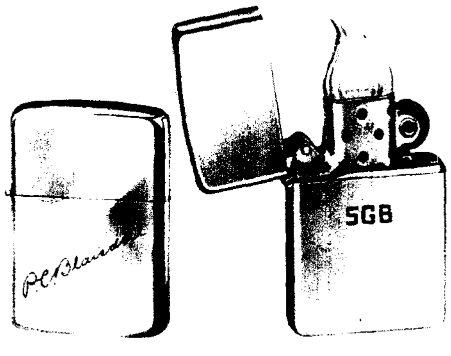

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they have come back with full hearts to an empty world. This frustration will either break loose in violence, or it will become the mark of the nation, if only because there are so many of us. The boys still hope to dope out why we have the framework of freedom without the reality. If we don't succeed, anything can happen.

"At present the men are not revolutionaries," this officer continued. "They want peace, order and security. They do not challenge the basic principles of our society. They accept them as the brick and mortar of their own life's structure. But if they are denied access to this brick and mortar on the basis of equality with everyone else, then it will not be the idealism and brotherly love the war taught them, but its destructive impulses which will come into play. The returned veterans feel like fallen angels, wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born.

"A great number of them have seen millions of dollars of property destroyed in a few minutes of combat. In Cassino, Normandy and Iwo Jima they have seen thousands of their comrades killed or wounded in twenty-four hours of fighting.

"The surprising thing about the survivors is not that there are drifters and floaters among them, but that they are not all wild, uncontrollable people. The longing for their idealized America has thus far held in check the more violent impulses. But if at every turn that yearning is denied them, their innate respect for property and life will be swept away by a counter-current of anger, frustration and nihilism which may well destroy the traditional structure in which we try to compose our differences."

As I listened month after month in different sections of our country to precisely the same yearnings, laments or threats from veterans of widely different backgrounds, I felt as never before the impoverishment, dishonesty and cruelty of our competitive civilization. Most of these young veterans were children of the depression. Then they went to war. They have never had a life. They have little reason to believe in democracy as they have seen it before the war or since their return.

Even those in good jobs are skeptical about the future. "It looks like a choice between another depression or another war," they say.

This skepticism has its own elements of danger. Any individual who is thoroughly disgusted with his personal existence is a possible candidate for Fascism or Communism. But most of the boys are too determined to yield to a sense of frustration.

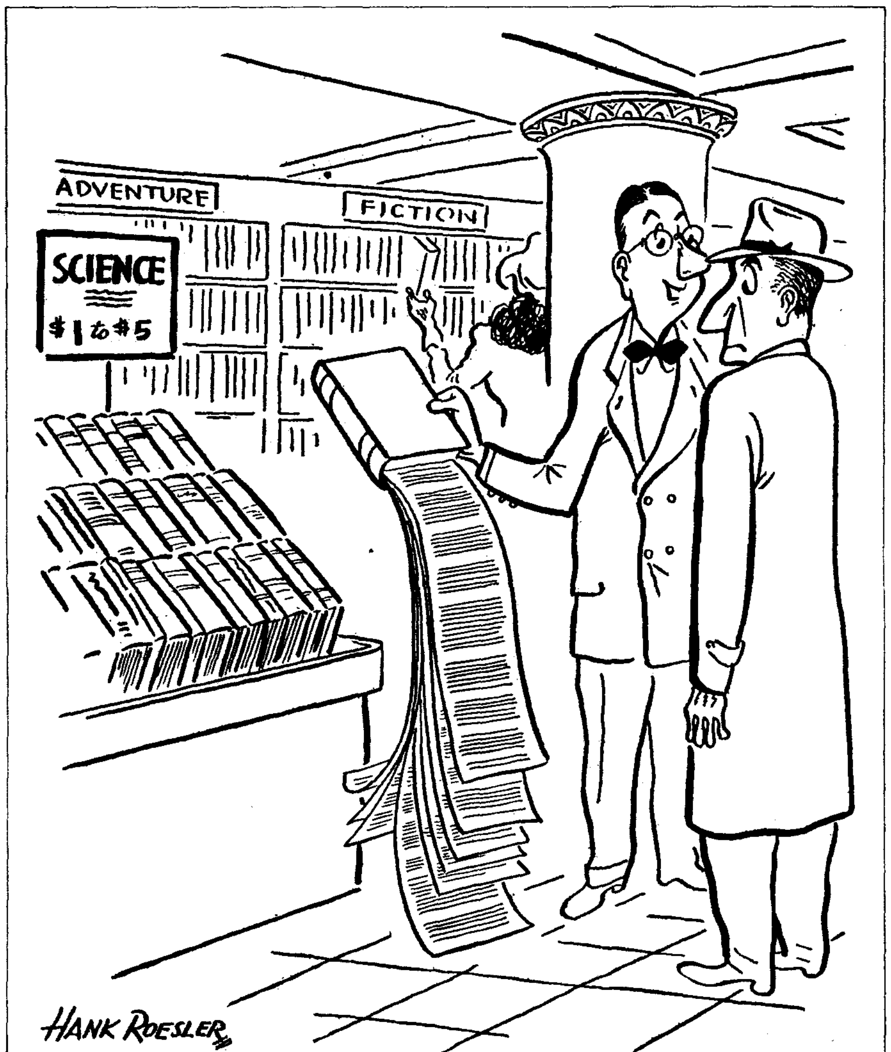
The Way the Wind Blows

The behavior of the Negro veterans during the riot last February at Columbia, Tennessee, is more indicative of what we may expect. When the white mob in the Courthouse Square yelled, "Get a rope," the Negro veterans got out their guns. "We knew we'd all be killed if it came to a pitched battle," they said to me, "but we were determined to go down fighting."

Only a short while ago the white veterans at Athens, Tennessee, were shooting it out with the local representatives of the Crump machine, because that was literally the only way to get an honest election count from the corrupt politicians who rule that state.

And, in Jersey City, a young veteran said to me: "I believe in force. It's time we began to shoot. We ought to begin by cleaning up the political gang that controls this town—Mayor Hague and his army of pencil pushers down at City Hall."

A chorus of approval followed this remark. Only one of the fifteen boys



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in the room was older than twenty-two. All had had two or more years of service at the front. With the exception of the eldest, none had finished high school. None of them had a job or the prospect of one. And all of them were marking time on the $20 readjustment allowance.

Unless we want to see more violent opposition to lynching, injustice, graft and greed, it is high time we realized that the veterans, who feel a sense of isolation from our decrepit society, are not so lost as those of us who stayed at home.

In all this chaos of thwarted aspiration, General Bradley, director of the Veterans Administration, remains for the G.I. the Knight in Shining Armor, not because they know all that he has achieved in that organization, but because their love and respect for him are unshaken. He somehow came out of the war as its real and perhaps only hero in the eyes of the common soldier. They very frequently despise the local V.A. contact office, its red tape, and its bureaucratic aloofness. Yet Omar Bradley remains one of the few leaders in whom the veterans still have confidence. With all the inevitable shortcomings of a federal department suddenly expanded to gigantic proportions, it is not so much General Bradley's genius for administration, as his name and character and reputation that hold the V.A. together.

What troubles General Bradley most are the many programs for education, training and job placement for which he is morally responsible but over which he has no jurisdiction. He has explained in speech after speech why there must be, in each town and city, a visible hub where the veteran can find information, assistance and guidance during this critical period.

Daily the Veterans Administration is swamped with requests for assistance that only the states and local communities can give. When such assistance is intelligently given the results can be startling.

Bridgeport, Connecticut, for example, has taken such excellent care of the over-all problems of its returning servicemen that it has made a brilliant success of helping the veteran feel that he has returned to a community that wants and needs him. As a result the city has an atmosphere of stability, order, progressiveness and hopefulness such as I have encountered in no other part of the country.

A Model for the Nation

In Bridgeport every one of the 26,000 veterans who wanted to go to work not only has a job, but an appropriate one. The Veterans Center has placed in a carefully selected institution all those who wished to continue their education. At least 50 per cent of the 2,600 men in colleges, technical or trade schools would never have made the grade without the expert examinations and guidance of the Center's counselors.

It has placed in firms and arranged for the supervision of all those who wanted on-the-job training or apprenticeships. There is no refusal of bank loans in Bridgeport. If a boy hasn't enough training to be trusted with a business, he is given the necessary training in a course called How to Operate a Business.

Even the boys in a successful business or a good job can come back to the Center for supervision and advice toward an even better future.

Less than 10 per cent of the Bridgeport veterans make use of the $20 adjustment allowance. The vast majority of these are accepting it in the right way, as a stopgap until they are fitted into a school or a job.

Only an infinitesimal number are exploiting it. Those are the "gimme boys" or the ne'er-do-wells who shirked duty before and during Army service. So successful has been the readjustment of the Bridgeport veterans to civil life that the city faces the immediate need for a labor recruitment rather than a job-development program.

How is it done? Through a united community effort in which every one of the 250,000 citizens in the Bridgeport area and their 357 local organizations have a function which they loyally perform.*

The actual dollars-and-cents income to the city that resulted from Bridgeport's intelligent endeavor on behalf of the veteran should make an impression on the most selfish-minded community. Two thousand men in training jobs of various descriptions bring some $2,000,000 of supplementary income from the federal government to Bridgeport. The 2,600 men placed in various educational institutions get an income of $3,500,000 per year for a possible duration of four years.

Insuring the Future

As a result of a recent campaign the average reinstatements and conversions of insurance rose to $500,000 per day. Already $150,000,000 worth of insurance has been salvaged by helping men who would otherwise have let their insurance lapse.

The financial affairs of 600 war casualties have been straightened out by the Center. They total $6,000,000 in cash plus pensions of nearly $500,000 per year. About $4,000,000 worth of home loans have already been placed in spite of a rising market in real estate. Twenty thousand men in good jobs, all eligible for home loans at an average of $5,000, represent a potential borrowing capacity of $100,000,000. These staggering assets do not touch the intangible rewards such as the augmented productivity of the veterans and the present and future decrease of the relief load.

There lies the road to security for the veteran—his return to normal civilian life through the co-ordinated efforts of the entire local community. The plan used at Bridgeport follows the philosophy of Governor Baldwin's State Commission on Veterans Affairs. The other communities in Connecticut are doing likewise.

The only other state that has developed the same efficient pattern is Michigan. Instead of being happy over Bridgeport's phenomenal success, I felt an infinite compassion for the millions of veterans from coast to coast who are not receiving an atom of sympathy, much less support, from their fellow citizens.

If Bridgeport can do a job for the returned servicemen, why not other communities? The wealthy cities and suburban areas have no excuse. Small towns that cannot afford trained counselors and lack proper facilities should establish a referral bureau to the nearest well-equipped Veterans Center. Nothing has proved more disastrous than the indifference and incompetence that are allowed to prevail in most so-called Veterans Service Centers. The men come out of them hopping mad or thoroughly discouraged.

The time is short. The veterans' tempers are shorter still. The nation's future welfare and the happiness of millions of young Americans are at stake.

If we fail them, the ultimate cost of that failure will fall on us in more ways than we can now anticipate.

THE END

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* *Details of organization of the Bridgeport Veterans Center may be obtained by application to the Bridgeport Veterans Center or to The Washington Post, Washington 4, D.C.*

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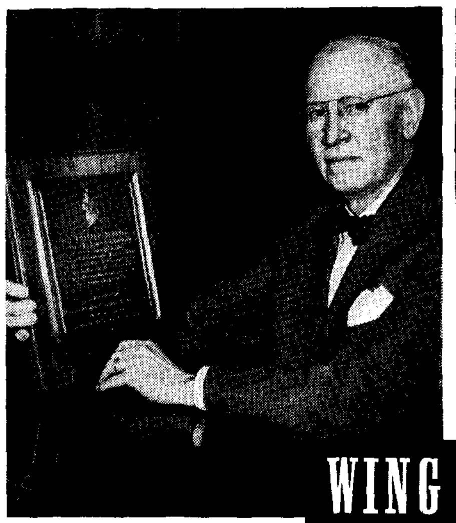


N.A.C.A.

COLLIER TROPHY

Dr. G. W. Lewis holds Collier Trophy plaque won by N.A.C.A. in 1929

WING TALK

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

LOCOMOTIVES

Howard Fogg shows painting to American Locomotive's D. W. Fraser

LIKE our aging Mr. Jim Marshall, who covers the West Coast for Collier's, young Mr. Howard Fogg of Summit, N. J., is a locomotive nut. Just plain train crazy. Also like our Mr. Marshall, he is a highly respected authority on "hogs" both steam and Diesel-electric. Mr. Marshall's standing was recently enhanced by his superb book, Santa Fe, and Mr. Fogg achieved new heights last week when his first public exhibition of locomotive paintings was held at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. Railroad fans pronounced Mr. Fogg an expert with the brush.

What gets railroad people in this aviation department is that the fanatical interest they have in the iron horse is understood perfectly by airplane maniacs because of a similar feeling they have for the Wright Brothers' invention and its offsprings.

Specifically, Mr. Fogg receives mention here because, although his lifelong ambition was to paint pictures of locomotives and trains—and he prepared for such a career—he gambled this chance with fate by becoming an Army fighter pilot and flying 76 combat missions over Europe. One of Captain Fogg's jobs with his beautiful P-51 Mustang fighter was to shoot up locomotives. At these orders he inwardly rebelled, but the German transportation network had to be wrecked and the AAF had to do it.

So Fogg would line up on a French locomotive (German operated, of course) and let go with his six .50-caliber guns. As he blew up one locomotive after another, he ground his teeth, muttered something about it being awful, dropped a tear and went hunting for more.

But Captain Fogg is home and happy in the knowledge his locomotive-killing days are over. In his civilian coat pocket he has a nice contract with the American Locomotive Company to do two paintings a month, covering a variety of railroad subjects but always with the accent on a locomotive. Clayton Knight, long a favorite artist with the airplane fans (Clayton was a fighter pilot in the other war), also applauds Howard Fogg's work for it seems that he, like our Mr. Marshall and even your Wing Talk Editor, is a little bit train crazy, too.

EVERY major branch of civil, commercial, military and naval aviation is represented on the special committee chosen by the National Aeronautic Association and soon to meet in Washington to select the annual winner of the Collier Trophy, America's most prized and coveted aviation award. The trophy is for "the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year." The winner of this year's award will receive it at a formal ceremony in Washington on December 17th, the 43d anniversary of the Wright Brothers' flight at Kitty Hawk and will be honored for the value of his contribution to aviation as demonstrated in 1945, a year of unprecedented achievements in the air.

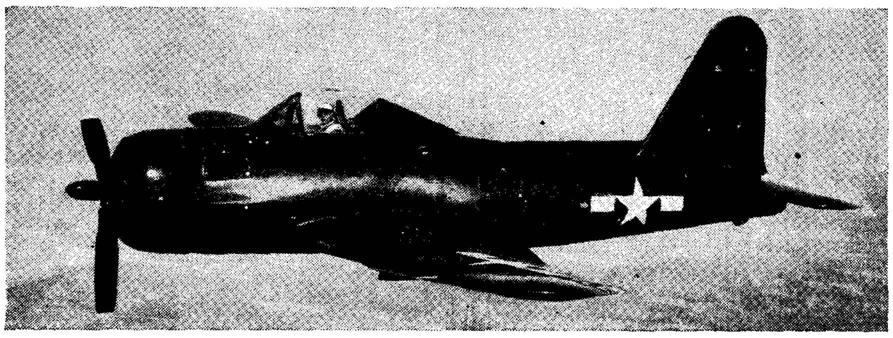
Donated in 1911 by the late Robert J. Collier, editor and son of the founder of this publication, the trophy has been a constant incentive to further the development of flying and make America foremost in aviation. Since its first award in 1912, there have been 30 winners. This impressive list is America's Aviation Hall of Fame.

Mr. Collier learned to fly in 1912, purchased a plane from the Wrights (in whose company he held a financial interest) and by word and deed strenuously promoted public acceptance of flying when the airplane was only an exhibition freak.

The old Aero Club of America was

FIREBALL

Navy Ryan Fireball pilots startle other fliers by pulling alongside, feathering prop, then scooting away with jet engine



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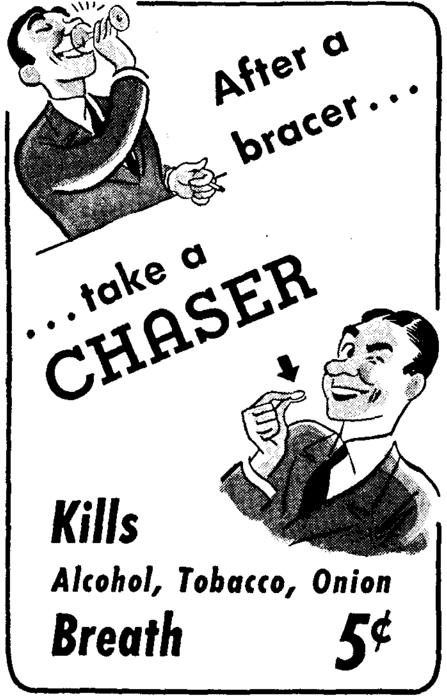

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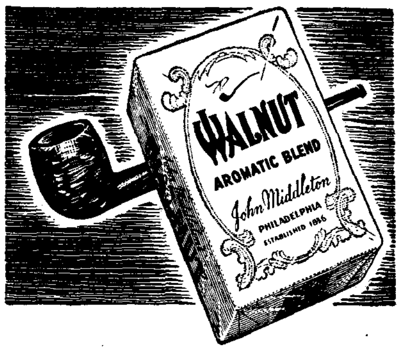

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the original custodian of the trophy but when that group was succeeded in 1922 by the National Aeronautic Association, the N.A.A. took over the administration of the trophy and determines its annual award. The current committee, chosen by L. Welch Pogue, N.A.A. president and former chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, is headed by William P. McCracken, Jr., of Washington, N.A.A. General Counsel and the first Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics.

Advising with him are: T. P. Wright, Civil Aeronautics Administrator; William L. Anderson, president of the National Association of State Aviation Officials; Alfred Marchev, president of Republic Aviation and representing the Aircraft Industries Association; Grover Loening, aircraft consultant; John F. Victory, secretary of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics; Rear Admiral Luis de Florez, U.S.N.R.; Jacqueline Cochran, wartime commander of the Wasps; Major Lester D. Gardner, council chairman of the Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences; President Emory S. Land, of the Air Transport Association; Gill Robb Wilson, former president of N.A.A. and aviation editor of the New York Herald Tribune; General Carl Spaatz, AAF commander; Larry Sharples, board chairman of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, and Colonel Roscoe Turner, president of National Aviation Trades Association. Mr. Pogue and Lowell H. Swenson, N.A.A. executive vice-president, also are members of the committee and William P. Redding of the Denver Chamber of Commerce is its secretary and Russ W. Nichols of the N.A.A. Contest Board, technician.

In the past, winners of the massive trophy, the work of sculptor Ernest Wise Keyser, returned it to the N.A.A. after proudly displaying it for a year in their factories, laboratories and offices. Shortly before the war, Thomas H. Beck, president of the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, proposed, and the N.A.A. concurred, that the winners be presented with an attractive bronze plaque commemorating the award of the trophy—the plaque to be their permanent possession. The war metal restrictions postponed the casting of these plaques until this year but now they have been completed, suitably engraved and presented by Mr. Beck to all previous winners or their next of kin. Future winners will receive the commemorative plaques with the award of the Trophy.

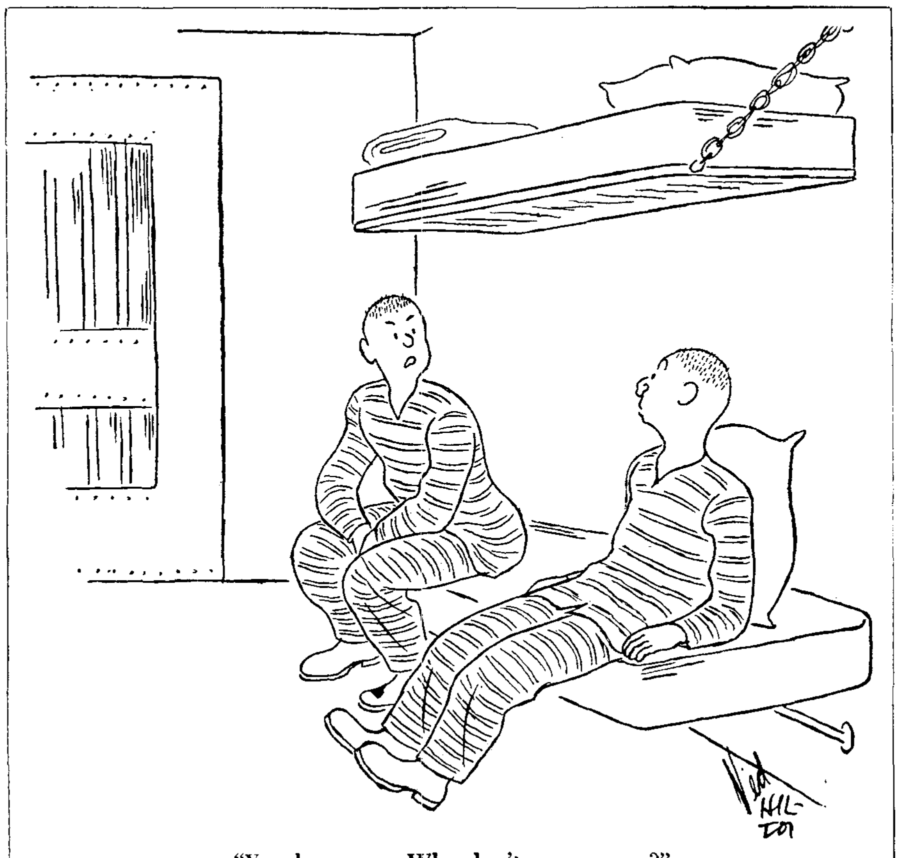
AMONG regular Navy airmen there is everlasting regret that one fighter being rushed into production never saw action. It is the Fireball, built by modest little Ryan Aeronautical Company down in San Diego. Normal-looking in the air, it is unique in its power supply, being propeller-pulled and jet-pushed. In the nose is a standard Wright air-cooled engine turning a three-blade propeller; in the tail is a jet pipe from which an early model General Electric jet engine blasts out hot air. The plane can fly on either or both.

One squadron was formed for carrier duty before the final curtain went down, and though the boys with the golden wings never got to turn loose on the Japs the tricks they had worked out, they since have been having much fun astounding airline passengers, personal pilots and their colleagues in Army planes.

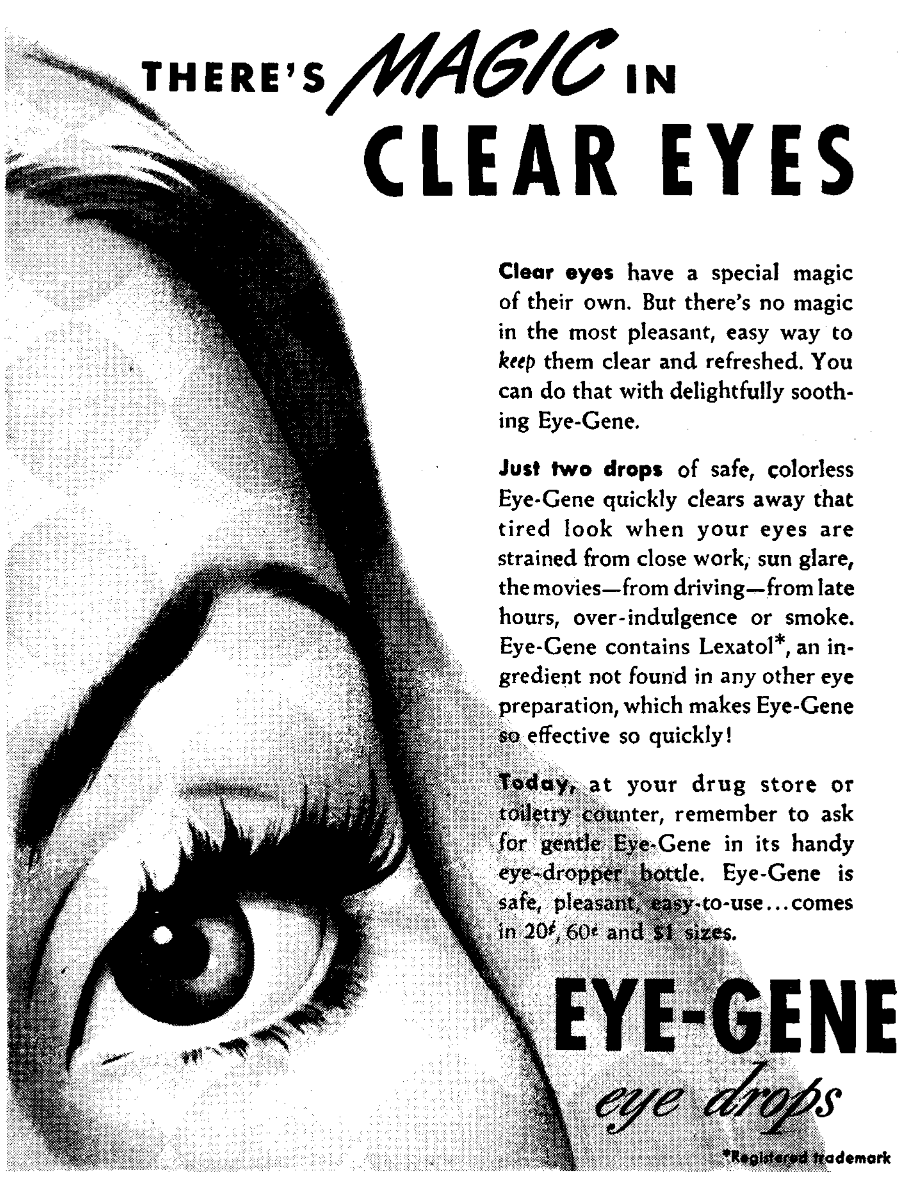
The amazing incidents created by Fireball pilots are well known among airmen, but the public is still due for some strange sights in the air, such as:

Watching a small cobalt-blue Navy fighter peacefully cruising at a safe distance from an airliner, its propeller disk plainly visible to all on board. Gradually the disk changes form and the propeller blades revolve more slowly, then stop. Engine failure! The cabin is alarmed—but the little plane continues to hold altitude and speed until its pilot is satisfied that everyone in the airliner is consumed with curiosity. Then up goes its nose with the dead prop, and the fighter disappears into the high blue yonder, pushed, of course, by his jet engine.

Cocktail lounge gossip delights in making hot-shot Army P-38 pilots the butt of run-ins with Fireballs. The story is that a twin-engine P-38 pulled up alongside the sedately flying Navy job, shut down one engine and proceeded to roll and loop through the sky with ease and grace. Promptly the Navy pilot cut out his front engine, feathered the prop and likewise rolled and looped the Fireball. Then, the story always goes, the Army guy pointed the P-38's nose earthward and headed for the nearest saloon. ★★★



COLLIER'S "You bore me. Why don't you escape?" NED HILTON



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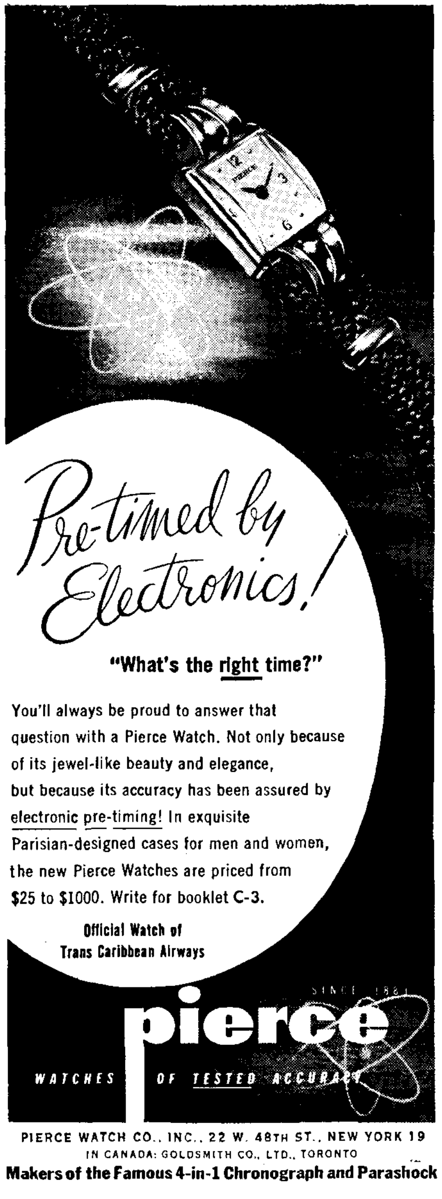

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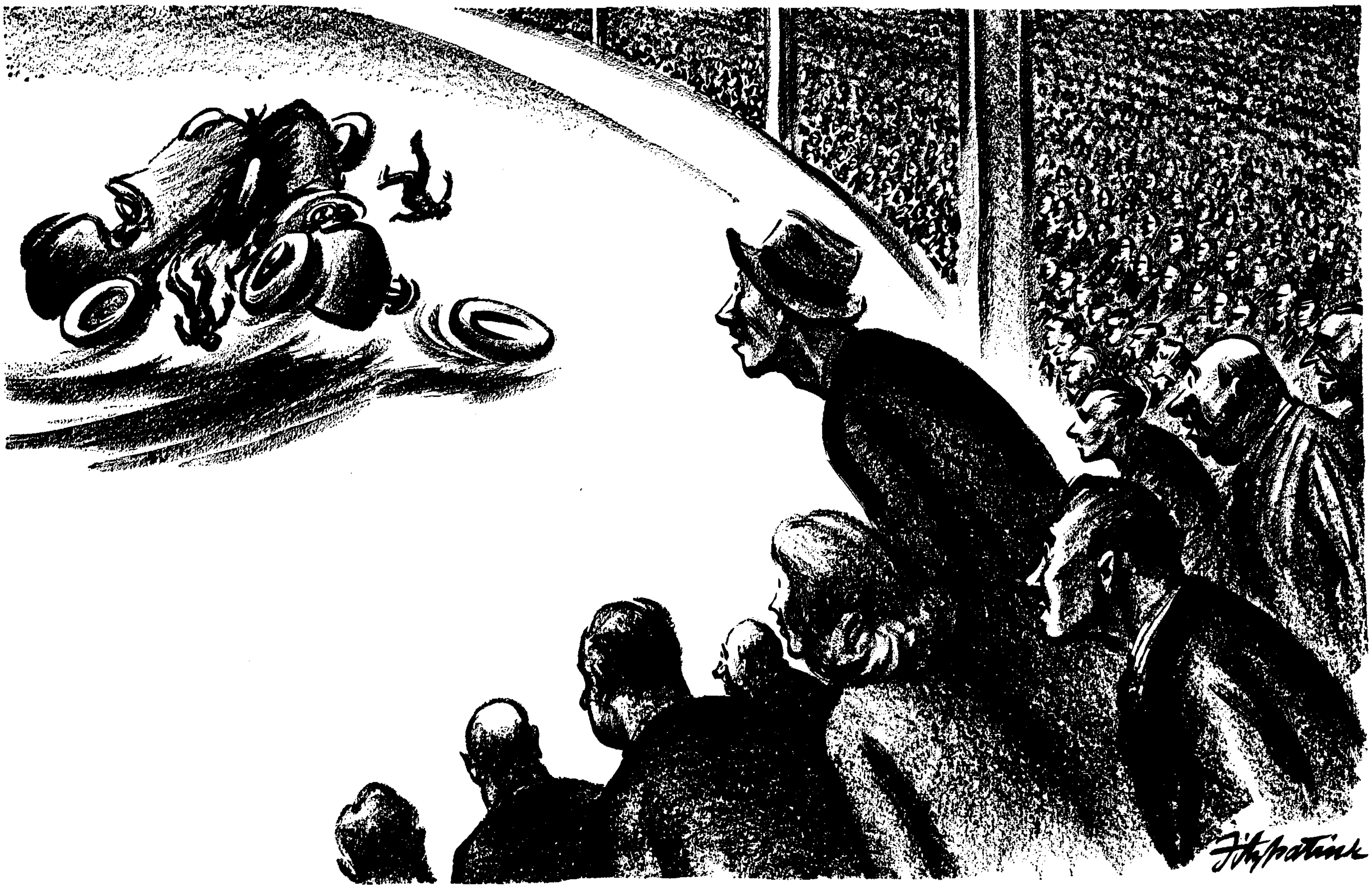


DEATH MAKES A HOLIDAY

I'LL give you three guesses: What's the biggest box-office attraction in the world?

Love? Wrong. It sells a lot of tickets, but there is something that sells more.

Comedy? Close, but no cigar. Chaplin, Mickey Mouse, Bob Hope—they're great, but there's something that outdraws them.

Music? The sighing of Sinatra, the thunder of Toscanini? Go to the foot of the class.

I'll tell you what it is—Death. Death, or the promise of death, has always been and I'm afraid always will be mankind's most popular form of entertainment.

Take your pick of the stars in Hollywood, New York and London for a cast. Hire George Bernard Shaw and Fred Allen to write your script. Spend a freight car full of money to produce it. And I defy you to come up with an attraction that will draw half a million people to one performance.

But in Cleveland, about ten years ago, I saw more than half a million people at one show. They overflowed grandstands, streets and fields to see the National Air Races. Why? Because they like airplanes? My eye! They were there to see daredevils like Jimmy Doolittle coquetting with death at five miles a minute. Maybe they didn't know it, but they were waiting for a wing to carry away, for those flames which stream out of a cowling and turn a flying machine into a comet. They sat through hours of what I thought was only a fair show, waiting for those seconds of terror and ecstasy between the loss of control and the sickening, satisfying crash on the ground.

And what do you think draws over a hundred thousand to the Indianapolis Speedway each Memorial Day? Is it the race—or are they waiting for a wheel to fly off, for a car to lift suddenly from the track and float through the air until it explodes into scrap iron and fire against a wall?

You see, there's a man inside that car—mortal stuff, bones that snap like pencils, flesh that slices like bacon, fifty cents worth of chemicals held together by a spark. And any time a guy is willing to thumb his nose at the Great Man-Eater, people by the hundred thousand will pay to be there, on the chance he might not get away with it.

What performer gets as much as $45,000 for a single show? A bull fighter, Manolete. I saw him a few months ago in Mexico City. The local impresario who took me paid a speculator a hundred dollars apiece for our tickets. It was a breath-catching afternoon, part blood, part ballet. When Manolete took his bows, I saw women throw mink coats, jewelry, yes, even their lingerie into the ring. They loved the man who walked up to the lady with the grinning skull for a face, and asked for the pleasure of a dance.

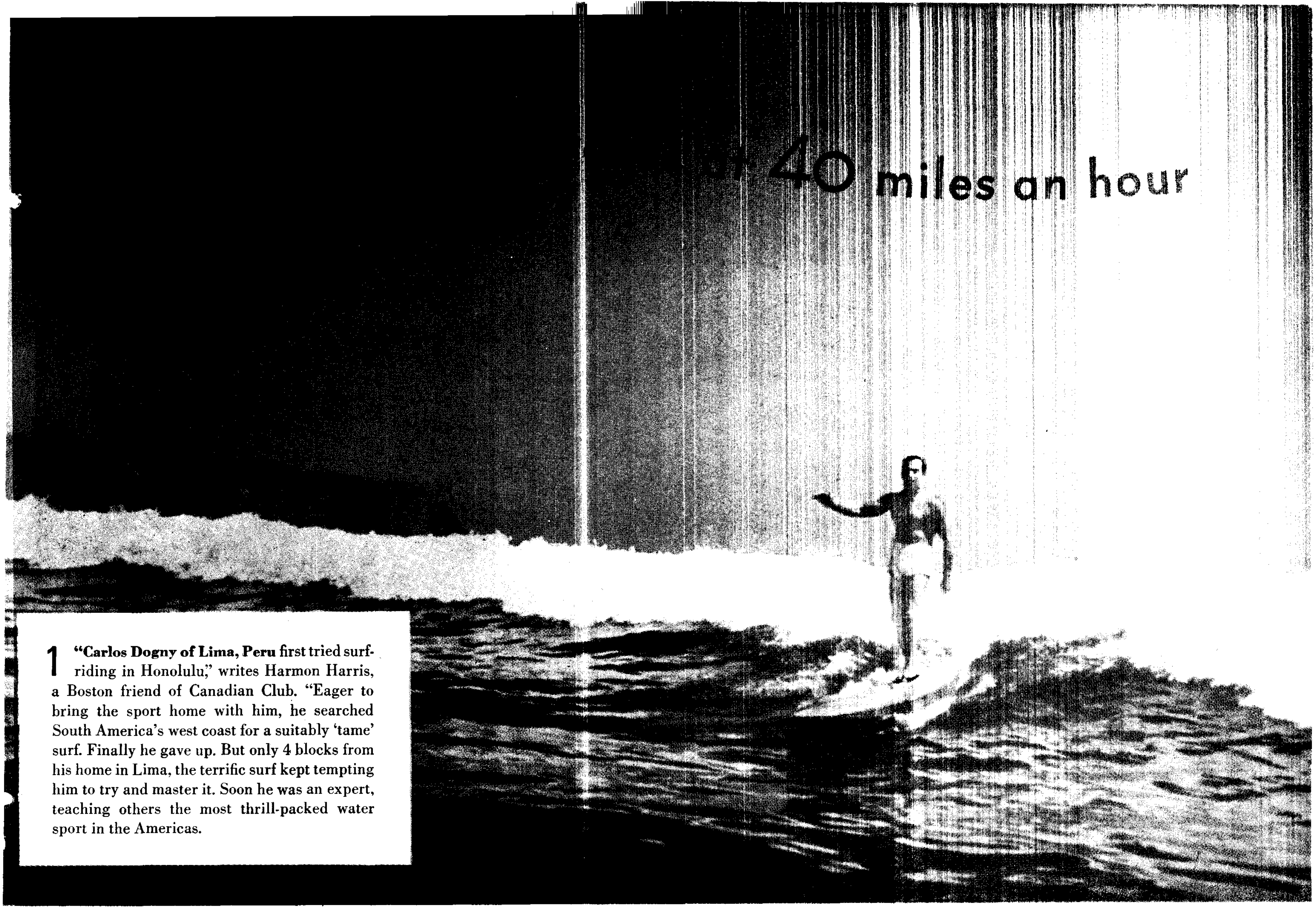
And who draws so much business they can afford to pay him hundreds of thousands for a few minutes' work? Mr. Joseph Barrow Louis, heavyweight champion of the world. Have you ever looked at the faces of the crowd when the bell rings and Joe shuffles out of his corner? I've got a hunch they're no different from the faces in the Roman Colosseum, when the main event was Christians vs. Lions.

I'll let any four stars you name station themselves on any four corners of midtown Manhattan. And I'll bet you a shiny lollipop they won't cause as much commotion as a poor fool named John Ward, who crawled out on an eleventh-story ledge some years ago and pondered his own suicide all one afternoon. By the time he jumped, his audience was equal to the population of Cincinnati.

I wish it weren't so, but as a showman I know that people will buy destruction. Twice in my life, I've seen the world spend countless billions on a show where the star performer came out on stage wearing the skull and crossbones.

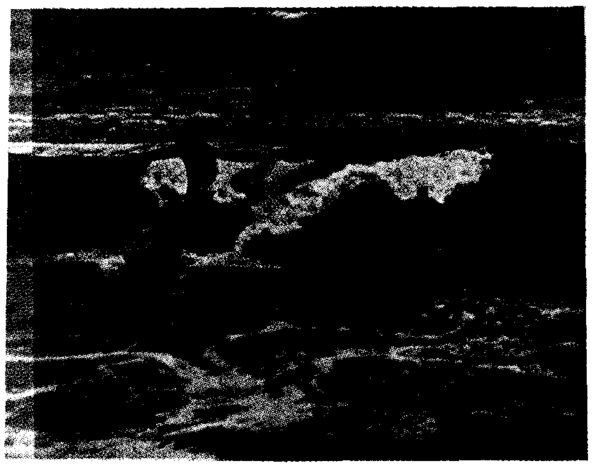
Take it away, Sigmund Freud. . . .

BILLY ROSE



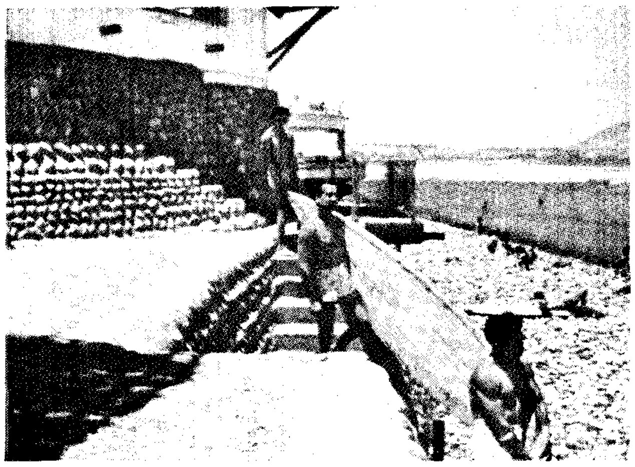
[illegible] at 40 miles an hour

1 "**Carlos Dogny of Lima, Peru** first tried surf-riding in Honolulu," writes Harmon Harris, a Boston friend of Canadian Club. "Eager to bring the sport home with him, he searched South America's west coast for a suitably 'tame' surf. Finally he gave up. But only 4 blocks from his home in Lima, the terrific surf kept tempting him to try and master it. Soon he was an expert, teaching others the most thrill-packed water sport in the Americas.



2 "**Unpredictable as a broncho,** Lima's surf rears up to 40 feet, races at 40 miles an hour, breaks abruptly as an avalanche. The action's so fast and furious my camera couldn't catch Dogny until he sped clear of the mountainous foam, close inshore.

3 "**Making his way** out to sea, Dogny had things easy at first—then, in a moment, he was like a straw bucking a hurricane. I almost yelled for the lifeguards as the huge breakers repeatedly wrenched his surf-board up at right angles and engulfed him. Then he'd mount and come speeding back.



4 "**Dogny designed special boards** for riding these huge breakers. Heavier than most Hawaiian boards, but hollow, they have a strong metal loop in back. The rider can cling to the loop when thrown off . . . and hope the board carries him in to shore.

5 "**Later, we enjoyed** Canadian Club highballs on the veranda of a club which Dogny built and named 'Waikiki.' Behind me loomed an impressive twin of Waikiki's famed Diamond Head. I promised Dogny to try my hand at his favorite sport...some *other* day! We drank to it, and to this South American vacation spot where the surf can be ridden the year round. Then I boarded a Panagra plane bound for home."

6 **Even today** travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth . . . often from a cherished prewar supply. Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet no other whisky tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening, in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. That's what made it the largest selling imported whisky in the United States.

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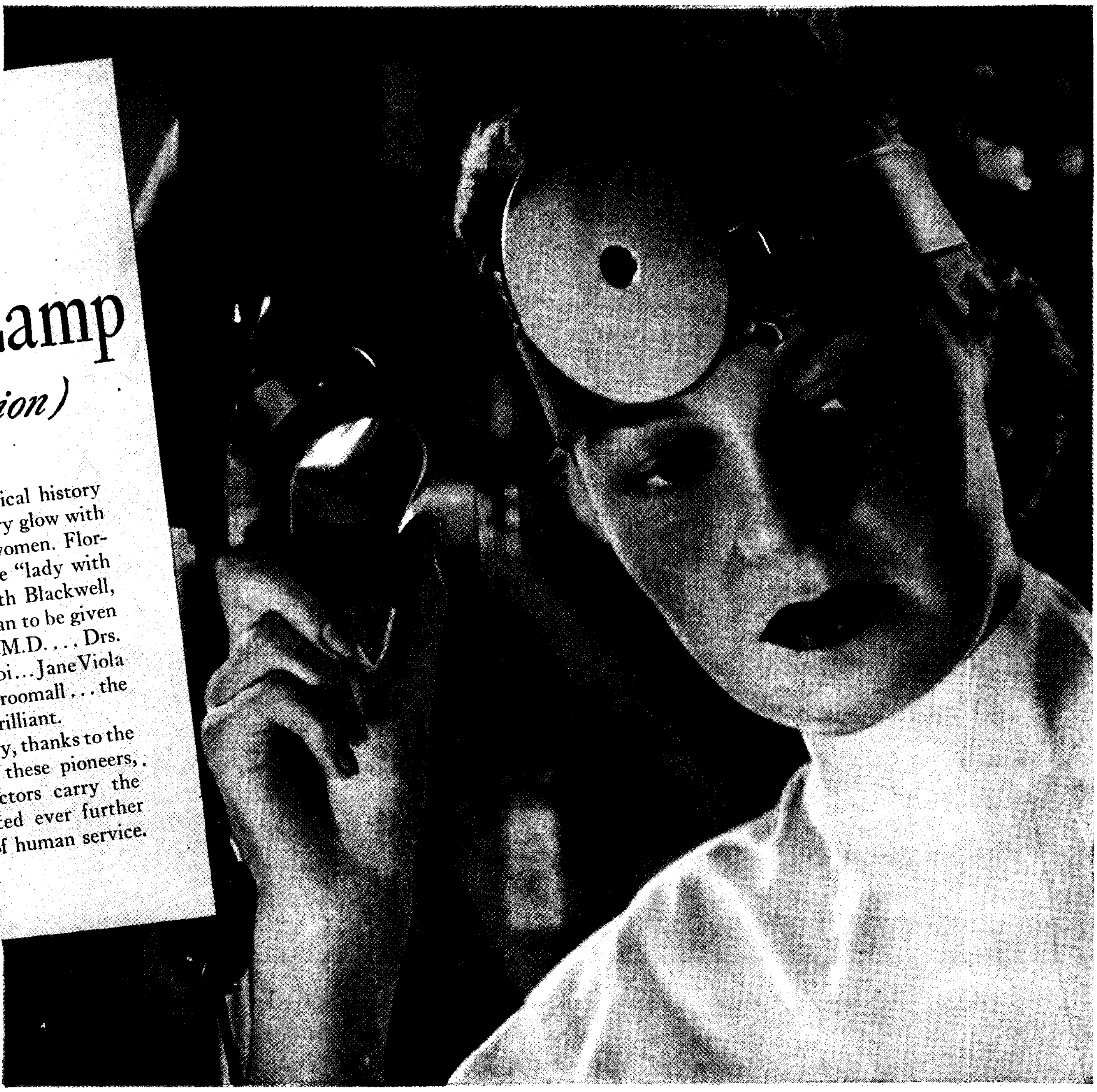

Lady with a Lamp

(1946 Version)

● The pages of medical history during the last century glow with the names of great women. Florence Nightingale, the "lady with the lamp"... Elizabeth Blackwell, first American woman to be given the proud degree M.D.... Drs. Mary Putnam Jacobi... Jane Viola Meyers... Anna Broomall... the list is long. And brilliant.

In America today, thanks to the intrepid spirit of these pioneers, 7,250 women doctors carry the lamps they lighted ever further along the path of human service.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

● Men and women in every branch of medicine—113,597 in all—were queried in this nationwide study of cigarette preference. Three leading research organizations made the survey. The gist of the query was—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?

The brand named most was Camel!

The rich, full flavor and cool mildness of Camel's superb blend of costlier tobaccos seem to have won the same favor in medical circles as with millions of smokers the world around. If you are a Camel smoker, this preference among doctors will hardly surprise you. If you're not—well, try Camels now.

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

TRY CAMELS ON YOUR "T-ZONE"

That's T for Taste and T for Throat...the most critical "laboratory" for any cigarette. See how *your* taste responds to the rich, full flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos. See how *your* throat reacts to Camel's cool mildness. On the basis of the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
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